

MUMMY

The Resurrection



PLAYERS GUIDE

A SOURCEBOOK FOR MUMMY THE RESURRECTION



PLAYERS GUIDE

THE BATTLE FOR ETERNITY...

After the last Great Maelstrom they came, flooding into the night to take up the struggle against the minions of Apophis the Corrupter and all who would stand against Ma'at. But the Amenti are not alone among the Undying. There are others who serve justice and balance with equal vigor, and now that the Amenti have met and counseled these strange immortals, the World of Darkness may never be the same.

HAS BEEN JOINED

The **Mummy Players Guide** is a core sourcebook for the **Mummy: The Resurrection** game. From new character types to a wealth of expanded traits and powers, players will find everything they need to play one of the Reborn — be it one of the Amenti or their cousins among the South American Teomallki or the Wu T'ian of the Far East.



MUMMY
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PLAYERS GUIDE

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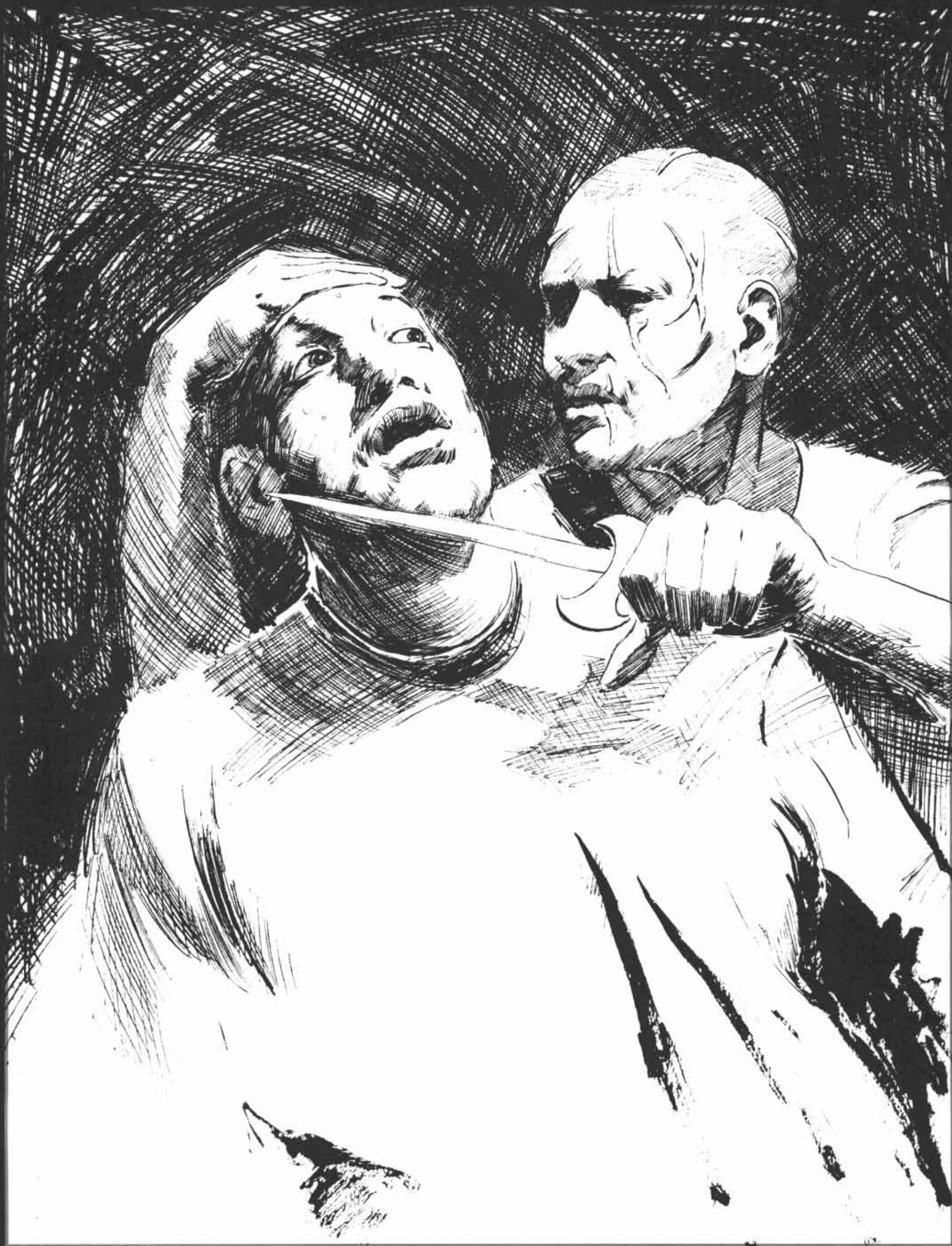
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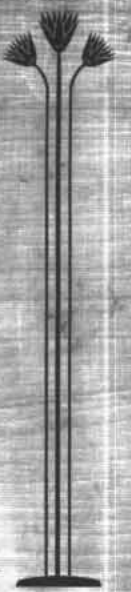
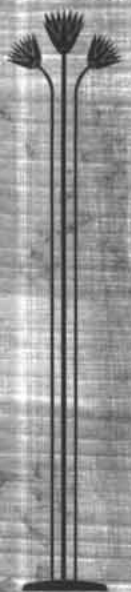
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Prelude: Remembering the Blues

The streets of Detroit are musical. It's not like they sing anything that pleases, though. They sing gangsta rap and Grand Ole Opry; Negro blues and white-boy pop. They sing soul, rock and R&B, and if you're in the right place, they might even do a showtune.

But when played together, it all sounds like shit. Played all together, it's just gray and soupy, like Detroit streets in early January. The grime on the streets turns the snow gray, and the cars pulp it into runny shit. And it gets everywhere, don't make no mistake about that. Into your shoes, all over your pants cuffs, even on your scarf.

Even into your soul.

Oh, yes it will. It did mine before I died, and that's God's truth.

Everybody dies, you know. It's just sometimes, somebody's watching, and then maybe you get another chance. I did, but I had to go to Hell and back before anybody made up their minds on it. I had to walk to Turkey — don't really know how — and the Mumbo Jumbo Men bound me up in gauze and muslin and carved my flesh deep. I got scars all over. Most of them are from Marcus, but the deep ones — the only ones that mean anything — are from the Mumbo Jumbo Men.

Other folks like me, the Reborn, can have themselves babies. They tell me that sex is even better now they're "truly alive." I ain't truly alive, and I can't have no babies. I'm all carved up down there. Had another Reborn make a joke about that once. I broke his nose before he even got through laughing.

Marcus did that to me once, when I laughed at him, but I'm not thinking about Marcus now. I'm thinking about Detroit.

I lived here all my life, so that's why they sent me back. See, eternal life ain't no vacation. No, you got to earn your keep, and you earn it by fighting back the Devil. They can call him Apophis or whatever, but I know what I saw last night and the night before, and...

Maybe I'd best start with the plane landing.

I got here ahead of the others. They sent me on ahead because I know Detroit. I was just supposed to scout and see what I could see and see if I could find out what the Devil was doing here. They didn't tell me how to do that. They said I could figure it out. Nobody ever gave me nothing to figure out before, even in school. They just said, "You're too dumb to know it." They passed me anyway, though, so maybe I ain't so dumb.

But I sat there at the airport not knowing where to go at first, with everybody staring at the bald black lady. I wanted to scream at them, I really did, because what the hell did they know about shit? But I kept quiet. I was waiting for something.

I used to wait for Marcus. It was the same then, except I'd sing blues. Mama used to sing blues, and I remember every word, even though I ain't never seen these songs on paper before. Only since I died, I can't remember no music. The songs ain't even in my head. So I just sat there at the airport and waited until something finally happened. I wasn't sure if it was Apophis, but it was *something*, so I followed just the same.



I saw a man stare at me a little too long, see. He didn't look at my head or my scarred arms, he just looked at me. Maybe that's hard to understand if you ain't a woman. A man can look at you like he wants to eat you up without ever looking at your face or your chest. This guy looked like that — like he wanted something out of me. So I looked back like I'd been taught, and I saw that he was wrong somehow. Maybe he beat up on a lady or raped one. I didn't know, but I decided to follow him. I get lost in crowds when I put my hat on. You'd never know I was there. He didn't act like he did.

I followed him through the airport and out into the parking lot. He drove a little foreign-made sports car. He looked like he might be Arab or Spanish or Turkish, like the Mumbo Jumbo Men were. He pushed a button that made his alarm chirp, then he opened up the trunk.

Turns out he did see me, though. He knew I was there, and he knew I was there for him. I didn't know enough, see. The thing that jumped out of his car was like a man, only it had teeth too big for any man and big, bulging frog eyes. It jumped out at me and ran towards me, and I was about to scream, but then I felt the dark in me again. They let out most of the dark when they cut me up in Turkey, but they left enough so I could defend

myself. I couldn't carry no weapons on the plane, but I learned some stuff in Turkey.

The thing ran between cars to get me, and right when it was in between two big SUVs, I pointed and said the magic words. The glass windows shattered and showered all over the thing. It wasn't hurt — just cut up a little — but it stopped and covered itself. I did that once when Marcus broke a window to get to me. I should have...

I did, this time. I ran up to the thing and punched it with both fists. I beat on its face and its teeth cut into my fingers they did, but I didn't feel no hurt. I grabbed it by the sides of the head and opened the door of one of them SUVs and slammed its head, again and again, until it stopped twitching.

See, I ain't waiting for no man to beat up on me again. No reason in the world to wait for that. I turned back to see the Sports-Car Man, but he was long gone, already to the gate. I knew there'd be people coming soon, so I had to leave, but at least I'd seen him.

That was three nights ago. I went into my old neighborhood, my scarf on my face and my hat covering my bald head. It was cold, but not bitter. Cold enough to sleet. It stopped early that morning. I was sleeping in a no-tell motel that Marcus told me about. I heard people having sex as I fell asleep and decided that I really don't miss it.



I woke up that morning and started talking to ghosts. It ain't hard, really. First you got to see them, and that can be hard, but in Detroit it was like they were all waiting for the phone to ring. I talked to six different ghosts that morning. Two of them died in that very motel. One was a lady who died like me, only she didn't get a chance to come back. I didn't tell her how I died. I thought it would make her sad.

I told them what the man looked like and that I needed to find him. They all had things they wanted done, so I said I'd do what they wanted, if it didn't cost no money and didn't take me more than an hour out of my way. But I did everything they asked me to do. Then, as the sun started to go down and turned the sky dried-blood brown, they started looking for the Sports-Car Man, and I went back to waiting.

This was the second night I'd been back in Detroit. I was just as much a ghost as the spirits I'd been helping out, only worse, because I could walk up and hug my Mama and my Auntie if I wanted to. But they knew I was dead, and even if they didn't,

wouldn't do nobody any good to see me like this. All bald and scary, I mean. So I just waited in the motel and looked out the grimy window at the diner I worked at when I was twenty. Windows were still greasy there. Probably still had roaches in the salad and shit. Owner didn't care. He only hired folks who were out on parole (so he could take most of their money and they couldn't complain, else he'd call their parole officer and say they came in drunk) or folks like me.

Like I was, I mean. Weak.

One of the ghosts — a dead boy who'd been in a gang and got himself shot — came through the wall and said he found Sports-Car Man. I followed him down the block, but not far away at all. The car was sitting there in a pawn shop parking lot with some funny brown stains on the bumper. Like a Detroit sunset.

I had a knife now. I found it in the motel room. It was rusty and weak, but it would do. I waited outside the pawn shop for the man to come out. I kept



repeating this old Mumbo Jumbo phrase. I don't know where it came from, but it means, "Unbalance the scales and be devoured." I just said it over and over because I can't sing no more.

Pretty soon, the man came out and I jumped him. He moved out of the way like a startled cat, then smiled at me like he didn't care I was trying to stab him. I tried again, but he moved and laughed. Now I was angry, but I can't call down storms or nothing. I had jumped at him, but now I ducked low and stabbed him in the leg. He hit me on the side of my mouth. It didn't hurt. The guy didn't even know how to hit me.

I shoved him down and raised that knife up. He pulled out a gun, but I was ready for that. I said my magic words again, and the gun fell apart. That's when I heard the chirp-chirp of the car alarm and I knew he'd faked me out after all.

The thing I'd killed the night before hit me from the side, stronger than before. It wasn't like a man so much no more. It was spotty like a frog all over, and its teeth cut through its lips. It bit down at me and got a mouthful of scarf. I stabbed it in the throat. It started making this awful gasping sound and swiped at me, but it didn't have no strength now. I stabbed it over and over again, each time saying, "Stay dead now. Stay dead now."

But Sports-Car Man drove off before the frog-thing died,



and I had to run again. I had to wait another day to look for him.

I knew what the frog-thing was, at least. I figured it out as I ran away from the shop with the owner screaming behind the counter. The Mumbo Jumbo Men told me about things like that. They called them Asekhsen, but I just called them Five-Times. The Mumbo Jumbo Men said you had to kill them five times before they'd die true.

I'd only killed this one twice.



I spent the next day watching the pawn shop. I knew what the frog-thing was, but not Sports-Car Man. He had to be something that knew the Devil, because only things that knew the Devil knew about the Five-Times. But what, then? Something like me, only gone wrong? I thought the Judges of Ma'at put you down if you went wrong.

I didn't know, but I figured it out. I'm really smarter than anybody knew. I can't wait to see the others and tell them how I figured it out.

I spent that day at the pawn shop, like I said. I waited for the police to leave, then I walked into the shop and locked the door behind me. The owner pulled a gun out, but he looked so scared I knew I didn't



need to use the magic words. I told him if he put down the gun I wouldn't hurt him. He did. Then I told him he had to help me, else I'd burn his shop down. I wouldn't really do that, but I can't ask nobody anything nice, or they don't believe me. I asked him what he sold the Sports-Car Man. The owner said he sold him a funny clay jar with a lid like a bird. Said he'd just gotten it the other day and didn't think it'd ever sell.

I know about jars like that. I saw them in Turkey. But if the Sports-Car Man bought it here, he knew the jar was here. Wasn't like the store would have that kind of thing any old day. So I asked the owner who sold him the jar to start with. He told me what the man who sold it to him looked like.

When he told me, I almost reached out and hit him. Not because I thought he was lying, but because I believed him. That made it worse. I didn't hit him, though. I ran out of the store, because I knew where to go now. I just didn't know if I could really go there, because the man he described was Marcus's brother.

Marcus's brother was named Peter, but he went by Raheem most of the time. I don't know why. I thought Peter was a good name. Anyway, Marcus beat on me and went with whores, but Peter was the bad one. At least Marcus worked at a factory and didn't do drugs. Peter sold drugs and guns, and he fenced stuff, so it didn't surprise me any that he'd taken the jar to the pawn shop. Probably got paid in advance to leave it there and then Sports-Car Man picked it up. But now I could either search for Sports-Car Man or I could go find Peter and ask him what he knew. And that meant he'd see I wasn't dead.

I'd been meaning to find Marcus ever since the Mumbo Jumbo Men cut the dark out of me and my mind stopped boiling over, but what I was doing here was more important. Or maybe I was just scared. I don't know. Anyway, I went to my old apartment, and I listened at the door that night — the third night I'd been back. I heard music and people talking. I couldn't just go in and raise hell. I didn't know who all was in there, so I sat on the staircase near the door to the apartment and waited for Peter. While I waited I rubbed some paste I'd made into my hands to make me stronger. I didn't have to wait long.

Peter came out with a woman. I didn't hear her name. She had a tattoo on her arm and bruises around her eyes. I wondered where they came from.

Didn't ask, though. When they walked into the staircase I came up and blew some powder into her face and she passed right out. Peter pulled out a gun then, but I was strong from the paste and squeezed his wrist until I heard bones crackle. He cried out and called me a bitch, but I clapped a hand over his mouth and asked him about the jar.

He took a long time to tell me about Sports-Car Man, especially since he didn't know that much. I had to hurt him a little bit, but I don't think he'd have told me otherwise. He finally told me that a guy he buys stuff from sometimes gave him the jar a few days ago. Then he said he got a phone call from a guy who "talked funny," and the man told him to sell it to the pawn shop. After he did, Peter found a lot of money waiting for him at home. He never saw Sports-Car Man, but he'd looked in the jar once. He said there wasn't nothing there but a lump of something wrapped up in gauze.

Peter doesn't know shit about the power of the heart, but I do. I didn't tell him, though. When he didn't have no more to tell me, I threw him down the stairs. I don't think the judges would care since he beats up on women and sells drugs. Well, I *hope* they don't care.


I took Peter's gun with me and went back down the hall to the apartment. I thought about kicking in the door and shooting Marcus, but I decided the judges would probably get angry if I shot him just 'cause I was mad. I knew I couldn't stay there without getting real angry and maybe doing something to Marcus, though, so I left the dingy place, my mind focusing in on hearts.

The Mumbo Jumbo Men called the heart *ab* and said it was where thought came from. I always thought the brain was where thought came from, but they said it was the *ab*, and when you die and go before the judges, it's the *ab* that gets weighed against a feather to see if you get eaten or not.

Somebody's heart is in that jar, and now the Sports-Car Man has it, I was thinking as I walked down Queen Street away from my old apartment building. And he's not going to give it a good burial, he's going to call up the person and use them. That made the darkness in me real mad, so I had to duck into an alley just so I wouldn't see no people for a few minutes.

When I came out, I was thinking about where the jar might have come from. Peter said he got it from





somebody he buys stuff from, but Peter buys stuff from a lot of people. The funny-talking guy on the phone was probably Sports-Car

Man. I was starting to figure all this out. I decided to go to the club and find Sheena and see if she knew who Peter was buying from.

See, I wish I was smart. I wish I hadn't gotten so mad and had to stop for a while. I wish I'd gone to see Sheena sooner.

I might have been able to save her life.



The club looked the same—dark, dirty, lots of people stumbling around drunk or high. Whores come in to get warm and pick up johns. Same as when I was here last. Sheena wasn't a whore. She served drinks. She used to want to dance, but she always got stage fright and didn't. She was from Akron and always said she'd take me to visit her family sometime.

I looked for her in the club, but I couldn't find her. I asked around, and somebody said she'd gone outside for a smoke. Sheena didn't smoke.

I found her out by the Dumpster behind the club. The Five-Times was still there, chewing on her neck. It didn't even look a bit human now. Its eyes were almost the size of its whole face, and it had big, webbed hands. I shot it three times with Peter's gun before it saw me. Then I shot it twice more. I knew it wasn't really dead, but I couldn't kill it for real yet. I didn't have time. Instead I took Sheena's ring and her necklace with the picture of her baby and ran away. Better I call her spirit up than Sports-Car Man.

I had to rest the next day. I'd used up most of my magic, and I didn't have no more powder or paste. In Turkey, I could just sleep for a while and feel better again, but the Mumbo Jumbo Men told me about the Web of Faith and how you get weaker when you're outside it. So I rested, then called Sheena up when I felt stronger.

We cried together about what happened to her, but she didn't ask me to do nothing. She just told me what I needed to know about the guy who sold the weird jar to Peter. As the sun set again, we went to find him. I was thinking about how I'd get him to talk, since I couldn't make myself strong and my gun didn't have no bullets, but it didn't matter, because the Five-Times was already there.

I'd killed this thing three times already, so when I kicked in the door, it was plenty pissed off. The guy I came to see was alive but hunched over in the corner with a great big bite in his arm and screaming like a burning cat. The Five-Times looked even worse tonight. It was hunched over, and its feet burst from out its shoes and my God, the smell of it! It jumped at me

and knocked me over, and I pushed up on its throat to keep its teeth away. It was stronger than me, though, so I had to be smarter than it was.

I let it bite down, but I moved my head and it just bit my coat open. I fumbled around for my knife, but while I did, it bit me in the shoulder. All of sudden I remembered some blues. Oh dear God, *I remembered how to sing*. I remembered how while Marcus would beat me all I would hear was blues in my head.

And then the dark in me woke up and I didn't hear no more blues. I found my knife and dug it under that Five-Times' ribs and pulled up like I was trying to unzip the thing's body. The smell got worse, and it started screaming right along with the guy in the corner. I pushed it off me and watched it die—*again*—and I told it that tomorrow night I'd kill it for good. And then I went over to the guy in the corner and asked him what he knew. He told me. I think he was too scared not to tell me, but I sat there crouched over him with the knife in my hand until he'd finished.

He told me he got the jar off a scared-looking Arab guy. He said he hit the guy over the head and took his money and the jar thing, then he took it to Peter to see if he could sell it. He said he was sorry and he wasn't going to steal no more because the Devil tried to come for him.

I left him there and told him he'd better get to a doctor and have his hand looked at. What I didn't tell him was that the Five-Times was going to get up again. I don't think he'd have believed me anyway. But I did tell him he'd better not steal no more if he didn't want the Devil coming back.

I talked it out with Sheena the next day. I figured the Sports-Car Man was looking for the jar and that the "scared Arab" had it. Maybe the Arab stole it or maybe it belonged to him, but the Sports-Car Man wanted it for something. But then the scared Arab lost the jar when he was mugged and Peter got hold of it, about the same time that Sports-Car Man arrived in town. Peter sold it to the pawn shop, and Sports-Car Man paid him



off to keep him quiet, and then sent the Five-Times to kill anybody who knew anything about the jar. The pawn shop guy probably would have been dead if I

hadn't gotten there. Sheena was dead. The thief-guy was dead. That just left Peter.

And I knew where Peter was. He was staying with Marcus. The man who killed me.



I couldn't remember no blues while I ran back over to the apartment. I was trying to think of some because I was thinking about Marcus and trying to figure out why I should save him. He killed me. If I let the Sports-Car Man and the Five-Times kill him, wouldn't that be balance? I didn't know, and I couldn't just call up the judges and ask them. I couldn't call the Mumbo Jumbo Men or the other Reborn who were flying in tonight, either. I had to figure it out all by myself, and I didn't even know how or where to start.

The sun was setting again. I had to sleep during the day because I couldn't mix no potions to keep me awake. I got there, and the sports car was out front. I broke the window and the alarm went off, but nobody cares about alarms around here. I opened the trunk but nothing, just a puddle of blood and slime. That Five-Times must really look sick now.

So I'm on the staircase again. I see the crack in the wall where Peter hit it the other night. I run up the stairs like I want to save a life, and the door's already kicked in. There's big, slimy footprints in the hallway and in the apartment. I pull out my knife and wait for it to jump at me, but it doesn't.

"Holy shit."

Marcus's voice. I didn't even hear him come up behind me. I turn around and he's staring at me like I'm a Martian or something. I guess that's OK, since he did see me die and all, and now I'm here in his apartment, scars on my face and hands, carrying a bloody knife. I pull off my hat so he can see I'm bald, too. He doesn't say anything.

I know Sports-Car Man is here somewhere. Probably Five-Times, too. I don't know about Peter, though, because I may have killed him the other night. I'm not sure why I'm here. To hurt Marcus? To kill him? To kill the Sports-Car Man? I don't know.

I take a step towards Marcus and try to remember some blues — any at all — but I can't. That makes me angry, so I put the knife up under his throat and say, "Sing something for me."

He doesn't know what I mean. He starts to wet himself. I say it again, but this time I poke his throat a

little with the knife. I listen behind me for the Five-Times or the Sports-Car Man, but I don't hear nothing.

"Go to sleep, you little baby," he sings. It's a lullaby I used to sing curled up on the floor when he'd hit me.

"Yeah," I said, like he's kissing on me.

"Ever'body's gone in the cotton and corn." He's missed some words, but I don't care. I'm swaying a bit now. I can almost remember. He keeps singing, and I'm trying *so hard* to listen behind me, because I don't really know how to come back if my body dies since I've never done it before. But it's hard to listen good, because I'm loving this so much.

"You and me and—"

"The Devil makes three," I sing with him. I can remember this song. That's the last verse. I close my eyes for a second, and he slaps the knife away. And of course, the Five-Times springs right then.

I see it come out of nowhere, and Sports-Car Man's standing there, too. I guess he must have made them both disappear somehow. But the Five-Times jumps on me and Marcus goes to run, but then stops like he's rooted to the floor. The Five-Times picks me up and throws me against a wall, and I see that Sports-Car Man has his eyes locked on Marcus and is walking across the room towards him. I want to stop him, but Five-Times is in my way. Five-Times don't look nothing like a man no more. It's all frog except two legs, no clothes and shiny skin. It jumps and I grab it around the waist, but it's too slimy. It jumps away again.

Sports-Car Man is five steps away from Marcus. Marcus still ain't moving.

Five-Times jumps at me, but I duck and shove two fists into its gut. It makes a noise like a belch, but it ain't really hurt.

Four steps.

I don't grab this time. I shove the Five-Times and it falls over. I stomp on its back and hear something break.

Three steps.

I grab a chair and break it over the Five-Times' head. I say, "Last time," to it, but I don't think it knows





what I mean. Then I shove the broken chair leg into its side and hear a lung pop like a water balloon.

Two steps.

Five-Times slumps over dead, but I don't worry about that. I take the other half of the chair and throw it at Sports-Car Man. He turns around, one step from Marcus. Marcus falls over and starts shaking.

I know why Marcus couldn't move, now. Sports-Car Man's got eyes like a snake, black and deep. They freeze me as he looks at me, and he smiles with snake teeth. I remember something the Mumbo Jumbo Men said about Set and his followers, but I don't recall it clearly. Sports-Car Man walks towards me and I don't have no weapons or magic to use. I ball up my fists because I'm going to hit him, but it's going to be hard with those eyes freezing me.

He gets up close to me, and I see he's got the jar in his suit pocket. It's in the pocket near his heart.

His heart.

He reaches out for me and I play like I'm going to let him grab me, then I reach back and punch the jar as hard as I can. It breaks, and he screams and falls over backwards like he's terrified. I grab the only thing within reach — the broken chair leg I stabbed the Five-Times with — and I stab right where that pocket is.

Sports-Car Man stops screaming and goes stiff like he's frozen or something. Marcus is still on the ground

shaking. I look into Sports-Car Man's suit and the chair leg is poking right through the fabric into his pocket. See, with the chair leg there, his heart is stopped and now he can't think no more.

I ain't so dumb.

I walk over to Marcus and help him up. He ain't whimpering now, but I don't have my knife, so he doesn't seem sure what to do. I decide not to hurt him.

"You killed me," I say. I don't know how else to put it. He just nods. "I could kill you back, you know." He nods again. "But I ain't goin' to, because two wrongs don't make no right. Now, go away. And you sing for me, 'cause I can't sing for myself no more."

He runs away. He don't have to come back here. He could go to his brother up in Flint. Me, I don't care if I never see him again. I don't care about him at all no more.

I close the door and sit down to wait. I move Sports-Car Man out of the way of the window, because I don't know what'll happen if he's there when the sun comes up. I dig in my pocket and find the number for the hotel where the other Reborn were going to wait for me. I call them up, and they say they'll be here soon.

So I wait again. And I don't sing, because I can't remember no words or no music. But it really is okay.


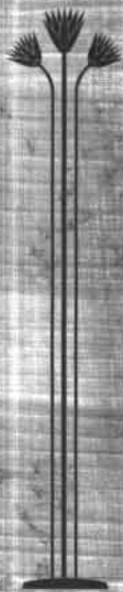
I don't care about the blues no more either.



PRELUDE REMEMBERING THE BLUES







Chapter One: A Primer for the Reborn

THERE WAS THE DOOR TO WHICH I FOUND NO KEY:
THERE WAS THE VEIL THROUGH WHICH I MIGHT NOT SEE:
SOME LITTLE TALK AWHILE OF ME AND THEE
THERE WAS - AND THEN NO MORE OF THEE AND ME
—OMAR KHAYYAM, *THE RUBAIYAT*

With the release of **Mummy: The Resurrection**, players were finally given a chance to roleplay a force of light within the World of Darkness. Unlike mortal hunters, however, who exist apart from the supernatural entities of their world — or perhaps as the fulcrum around which they swing — mummies are an inherent part of it. They are dead to the world of the mundane, both literally and spiritually, and they have embraced a higher calling, one that they mean to continue to embrace until such time as those very forces that have drawn the world to darkness are returned once again to balance. They are the dead who are so very much alive. They are creatures of flesh, but of flesh made spirit and of spirit made flesh. They are immortal, yet they face death after death, leaving this world more often than any other creature that has ever known life. They are at once the avatars of paradox and the heralds of balance.

They are the Reborn.

The **Mummy** core book allows players to roleplay these unique individuals, these undying warriors of bal-

ance and justice. With it, they can create not one but *three* different characters: the person who, in death, was to become the character's *tem-akh* (called the First Life); the modern mortal with whom this drifting spirit would join (the Second Life); and lastly, the composite of the two souls (the Third Life). The life of one of the Amenti. And it is this life, this last incarnation, that has the greatest stories to tell. The magic of the Rite of Rebirth is its promise of hope, destiny and meaning. It matters not whether your character was a "nobody" in his Second Life... upon his rebirth, he has become a hero.

With the addition of the **Mummy Players Guide**, the opportunities and options for creating these heroes are vastly expanded. Players now have another tool with which they may flesh out their concepts for these fascinating characters. This book is full of new rules, systems, suggestions and possibilities that help make the stories you tell all that much more engaging. The hope is that, with this guide, the saga of your undying heroes may grow even more legendary, meaningful and, well... heroic. Herein you'll find great tips on



roleplaying, a host of all new traits and, perhaps most importantly, six new kinds of Reborn with which you may bring life and hope to your roleplaying experiences.

THE OTHERS

Until now, the Amenti — the Egyptian Reborn — have been not only the stars of the show that is the world of **Mummy**, but the *only* characters around which its stories would revolve. Well, no longer. With this book, players will finally have the opportunity to step outside the Web of Faith if they so choose. Six new dynasties of Reborn are presented herein, each hailing from either the South American mummy tradition or the mysterious Chinese “Family of Heaven.” The former, called Teomallki, are those mummies created through an updated version of the Andean Spell of Going Westward to the Sunrise, while the latter are those worthy souls imbued with immortality by the Eight Immortals of Heaven, themselves. Together with the Amenti, these two groups round out the circle of life through which the goals of balance and justice might eventually be achieved. And for players, they will now have the chance to play one of 12 different types of mummy, each with its own distinct purpose, style and significance to the others.

Although this is indeed a core book for the **Mummy** game, all the information presented here is considered “optional” in the sense that the Storyteller is the final arbiter of what may and may not be allowed in his or her individual game. While this does not mean that players will or should have to ask permission to use every single specific idea or trait presented, it does mean that a little understand and cooperation (on both sides of the screen) is recommended. In this regard, it is good to consider this book a collection of opportunities and ideas rather than a canonical decree to which all must religiously hew.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

The **Mummy Players Guide** is chock full of new rules, concepts and suggestions, some of which alter the fundamental nature of the game established in the core book. Therefore, although it is primarily a player reference, this book is also designed to set the stage for a massive expansion of the game — a fact that you’ll see permeates throughout. All fans of the game, be they players or Storytellers, will find something useful and important revealed in the pages to follow.

Chapter One: A Primer for the Reborn is a rambling grand tour of the Lands of Faith. It shows the practicalities of one Amenti’s rebirth; from her death

and initial joining to the events surrounding her hajj, and on through her final confirmation as one of the undying daughters of Horus. Through her example, players can get a “hands on” look at how such matters work narratively.

Chapter Two: Fragments of a Soul Arisen details the Amenti in the context of the Reborn as individuals within larger groups. The section provides some important information on interplay between the various dynasties and tem-akhs, as well as some revelations about nascent factions within the Amenti as a whole.

Chapter Three: Beyond the Web of Faith examines the others with whom the Amenti share eternity — the South American Teomallki and the Wu T’ian of the Far East. Character creation as well as dynasty structure for these non-Egyptian mummies is examined fully, allowing players to create complete characters of all different stripes for use in **Mummy: The Resurrection** games.

Chapter Four: Life After Death introduces a wealth of new mechanics to the game, from classic Merits and Flaws to new traits for the non-Egyptian Reborn as well as a host of new Hekau spells and rituals. In addition, extant traits and concepts are further updated and expanded.

Chapter Five: Greater Hekau finally reveals those mighty powers available to only the eldest and purest of Reborn. Here you’ll find dozens of new spells and rituals over level five, as well as a comprehensive guide to their (careful) implementation and usage during game play.

Chapter Six: Stories of the Soul offers some advice on how to develop rich background, style and personality for **Mummy** characters. Important ideas such as immortality and duality are given detailed treatment in this section, along with a variety of perspectives on issues central to the Reborn and their cause.

Chapter Seven: Allies and Compatriots takes a look at the various mortal and immortal groups that battle alongside the Reborn in their war against the minions of Apophis the Corrupter. From the foundations of the treasured Ashukhi Corporation to the wary assistance of the Egyptian Disciples of Anubis, the Amenti find quite the esoteric menagerie of souls willing to come to their aid.

Chapter Eight: Grave Goods is a crunchy examination of mystical items and equipment employed by the Reborn. It includes a full analysis of relics and their impact on the lives (and between lives) of mummies, as well as the introduction of an important new type of supernatural artifact called phylacteries.



MY DEAR STUDENT:

ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND A PROOF COPY OF MY TRANSCRIPTION OF NURIT'S ACCOUNT FOR THE FIRST VOLUME. YES, *FIRST VOLUME*. YOU WILL NO DOUBT BE RELIEVED TO LEARN THAT YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES AMONG THE ΔMENTI WHO HAVE PROMISED TO BARE YOUR SOULS FOR THIS ENTERPRISE. SINCE WE LAST SPOKE, I HAVE PERSUADED 15 MORE TO SEND IN THEIR STORIES AS WELL, AND HOPEFULLY THERE WILL BE MORE YET.

I TRULY BELIEVE THAT THESE DOCUMENTS WILL PROVE THEMSELVES NOT ONLY IMPORTANT HISTORICAL RECORDS, BUT ALSO A GREAT BOON TO ΔMENTI TO COME. THE FIRST DAYS OF THE THIRD LIFE ARE A GREAT STRUGGLE FOR MANY, AND I SUSPECT THAT A WORD STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART OF A COLLEAGUE MAY PROVIDE BETTER COMFORT AND GUIDANCE THAN A DOZEN LECTURES FROM THE DUSTY IMKHU — MYSELF, REGRETTABLY, INCLUDED. TO DO AS YOU HAVE DONE REQUIRES NO SMALL AMOUNT OF COURAGE AND TRUST, AND I THANK YOU BOTH AGAIN FOR ΔGREEKING TO BE THE FIRST.

BE SO KIND AS TO LOOK OVER THE COPY AND LET ME KNOW IF I HAVE MADE ANY ERRORS OR IF NURIT HAS MISQUOTED YOU AT ANY POINT. REGRETTABLY, SHE HAS RECORDED OVER ALL BUT ONE OF THE TAPED INTERVIEWS, SO WE HAVE ONLY THE TRANSCRIPT TO WORK FROM. (I WOULD ALSO WELCOME YOUR ACCOUNTS OF THE SAME CONVERSATIONS, SHOULD YOU WISH TO PROVIDE THEM — THOUGH I CERTAINLY UNDERSTAND IF YOU FIND YOURSELF TOO BUSY WITH THE ESSAY YOU ARE ALREADY COMPOSING!) DESPITE YOUR FONDNESS FOR ELECTRONIC MEDIA, I BEG YOU TO INDULGE ME. THIS TIME, SIMPLE RED INK ON THE PAGES I HAVE SENT YOU WILL BE MORE THAN SUFFICIENT.

OSIRIS IS THE SOURCE AND HORUS IS THE LIFE.

I AM, EVER FONDLY, YOUR TEACHER,
TCHATCHA-EM-ΔNKH OF EDFU

MORTALITY

THE SECOND LIFE

From Nurit ab-Rachel's diary:
February 8 —

Bad fight with Dad tonight. I flunked another chemistry test. Yes, to him this is devastating — this is honestly the worst thing he knows about me. He went on and on about how I have to think of my future — my great and glorious future which, of course, is never specifically anything except great and glorious and above all, better than what he's been through. What a chemistry test actually has to do with that great and glorious future, neither of us knows, but any little thing I screw up might conceivably shave another sliver of a percentage point off my chances, and so it's worth screaming at me over...

I wonder how old I have to get before he can't make me cry anymore. I hate how I end up crying every time. The worst part is knowing I could always hurt him as bad as he hurts me. All I'd have to do is say IT. You know the IT I mean. The IT that can never, ever be said.

In other news... Bagel, 150 calories. Orange, 80-90. Nonfat milk, 80. And lots of punch with yummy aspartame flavoring. Yes, I'm pissed and hurt, but I will not cave in and destroy a good diet day on cue.

February 12 —

Ever since the bombing on Rosh Hashanah (the whole school is going out to put flowers on graves next Tuesday), I actually don't have such a problem with the idea of doing my army service, but I worry that they're going to have a problem with me. Somehow I have a feeling the system isn't set up to handle my little eccentricities. Is it possible I could wind up in the IDF



version of Section 8? Do they even have such a thing? Maybe even being crazy doesn't get you out of it.

February 21 —

A bombing in Jerusalem. This time the only people killed were the bomber and a kid who, it turns out, was Druze.

I hope this isn't how G-d's sense of humor works.
February 26 —

Could you please tell me *when* I'll finally stop flubbing my stupid Hebrew? I was talking about taking a long ride in a *sherut* (taxi), and instead I accidentally said *sherutim* (bathroom). Long ride in the bathroom, ha-ha-ha... high comedy, right? Well, Hadar and the Henghgirls ran with it all day, talking in this fake broken Hebrew whenever I was around. And since they're convinced I'm into Jonathan L., they went out of their way to do it in front of him, too. I just hope he draws the right conclusion about what bitches they are. Not that I care if he ever asks me out, but he's one of the few people who always looks glad to see me.

Dad says if I want to get better faster I should speak Hebrew around the house more. We barely talk in English except to fight. I guess if we fought in Hebrew, I could at least feel like something was getting accomplished.

February 27 —

UGLY FAT TOAD BITCH
UGLY FAT TOAD BITCH
UGLY FAT TOAD BITCH
UGLY FAT TOAD BITCH

February 28 —

Like Sisyphus pushing the rock all the way back up the hill only to fucking drop it again; like Sisyphus, too stupid to give up. So... Cup o' soy milk, 110 calories. Slice of light bread, 40. Cucumber slices, 10 or less. What a good girl!

Fucking Ex-Lax went dud on me. It might actually have to be the ipecac next time. (Next time! Quite the fatalist, I am.) The stuff smells so horrible I bet I wouldn't even have to swallow. Anyway, did the treadmill for 40 minutes and petered out. I'll try again before bed.

March 2 —

Okay, I give up. Tonight I have to write IT. Maybe someday he'll find this, but right now I don't care. (But I'm putting it on a separate page, just in case I decide to rip it out later because I've become a world-famous best-selling author. You show me a celebrity who hasn't censored their personal papers for publication.)

Anyway, IT:

I HATE ISRAEL.

Wow, no lightning. But there it is. I'm not even thrilled about the idea, much less the execution. I hate feeling on edge all the time, I hate the tightass security (woe be unto she who forgets her purse in a store!), I hate how I have to speak a language that only got raised from the dead this century, I hate the crazy calendar, I even hate the Egged buses. I wish we'd never moved. Yeah, I'm sure I'd be just as miserable and lonely in Florida, but at least I could be miserable in my own language and I wouldn't have to think about possibly being blown up every time I step outside.

Believe me, I understand what this is supposed to be about. You can't sit at Passover every year of your life and not understand the meaning of "Next year in Jerusalem." I know how many of our people died to provide us this homeland, and I know how important it'll be for Jews to have someplace to go when the next big wave of exterminations starts. I know that for my father this is his life's dream, and my being here is no less a part of that dream than his being here. And I know it hasn't been an easy change for him either. I just wish I could feel the way he does. Then it would probably seem worth all the pain of aliyah...

But for me, I only feel that ache for homeland when an episode of *Mad About You* comes on.

March 5 —

This is getting out of hand. You know it's getting out of hand when you make a special trip to the store for the express purpose of buying binge food. (I told the checker it was for a party at school.) The problem is, I can't un-know what I know. I know I can always get rid of it afterward, so I figure I might as well give in to temptation. It's sick and juvenile to think that way... but it's also a simple fact.

One worrying thing. How long is a human being supposed to be able to go without taking a dump? I was planning to lay off the laxative for a month and see if it put things back to normal, but I'm not sure I'll be able to hold out that long.

March 7 —

The one good thing about the army service is it staves off college for that much longer, which means I'll have that much longer to pick a major. I think if it was journalism that wouldn't freak Dad out as much as literature. Although I could do literature and say I wanted to be a professor. The main point is I can't major in something just because it happens to be my big





interest in life, I have to prove it'll make a living. Which is fair enough. At least he isn't trying to push me towards computers anymore. I like *using* computers, but I'm not really interested in how they work. They could have a chain gang of Pokémon inside for all I care. I haven't even finished a home page yet.

For once I'm glad not to be a boy. I don't have to worry about getting sent into combat. People are saying we'll be more or less at war in the West Bank by Purim... wonder how Jonathan feels about it. I've never bothered to ask him. Maybe I will, if he's still speaking to Blob Girl.

March 10 —

I've discovered that I don't get as depressed at night if I don't look in the mirror till after I've showered and it's all steamed up. Then I can just wipe off a big enough section to brush my hair by.

Clever, huh? If only these powers could be used for good instead of evil!

March 17 —

You would *think* a person who knows butter cookies are one of her sin foods would also know that when she says something to herself like, "Oh, I should buy some snacks to take over to Anne's on Tuesday," that is her devious brain making a lame excuse to stock up. Like Anne wouldn't be just as happy if I brought grapes or carrot sticks. Hell, she is a carrot stick.

On top of everything else, I'm out of magic juice and because Dad's home I have to think of an excuse to leave so I can get some.

DEATH

June 8 —

Hey Diary, were you wondering where I've been? I've learned a few interesting things since I saw you last.

For instance, did you know ipecac is a poison that can cause heart failure? I sure didn't know that. You'd think they'd put that on the bottle. I got to find this out the fun way.

The actual dying didn't hurt that much. Maybe if it hurt more I would have thought to yell for help. But to be honest, I think I somehow realized I was dying before the pain really even got going, and I just detached. It wasn't quite one of those out-of-body experiences, because I can't call that many clear images to mind. It was more just an awareness of what was going on all over the house and even in the street outside. When I think back, the few things I can actually remember *seeing* are all grayed-out and vague. I remember Dad finding me

and panicking. I remember him reaming out the paramedics and the hospital people. That's his way of dealing with stress — he finds somebody to launch a diatribe at. One thing that's still pretty clear in my mind is when they pulled the sheet up over me. The sheet upset me even worse than the sight of my corpse with its head lolling around... don't ask me why. I guess it was the finality of it. They only pull the sheet over you when they know for sure there's no chance left, that your eyes don't need anything to look at anymore.

So there I was with the corpse and the sheet and the little ER party in my honor winding down, and I thought to myself that if I could somehow slide back in, I'd be alive again. It was another screwup I could just take back, like the binges. Hey, G-d, sorry to bother you, but I made a little whoopsie. I didn't mean to vomit up my *soul*. But when I tried to reach out to my body, it was like I'd been swallowed by a jellyfish — there was some kind of squishy stuff all around me that I could sort of see through but I couldn't quite get through. I started screaming at the hospital people who were going out to tell my father it was all over. I was yelling how I was going to wake up in just a minute here, just wait, please, I'm trying to come back.

Don't ask me what I was thinking. I guess I figured if I could make one of them hear me then that would mean I had to be alive after all. Or maybe I thought I was having one of those nightmares where something awful is happening and you can't move or warn anybody. Maybe I knew perfectly well I was fucked and I just couldn't help trying to do *something* about it, however hopeless.

But gradually I started to realize something that made it hard to concentrate on breaking through the stuff. There was someone in the stuff with me. At first I didn't want to look, but she was so close, and there was something about her presence — it reminded me of Mom, strong and calm. At last I turned around.

She was beautiful... I remember she had gold and colored-glass jewelry on, and not a whole lot else, and a fountain of dark curly hair tumbling down her back. We were almost touching, like peas in the pod — or the cells in an embryo, just a thin film of stuff between us. That's actually the better analogy.

"Dead at seventeen," she said. "You've succeeded."

I started crying. "No, no," I said. "I didn't want to die, I swear to G-d I didn't."

Her eyes seemed so big, flashing like the onyx in her necklace. "Didn't you?"





"No, G-d, no... please, I just wanted to be thin!"

She was quiet for a moment, studying me.

"I believe you," she said at last, "but it seems you are only willing to live if it means being thin."

"That's not true." I tried to back away from her, but there was nowhere to go. I couldn't find the ER anymore. "I just want to live, I don't care how."

"Not caring enough how you lived is why you are dead," she answered. "The body is a delicate miracle, Nurit. Like a child, it withers when it is unloved."

"You can say that." All at once I was raging instead of crying. If the stuff hadn't been holding me back I would have pummeled her. "Look at you... you have a body worth loving."

"I have no body at all," she said sadly. "To me your young shell is a palace, one I would joyfully inhabit... but I am not what I once was, Nurit. We could both live again, if you choose it. Things would have to be different."

"I want them to be different. G-d, that's all I ever wanted. For things to be different. For me to be different."

She nodded. "I understand. It is in my power to do this, if you will consent to join together and share your one life between us. You would cease to be purely Nurit, and I — I will never again be Rachel, in any case. Still, I can help you find a different way to live... perhaps a better way. Will you agree?"

"What if I don't?"

"Then you will remain dead, and you must find your own way through the shrouded lands and the storms. I doubt even great Anubis could rightly say what might become of you."

In the end, it wasn't her words that reached me so much as the pure and simple knowledge of what she was. I don't know how else to put it. It just came to me as an absolute. The women of Isis say deception is a much harder thing in the afterworld, that things can hardly help but be themselves. I don't know if that's so. It seems hard to believe there's anyplace you can't get lied to.

Anyway, I said yes.

THE HAJJ

Dad had — has, I guess — a health club membership, and I've gone with him a couple times. (I tried to get him to buy me one too but he said something about women bodybuilders and laughed it off.) There's a steam sauna and a pool in there, and somebody explained to me that the really healthy thing to do was to bake yourself to the point of fainting and then dash out

and jump in the pool. The first time I was naive enough to actually do this. The second time I stood by that pool for minutes, and I honestly didn't know whether I felt more cowardly for not being able to jump in or more silly for being scared. So I bit the bullet and tried to put my leg in a little at a time. Of course that was even worse.

I really am heading for a point with this. When Rachel grabbed hold of my spirit and got ready to shove us back into the world of the living, it was just like that. I had just a second or two to anticipate the shock of that freezing plunge and then we were in. Only in the swimming pool the shock at least goes away after a minute. This took hours, days to go away completely. I was back in my body, which felt... horribly loose... but there was no way I was in any shape to drive it.

Let me guide us, Rachel whispered. It was pitch black and very cold... I think we must have been in a mortuary locker. Somehow Rachel got us out. I assume she had to wait for someone to open the door, and I greatly pity that person. (I've been looking for newspaper headlines like *Morgue Attendant Suffers Heart Attack When Patient "Rises From Dead"*, but so far no luck). Whatever she did, I didn't see it. I was looping in and out. Now I really did have nightmares: things I'm glad I can't recall more clearly, but I know there were lots of tall buildings and towers crumbling, toppling under a sky with just a little white cold sun to light it, and creatures that looked all stretched out and melted... anyway, I only got flashes of what was going on outside. Occasionally Rachel stopped the flow of dreams to talk to me.

We need money.

— *Yes, we need money. I have a little money at home.*

You cannot go home yet. We have a trip to make.

— *But my clothes... my diary! Don't make me leave with nothing!*

The idea of a sigh. *This is not wise. Can we get in without noise?*

— *Dad put a spare key in a fake rock.*

He will not be there?

— *Want to tell him I'm okay...*

You do not want him to see you like this.

Obviously she got my diary okay (Hello, I missed you, too!) and my two favorite shirts. The next thing I remember is wondering why I was still cold when we were long since out of the meat locker, and catching a glimpse of myself in a dark shop window, shuffling along like some crazy old street person and all bundled up in





one of my thick coats even though it wasn't winter anymore. That was the first inkling I had that maybe I wasn't *completely* back to life yet. Rachel wouldn't let me stop and get a better look.

I don't think we stopped to sleep, ever. At one point I was on a bus, it was daytime, and I remember Rachel had us way in the back and everybody else was sitting way to the front. I started noticing the scenery.

We're passing through Ashkelon, I realized. I'd been to Ashkelon a couple years back with a friend's family.

—Which way are we going? South.

—Are you crazy?

We take the Horus Road of War into Egypt.

—No, Rachel, we have to get off the bus! We're practically into the Gaza Strip!

There is danger?

—We're going to get shot! Blown up!

I lurched to my feet, swaying. The passengers on the bulletproof bus started and stared at me. I fumbled through the pockets of my coat. Rachel had grabbed my passport; or wait, no, it was there because that's where I'd left it after our last trip to visit Grandma. I could get through the Strip, then. It was possible to hop from one Israeli-controlled area to another almost all the way down to the border crossing, but what if a soldier stopped me? Even with the right ID I probably looked suspicious. And why the *hell* were we going to Egypt anyhow?



—We should at least go around. The bypass road...

But Rachel wrenched back control of the body — I was thinking of it as *the* body now — and sat us down. I remember we got off the bus at Gush Katif, but what happened right after that is a big blank. Plainly we didn't get shot or blown up after all.

The next time I woke up to the real world, I didn't even realize I was back. There was this horrible thing leaning over me, swaddled in ash-covered cloth. It had no face I could see, but its eyes glared yellow at me from under the cloth. I yelled and cringed away. A second after that, the thing was gone and I realized what I was actually looking at: a tall Arab woman wearing a headscarf, who was trying to bring me inside this drab little hovel. She took my hand and chattered in something that wasn't Hebrew, English or Arabic, but Rachel was moving us right along.

It's all right, Nurit. Go with her.

—Where are we now?

In Gaza still. Try to understand. Jumana says that from here on it will be better not to be Israeli.

—But I am Israeli (whatever that means).

An Israeli who hates Israel, is that not so? she asked wryly. The Arab woman led me in and started fooling around with a tea kettle she'd already set to boil. It was bare but tidy inside, and the kettle's whistling was a friendly noise. The woman looked over her





shoulder and smiled at me, motioning that I should sit, sit, please sit. I sat.

— *You've been reading my diary!*

No, not yet. Do not be troubled... when we reach the temple of my Lady, you will know all my secrets also.

The woman poured me tea like the Palestinians fix it, super-hot and super-sweet, so that you have to drink it very slowly. It warmed me a little, but it didn't seem to do me any good other than that. In fact, I realized with an ache that I hadn't had a single thought about food up till that moment, and I wasn't even a tiny bit hungry. Nor could I remember Rachel feeding us. Food just didn't seem to mean anything at all anymore.

You would think this would make a veteran dieter like me overjoyed, but it didn't. Now I was hungry for being hungry. And I was hungry for something to order my life around, which is — here's the wisdom dying from puke-juice brings you — exactly what my sick little cycle always provided me.

The woman spoke to her teenage daughter, who kept looking at me like I'd dropped down from the moon. But when her mother finished, she got dressed up and hurried out. I worked my way through the syrupy tea, trying not to worry about where that girl was going and who she was going to tell about me. For all I knew, these people were Hamas.

I am not sure what you mean, but you need not fear Jumana, Rachel whispered. She serves my Lady. I knew that if we stayed on the ancient road, it would be easier for the old cults to find us. We're lucky it happened so soon. Her daughter is going to talk to a man who can get us across the border.

— *What kind of man?*

I don't know. It doesn't matter. It is clear we cannot travel under the name of Nurit Weitzman.

— *I can't pass as an Arab!*

Leave that to me. In fact, go back to sleep if you can.

But that was the end of me going back to sleep completely. Over the next several days, I kept lapsing into these weird moments of hallucination where people would turn into monsters or waste away into skeletons, or buildings would disintegrate into blowing sand, but to be honest it didn't faze me much more than the simple knowledge that I was wandering around like a zombie-movie extra in the fabled land of People Who Want Us Dead.

I lay awake all night in the hovel, listening to the soft breathing of strangers, and then the next day in the afternoon a new passport arrived for me, along with a dark guy all dressed up in a robe and a headcloth who was evidently my ride down to Rafah. Before I left, the Arab

woman gave me this musty black chador and headscarf that still smelled faintly of whatever they were perfumed with when her grandmother or whoever gave them to her back at the dawn of time. She added a black gauze face veil as well. Ignorant as I am of all things Arab, even I knew this was probably going to look a bit weird in Egypt. But plainly the idea was to hide me completely rather than waste time trying to make my looks blend in.

She also practically bathed me in rosewater. Once again Rachel refused to turn the body toward the mirror until after it was all swathed up. I'd been feeling like a ghost for a while. Now I was costumed to match. I thought to myself that if I really looked as bad as all that, maybe I could just scare the hell out of anyone who tried to mess with me.

The dark guy drove me down to the border, tossing out an occasional phrase in Hebrew to point out the sights along the way. In places, I could look over one shoulder and see a Palestinian town and look over the other shoulder and see an Israeli settlement. The buildings were very different but the terrain, of course, looked all the same; I noticed that the very first time Dad and I ever flew into Tel Aviv, too. You'd think by all rights Palestinian Gaza shouldn't even have the same color sky... goes to show how much G-d cares what we think.

We moved through the border crossing pretty quickly — not too many buses ahead of us. Rachel gave one-word answers to whatever standard questions the guard was asking her. The guard peered through the gauze over my face and said something in Arabic to the guy, who said something back.

— *What was that?*

I gather that we are from Riyadh and very ill. She had me holding my head at a bit of a downward droop, I guess, so we looked sick and shy and please don't ask us to raise this veil.

— *What were we doing in Gaza then, and by the way, where's our male relative?*

This man is our male relative. I can only assume he's mimicking the proper accent.

I still don't understand how a strange Saudi woman and her chaperone got through without further hassle, current climate being what it is. I guess they're much more worried about who comes in than who goes out. Maybe money changed hands. I couldn't tell, because frankly it's a little hard to see much through that gauze. Anyway, our timing was lucky. Two days later, the army cracked down for a while and shut off most of the border traffic and started giving even people driving within the Strip the third degree.





THE TWO LANDS

Once we got past Rafah, the guy (whose name I finally partially figured out: Fathi something) drove us the straight shot to Cairo. It was basically a long, fairly boring trip across the north coast of Sinai, while I sat in the car thinking about how here I finally was and, of course, I had no time to go down and see the mountain. In Cairo he took me to a little cafe and handed me off to a young Egyptian couple, who both smiled and showed me the necklaces they were wearing (little gold pendants in the shape of a circle stuck between what looked like cow horns). Rachel talked to them in that language I didn't recognize, hugging and kissing them. Then she dug into my pitiful wad of cash to pay Fathi; but he waved it off and handed us a business card instead, so we could call him if we ever needed help with anything else. I really am grateful to him for getting me into Egypt okay, but... shyeah, right. How many nice people can get a hold of forged passports at a day's notice?

I still didn't feel bad, exactly. I'd realized a while back that I wasn't breathing except when Rachel made the body talk. I felt a little chilly, even though everyone else around me was sweating, and my joints still seemed too loose, yet I wasn't in any pain. As far as I could tell, I didn't smell too awful, but I can't have smelled great either. I remembered what I'd said back in the ER about just wanting to live no matter how.

Was this really going to be the how?

The couple bundled me into their car and took off. Rachel was gripping the oh-shit handles on both doors from that moment until that midnight. I'd already sort of gathered she didn't like cars and buses, but even I never saw driving like they have in Egypt. It's basically one lane all the way up the Nile, and on this road you get cars, trucks, donkey carts and motorbikes all trying to get wherever they're going on top of what has to be the highest pothole-per-km rate in the world.

The woman of the couple handed me this watercolor to look at that I guess she'd done herself. It was a portrait of a goddess or queen on a throne of gold, and then right next to that was a profile and a back view of the same thing. After a second I realized this was a design for a statue. Rachel touched it, tracing its contours as though it were already real. She said something to the woman that must have been approval, since the woman smiled and actually seemed to well up a little. Something was welling up in me too, and I didn't even understand why.

The old ways return, Rachel explained. It seemed to me her voice was growing fainter.

We finally got out of the car in Gurna, the old ramshackle village that sits on the edge of the Valley of Kings, just across the Nile from Luxor. The instant my feet touched the sand, something hit me and I nearly fainted. The woman had to catch me, murmuring something soothing in my ear. It was late by then, and I was hurried into someone's house to spend the night on a pile of old cushions and sheets. I didn't exactly sleep that night, but I dreamed. I rose up like the wind over the snaking valleys and mountains and saw tall painted temples and proud monuments, each heralded by paired statues of the gods, and the river glinting green in the sunlight, bright pleasure-boats bearing Horus's eye on each side of the prow launching downstream.

THE SPELL OF LIFE

When we'd first returned to my body, Rachel had had to drive it with no help from me because I was too chilled by the touch of the underworld. Now I was overwhelmed again with the touch of something much sweeter, this incredible sense of *welcome* that seemed to be pouring out of every stone and breath of breeze, and the trouble was that this time Rachel was just as bowled over as I was. The body moved like a little old lady's, ponderously, as though it had to register the detail of every step before it could move on, and I had to be practically held up by one or another of the Egyptian couple. They seemed to understand.

We got on donkeys that afternoon, once the worst of the day's heat was over, and started cutting across the desert. At one point, we met the tourist road that goes into the tomb complex, and I saw a stream of people filing in and out — fashionable Japanese, sunburned Europeans, rich Saudis, Americans in their Bermuda shorts. Just a couple days before, I would have gladly run screaming to those Americans, *Take me back to Florida and sanity!*, but now all that filled me was a cool, pleasant sense of rightness. Somehow it just struck me as right that all these visitors should be walking very slowly along the sacred avenue of approach, turning their heads left and right to take it all in, even the kids were less noisy than usual. It was proper that all the world should hold this place in awe.

In the cool of the day, we reached a tiny building all alone on the outskirts of the necropolis. There weren't many visitors, just a few stragglers plagued by souvenir-hawkers trying to wear them down on little alabaster





statues of cats. Rachel walked us around the foundations of what had once been a courtyard wall. She seemed happy, but puzzled. I tried to ask her what was puzzling her, but the answer was so faint I couldn't hear. It was all the more annoying because increasingly, her feelings were spilling over into me. I'm used to my own feelings coming out of nowhere and not explaining themselves, but it's a distinctly different thing when they're not even yours. Rachel touched the rocks. They pulsed heat into my hand and something else, like a supersonic vibration. She went in the temple and noted its configuration with that same vague puzzlement. I overheard one of the tourists say to another that the building had been a Roman-era shrine to Isis.

My Lady.

The couple tried to get me to understand something, but Rachel was having trouble answering back now. Finally the man took his watch off and wound the hands around forwards to show me what he meant: four, five, six, seven o'clock.

Sunset. Gotcha. We had to wait a while.

The tourists finally got tired of the hawkers gnawing at them; two of them bought statues and then they moved off. The hawkers chuckled among themselves and then came over to greet us. It seemed they knew my friends. They took in the sight of me squatting here and there in my dusty chador without surprise. One of the hawkers came over and tried some English on me.

"If any more come, we'll do the same," he said cheerfully. "We will be alone till morning, I promise you."

I couldn't get through Rachel's control enough to talk back. I tried, but what came out was disturbingly like a mewling sound, so I shut up quick. Instead I just nodded the head. As the sun set, Rachel propelled us back into the temple and laid the body carefully on the floor, lining it up just so. She closed the eyes for what seemed like only a second, but when she opened them again it was night. Starlight filtered coldly through the doorway, forming a little lane on the floor. My companions were gliding in quietly, barefoot I think, wearing white robes now and bearing a heavy statue across two poles, which they set at my head.

What am I getting into? I thought — not for the first time, or the last. They lit some kind of incense that made the air heavy and sleepy. I was honestly starting to think in terms of virgin sacrifices now and getting very worried, but at this point the body would not move at all, except when it was moved by someone else. It seemed there were more people here than I thought. I heard a lot of women's voices. Where did all these women come from? Cold metal

and cool alabaster was pressed into my hands, and I do definitely remember being lowered into some burning liquid that seeped past my eyelids and sent me into total agony. I started floating again, just like when I died the first time. Again I rose over the plain and saw the same scene as in the last night's dreams — only now it was dark and ash blew on the wind, the pleasure-boats had foundered and grown moss, the pillars and colossi were tumbled, and from the Shrine of Isis there was such a wailing, like a village full of mothers who had all lost their children in the same flood.

It was Rachel who steeled me when all I wanted to do was sit down and wail too. *I knew all along it would be so*, she reassured me. She was riding piggyback on me now, light as air. *This suffering calls to me also, but we must go on. There's little time to reach the Pillars. Turn your face to the west and walk.*

I have no idea how I found west in that barren sky and trackless desert, or how I kept myself walking in a straight line. But soon over the horizon I saw huge faces, human and animal, arranged in a circle as though they were sitting in some kind of council. As I trudged up the last dune, the faces turned out to be the tops of columns and the columns were set into the face of a mountain riddled with tunnels, one tunnel between each pair of statues.

The faces of the Judges of Ma'at. Thus we are warned of our fate.

— *Is this the way?*

I'm afraid so.

— *Which tunnel do we take?*

Whichever we pick.

— *How do we know if it's the right one?*

There is no way to know.

— *I thought you'd been here before.*

I have, but they are never the same tunnels.

— *You're saying I just have to guess.*

Yes. Or spend eternity wondering what the right answer is.

The tunnel I picked looked foreboding, but they all did. I still don't know whether it was the "right" or "wrong" one. If dealing out crushing anguish of the spirit is exactly what the judges had in mind (which I suspect to be the case), then I guess it was the right one.

The walls of the tunnel kept disappearing. It was like being lost on a movie lot and stumbling from set to set, only the scenes were of everything I didn't want to remember about my life. *Everything.* I saw stuff that happened when I was *two*. (I remember why I'm phobic about spiders now.) I got to see my parents' fights all over again in all their tawdry glory, including the two years' worth of custody





battle. Once again, I sat in the courtroom trying not to cry while each one got picked apart by the other's lawyer. I got to see every lie I ever told, every 10,000-calorie binge, every campout in the bathroom, every humiliation at the hands of 'school friends.' Rachel was no help. In fact, I couldn't even feel her on my back anymore, not until I stumbled back out into the half-light falling on yet another endless vista of dunes.

By then I was so dazed and depressed I was starting to think that maybe I *should* have wanted to die back in the ER. Maybe I really *was* too pathetic to live. I was trudging past this enormous statue of a dog-headed god, and its stone hand moved down with a hideous grating noise and picked us up, closing over us till it was airtight. I didn't even care. I could hear the wind picking up and starting to howl outside, and big blasts of sand hitting the statue's fingers. If he hadn't picked me up I probably would have gotten flayed down to the bone. The hand lurched left and right as we moved on through the storm.

—*What did you see?* I whispered to Rachel in the dark. I was actually worried how much she'd seen of my miserable little life, but she only answered back, *What I once was and shall nevermore be. Will you promise me something, Nurit, after the thing is done?*

—*Sure*, I said, bewildered.

Mourn me, as you would a relative... a favorite aunt, perhaps.

—*Why? Where are you going? You're not about to leave me, are you? Not after all this!*

No, I will never leave you. But Rachel-called-Netikerti, Priestess of Isis, needs a second mourning, for she will not be seen again, except as you allow her to live in you.

The stone hand opened back out to the night sky, which had cleared up for once. The stars looked huge, nearly the size the moon is in the regular world. Around me were 42 thrones (don't ask me how I know it was 42 exactly; I certainly wasn't in a state to count them), and in each throne sat a being. I recognized their faces from the pillars by the caves. The big dog-headed statue deposited us in the middle of this circle and then stood back, bringing its enormous self down to its knees and touching its head to the ground. Rachel was standing beside me, glorious and naked except for her jewelry, but ghostly. I suddenly realized I was naked and distinctly not-glorious, as usual. I tried at first, stupidly, to cover myself with my hands and arms, but then after a second I realized I'd better copy the statue and go down into that same folded position, because Rachel was doing it too.

The chief being — I have no idea if it was animal or human, male or female, because it was totally veiled — held up its hand and spoke.

"Ma Antuf. Kenemti. Ariem Aph." (I don't vouch for spelling on this.)

At this, three of the other beings stirred and got up from their thrones. Each of them reached inside their robes for something, huddling together in the middle of the circle. When they stepped back, I saw that they had put together a scale... not an antique golden balance scale like you would *think* the judges of the underworld would use, but one of those drugstore "your weight and fortune" kind of scales. It looked so small and shabby and ridiculous there in the middle of all that colossal marble, but then I'm sure I looked pretty small and shabby and ridiculous, too. Later I found out that in the Egyptian afterlife everybody gets weighed, and everybody's scared of it. At the time, of course, I thought this was my special torture.

"Touch the scale," Rachel said to me. I was shaking, I would have rather the sand just swallowed me up, but I walked forward and did like she said. Light bled out between my fingers and gathered on its base in a little ball.

"Distinctly more than a feather," said one of the three beings. A card shot out of the front of the scale. He caught and read it with a grave expression.

"Fat ugly toad bitch."

He handed it to the next being.

"I hope this isn't how G-d's sense of humor works." That being handed it on to the next.

"Fucking Ex-Lax went dud on me."

The words were like knife-stabs. My stomach knotted up, and for a second I thought I might actually throw up right in front of all of them, which of course would have been the perfect cap to things. But to my relief, they all turned and looked at Rachel.

"I will be the new ka," she said, not raising her head. "I was Rachel-called-Netikerti, Priestess of Isis, guardian of the sacred."

"You are tem-akh, nothing more," snorted the third being, who had a bird head.

"Let her try," said the first, taking back the card. "It will not hurt to let her try. Look, there are many fine things written here also. Who is perfect in Ma'at save Ma'at Herself?"

Rachel crawled over and touched the scale. The light from her hand joined mine, and it seemed to glow brighter and bigger, pulsing with its own heartbeat. Another card popped out of the scale. The three beings read it, each in turn.





"You are right. It cannot hurt to let them try," said one at last.

"Yes. Let the old ka be destroyed and the joining be made."

"As you wish." The bird-headed being picked up the ball of light and held it in its hands. Wisps of the light trailed off it one by one and twined themselves into hieroglyphics, or what looked kind of like hieroglyphics — some kind of ancient picture-writing anyway. Two lines of it formed in the air: one that looked a good mile long, one that only stretched across the diameter of the circle of thrones. The bird-headed thing made a pondering noise and moved its hand across the longer line, walking slowly down it as if feeling for something. Suddenly it stopped and grabbed the part of line under its hand, pulling it away from the rest and breaking it off with a wrench of its muscled arm.

A new pain shot through me like I've never known before — worse than dying, worse even than puking. It was like I've always imagined labor must feel, a tearing, burning sensation, except it exploded in my chest instead of lower down. I thought I was going to split wide open. My vision blurred and I fell down, but I could still see the bird-being struggling to crush the broken segment while it writhed in the being's arms like a snake, lashing out to try to circle around its neck

I have no idea how long it took for the segment to die. I suspect it was forever and no time at all, or something irritating like that.

Rachel held me while I screamed. It was hard to feel her arms around me, though, because she was less than half there. The bird-being began speaking in some language I didn't know but was sure I'd heard before. Then I realized he was reading the longer line of symbols aloud, and the instant I realized that, I also realized that he was reading everything there was to know about me. Everything. From my blood type to my favorite ice cream flavor to my feelings about G-d to the number of hairs on my head. You know how DNA is basically a recipe for a human body. This was like DNA times a million. If you read this recipe, you could make my whole *being*. From scratch.

That such a thing could exist — the idea that some total stranger could create me if they just had this information — I don't know if I will ever be able to wrap my mind around this concept. At the time, all that came to me was this sense of utter humility. Not shame for once — not the feeling that I should be something I wasn't — just the sheer, calm, passionless knowledge that I was a speck. A molecule.

When the being got to the part of the line that was torn out, it just guided the second line into that place and kept right on reading. So I was a mutable molecule. My recipe could be rewritten with a simple cut-and-paste.





Rachel melted like butter as the being read on. One second her fingers were just touching my skin, and the next they were oozing through it. I wanted to see her face, but it was behind me. I wanted to tell her goodbye, even though she wasn't going anywhere.

THE FIRST LIFE

And then I was somewhere else entirely. I stood in a perfumed chamber overlooking a riverbank, and I was being dressed by a young girl in sheer white linen, gold and lapis. A frame drum was placed in my hand, and I was led out to a great hall with 19 other women to do the very pleasant bidding of my goddess.

My real name was Rachel, but I deemed it prudent for my work to take the Egyptian name Netikerti. I had been born to the Hebrew people, but one day while I was dancing with my sisters after the day's work, a rich priestess noticed me. She bought my freedom, brought me to her temple and consecrated me to the service of the Lady. For 10 years, I had the joy of dancing for all the city at the great festivals, and I could dance without fear, knowing the man who dared touch me against my will would be sentenced to death that same day.

I never took a husband, because no man of the quality I demanded would have an ex-slave. Although I could have become the favored concubine of any number of nobles, I refused them as well. After all, even the most beautiful woman must grow old in time, and an old concubine is like an old forgotten text that has been read enough times already. I vowed that I would not be shelved before my day of death. Whenever I was rotated out of temple duty, I trained under another priestess as a doctor, midwife and sorceress, and later started a practice of my own.

Scenes of this long-lost life came to me one after the other, most of them happy. The dancing was hard exercise, but it filled my spirit and honored the Lady who had so kindly lifted me out of slavery. The temple complex was a palace compared to the shack of a Roman shrine my new body now lay in. It had luxurious gardens to walk in and clear pools for purifying baths and large green fields I was sometimes required to take a hand in farming. Offerings to the Lady streamed into the temple all day, from fat cows to foreign treasures. Medicine and sorcery were more frustrating careers, since you could never satisfy or cure every client, and many took their anger at fate out on me. Still, my successes were well worth the occasional failure. I never learned the great Spell of Life, but I was privileged to attend upon the High Priestess once when a worthy man was chosen, and the sight of that dead flesh quicken-

ing sealed for all time my faith in the Lady's power and wisdom. I never again had cause to doubt.

I had a lover for many years, and if there was a great sadness in this life it was that we could not marry. But he was a priest at another temple in the city. We would never have been able to see much of each other, even had he been able to overlook my birth. I was cautious not to become pregnant by him — particularly once he took a wife. Yet in my old age I was never alone like some. As a priestess, I always had my sister priestesses and the acolytes to instruct. I did miss the dancing.

When I at last died, faced judgment and was found worthy to serve in Amenti, city of Osiris, I rejoiced because I thought I would see my Lady, but She was nowhere to be found. There were many other daughters of Isis in the city who all said that no one, not even Anubis, knew where in the Duat to seek Her. Of course Isis, unlike Her husband, was a goddess of the *living* world. Still, I had hoped She might at least choose to pay Her husband Osiris a visit now and then. Perhaps seeing Her spread Her mighty wings and smile at him would have caused him to stir on his throne. And perhaps if he had awoken from his eternal trance he would have... no. It would be blasphemous to continue this thought. Both my Lady and Osiris follow the laws of Ma'at, and if She did not come to wake him, and if he did not rouse himself more quickly to save the city, it must be that it was destined to fall. Some good must come of it someday.

I worked faithfully in Amenti for timeless time, while the winds grew swifter and the tales told of the living world by arriving souls grew stranger. With each blood-colored sunrise and sunset there were fewer newcomers, fewer things to think or wonder about, fewer reasons besides one's duty to go on. Then one night there came a great storm. The temples were blown down and the library shattered, its aged works strewn on the wind. I saw many clinging to the carved figures on columns, to bits of tumbled statues, calling out unheard prayers as they tried to hold on against the scouring tempest. The light of Osiris himself began to dim, buried under layers of sand and ash and smoke. I knew all was lost and all my centuries of devotion had been in vain. And then the wind caught me, shrieking with a raptor's pleasure as its talons rent me to shreds.

REBIRTH

I woke — there was no longer a *we* to speak of — from this world of visions to find that I was wrapped in strips of the softest linen gauze. I gasped in a breath. The air was still sweet from the incense, and better yet, *necessary*. My heart thundered to life, sending a thrumming wave all through my body. My sisters in white





gently unwrapped the bandages and helped me to my feet. It was dawn. All the shrine seemed like a pool of rose-golden light that each breath of mine sent a new ripple through

"What is your wish, Nurit ab-Rachel, beloved of Isis?" one of them asked me in beautifully accented English.

"I must sit shiva," I told them.

And I did. Dad would be proud. For once, I did the whole ritual bit without complaint. Seven days I sat in that shrine, still wearing the torn chador, eating and drinking what was brought to me — sweet tea, white oval rounds of delicious goat cheese, fried-vegetable things called *tamiya* and boiled brown beans, all hot and fresh from Gurna or the Luxor souq.

Some of the local women came in shyly to see me. Many of them were swathed in black just like I was. They took my soft hands in their callused ones and wanted me to kiss their faces. Another time they brought in a pregnant woman and asked me to touch her belly. (I don't think they quite understood that I was still sitting shiva, but I went ahead and did it. I figured Rachel would approve.)

Over the course of the week, I talked with the priestesses as best I could, telling them what I could remember about Rachel's life and the old priestesses of Isis, and they cried. Then they told me old myths and legends, stories about the tombs in the hills, stories about their own troubles in trying to bring back the ancient ways. I learned that they had first thought about taking me to the bigger Isis temple at Philae, but then decided that for all its size, it had been buffeted by too many tourists for far too long. The Horus cult had control of many more sacred sites, they complained, and sometimes they would lend the use of those sites to the priestesses of Isis, but there was always such a heavy price attached.

On the seventh day, one of the priestesses brought in an *oud* and sang a hymn whose meaning I understood right away, even though I couldn't begin to translate it word-for-word. It was slow and sad, a lament for a dead god and an endangered son... "I mourn our love, my tears join the Nile and swell it to a torrent; alone I follow you and search among the reeds, each of which might hide our son's enemy; see how I, a woman, stand all alone against the world"... something like that.

The song finished and the mood in the room shifted. Just like that, I knew that the time of shiva was over. The priestess struck up a quicker rhythm, and someone handed me a wire rattle with metal bangles on it. Without even thinking about it I was up on my feet, my chubby hips were whirling in perfect figure-eights and my tummy was vibrat-

ing in a lightning shimmy. My arms stretched out in a graceful curve to help up another priestess, and another, till we were all in a circle, clapping, ululating and yelling encouragement at each other.

Oh, hey! Rachel! Hey, look at that!

We danced for at least a couple of hours straight, and you know what? I was the best. Of course that doesn't at all matter, because it wasn't at all the *point*... but I was. I tore off my veil and tossed my hair, sending off blasts of perfume and sweat. I even sang, in snippets of Egyptian, English, Hebrew — whatever came to hand. My mind was singing, too. Singing out to itself:

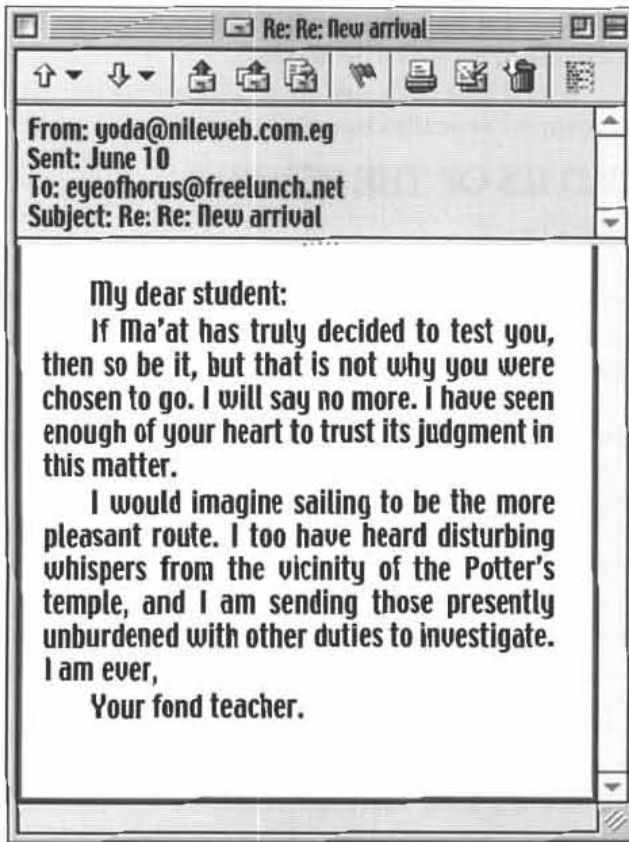
Why did I ever hate this amazing body?? Look what it can do!

See, I'm crying now as I'm writing this, but there was only laughter there that evening, laughter under the moon on the first night of this new, new life.

IMMORTALITY

THE THIRD LIFE





From Nurit ab-Rachel's diary:

June 11 —

This is a pretty impressive old British hotel. Too bad I get to spend all of three hours relaxing in a real bed before Ahmed puts us on a charter plane a "friend" of his owns.

Okay, this guy Ahmed. If I could draw, I'd draw him right here on this page, because he gets these unbelievable facial expressions. I think it comes down to the world's quirkiest eyebrows. He says he's the same thing I am: an Amenti. (Yes, apparently what we are is named after a city of the dead that doesn't even exist anymore. If I sound smartass, it's just because it seems so ironic I should be picking up this name now when I feel more alive than I ever have.) Anyway, the priestesses told me he's for real. I thought I was going to stay with them and learn more about things, but evidently I'm supposed to see this Grand Poobah in Edfu first.

I tested myself at breakfast today, ordered a big English breakfast and just sort of sat back and watched myself go. What's supposed to happen is that at a certain point I decide I've eaten one bite too many and I might as well just pig out completely. What happened this time was at a certain point I noticed, "Hey, that stomach feels full now," so I stopped. End of story. I'd

share my little victory with Ahmed, but somehow I don't think he'd get it.

Later... Made it through the flight to Aswan. It was a little bumpy, and I got nervous (Did Rachel give me her little phobia about modern transportation? Am I going to freak out next time I have to drive?), but we landed okay. The left and right wheels even kinda hit the ground at the same time. Now Ahmed is booking a cruise back downriver. I asked him why we didn't just drive the straight shot, but he said we'd discuss it on the boat.

June 12 —

Since G-d (or Lady Isis? Lord Osiris?) seems determined to make a globe-trotting adventurer out of me, I'm starting to think more seriously about journalism as a career. I bought a tape recorder today, and what I'm going to do is interview Ahmed and then transcribe the recordings here. Not that I think this will ever see print. I don't think we want to publicize how there are these ancient Egyptian ghosts who can bring you back from the dead, or everybody'll want one. Still, it'll be good practice. Wish me luck.

Interview #1: June 12, 10 p.m.

Nobody else is in the library room of the boat, so we take it over. Ahmed starts fishing out all the Egyptology books and showing me things. He doesn't talk a lot about everyday stuff, but once you get him going on history you learn that he speaks English very well — British English.

Ahmed: You see here the story of the first Spell of Life, cast upon Osiris by Isis. This was not the perfect Spell of Life that we enjoy, but a precursor. Under the old spell, it was not possible to, ah, father or bear a child. Therefore, you must not believe the legends that say Isis resurrected Osiris and then conceived Horus by him. The child had already been born when Set first tried to kill his brother.

Me: So you're saying that before people weren't really completely brought back to life, but now they are. We're alive in all the normal ways.

Ahmed: Alive, yes, but not in a normal way. In the normal way, a man or woman lives only once, goes into the spirit world and does not return to the body again. You, however, will live over and over again in this body for all eternity.

[silence]

Ahmed: This was not explained?

Me: No, this was not explained. I'd be glad to get a little belated explanation, though.



Ahmed: As an example. I myself was killed last year, but now you see — I'm back and whole, Allah be praised. It took only a few months to return. When I've finished with you, I will find my murderers and give them cause to know that they are not so blessed.

Me: So... what you're saying is that when we get killed, we just come back to our bodies again?

Ahmed: Not 'just.' You will need to face the Judges of Ma'at and answer for your deeds since your last death before you can return.

Me: And... I never *really* die, I mean... go on to... face Allah? Only these judges?

Ahmed: I don't know. It is my belief that we are as we are because Allah wills it.

Me: But you also worship Osiris.

Ahmed: [annoyed] I *worship* one G-d. I *serve* Osiris. He is my king.

Me: Can you get away with that?

[stony silence]

He didn't feel like talking anymore after that. I guess he thought I was insulting his piety, but I wasn't. I really wanted to know. I stood out by the railing and thought about it for a long time. I don't consider myself all *that* religious, but I always believed in G-d and the Torah, and the Ten Commandments with its command that "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." Which, I noted now, is not the same as "Thou shalt have no other gods, period." Still, "I the Lord your G-d am a jealous G-d." Look at all the times when G-d decreed that people deserved to die because they worshipped idols, not that I think that people *should* be killed for idolatry...

Shit.

And I know Islam is monotheistic too, so I just want to know how Ahmed deals with this. Clearly just asking point-blank is not the way to go about it.

As I watch dark nighttime water flow by, I feel as though I'm being carried along the aorta of the circulatory system of some vast living thing. There's power in this water, and I don't just mean the current. I can feel the invisible energy it carries along to all the lands along this bank — even if the Aswan dam has sapped some of its strength and tamed the old rhythm that Rachel remembered. Sailing the river I feel replenished, infected with its majesty. It's seductive, and yet it seems totally safe, like the temple dance for Isis. And I wonder to myself — can it feel this good to my soul and actually be bad for it in the long run? Or more to the

point — if it feels this good, could I bring myself to forsake it, even if G-d demanded?

Would G-d really ask me to give up the first true happiness I've really known?

DUTIES OF THE REBORN

June 13 —

This morning at breakfast I apologized to Ahmed and tried to explain that I didn't mean last night's question as insulting — it was actually something I was tackling myself. He just nodded and went off into an explanation of how Allah created many good spirit-beings, mighty *djinn* and so forth, etc, and how it's no more a sin to serve such a being than it is to serve an earthly employer, as long as you remember that G-d is G-d... I didn't turn on the tape recorder, because it seemed tacky to do at breakfast.

I got to see that Isis temple at Philae today, along with some other stuff. The priestesses were right. It had incredible art and was really big and impressive, but I didn't feel that pulse of energy beating quite as strongly... it was hard to hear under all the noise. On the other hand, I suppose it's a good thing for all these people to see how the Lady ruled in Her days of splendor. I'm actually getting used to pinning on this hijab. (Now I'm posing as a relative of Ahmed's, which I don't think anybody around here really buys, but I bet it's done all the time, so people aren't going to pry.) At least he doesn't insist on the full-face veil. And he bought another, much prettier chador for me to wear. I took pictures of the temple — figured a few more couldn't hurt it at this point — and I'll have the good ones framed later. We also wandered around Kom Ombo a bit in the afternoon, and sat talking.

Interview #2: June 13, 4:35 p.m.

Me: Obviously you died before your time, too.

Ahmed: Yes.

Me: Well?

Ahmed: You won't like the rest.

Me: Why won't I like the rest?

Ahmed: I died in an explosives accident in Afghanistan.

Me: You mean you died in a *training camp* in Afghanistan.

Ahmed: Yes.

Me: Ah.

Ahmed: I said you wouldn't like it.

Me: Well... this is interesting. Do you still not like Jews?





Ahmed: I don't like Israelis. More specifically, the Israeli government.

Me: Well... Israelis don't like getting blown up.

Ahmed: Palestinians don't like getting occupied, bulldozed, dehumanized, bullied into poverty, massacred at whim or random and then demonized as fanatics who just want to blow up Israelis.

Me: Okay, maybe we should wait to have this argument. As long as you're not going to blow me up.

Ahmed: No. I left Afghanistan when I died, and I have not been back. Are you proud of everything you believed in the Second Life?

Me: No. And I'm not going to bulldoze you or shoot you.

Ahmed: Lord Osiris chose us both for the resurrection.

Me: Right. And that has to mean something. I mean, there has to be a reason.

(I didn't think it smart to mention that at my resurrection there really wasn't any talk about Osiris that I can remember.)

Ahmed: There is a reason. The Amenti are granted far more than life upon life — they also bear the gift of Hekau, of sorcery such as the priesthoods of the Two Lands used to practice. Some know Adam's lost art of naming, some can create fantastic servants out of wood or stone, some can read the stars, calm and raise the winds...

Me: [excited] The women of Isis used to do that by braiding and unbraiding their hair.

Ahmed: Yes. I understand your tem-akh was a priestess of Isis. She's probably already passed some of her arts on to you. If you practice and meditate, more yet might come.

Me: I really can't think of anything like that I can do.

Ahmed: Have you tried yet?

Me: Well, no, of course not.

Ahmed: I would say try now, but I'm afraid there may be enemies near us. Perhaps we lost them with the flight, perhaps not. What matters is that we have these gifts. If you don't know them now, you'll learn them soon. But these things were not entrusted to you for your own pleasure.

Me: Then what am I supposed to be doing?

Ahmed: Struggling against Apophis and those who serve him. The Apepnu and their minions, Set and his children, other abominations rotting in the lost corners of the world whose true names were forgotten long ago.

Me: Oh... just on general principles?

MA'AT

Ahmed: Yes. The general principle is Ma'at.

Me: The goddess of justice and balance.

Ahmed: I don't call her a goddess, but her wisdom is so great that she must enjoy the close counsel of Allah. In any case, we seek to preserve what she represents. For thousands of years, the powers of corruption and chaos have ruled as the earth's princes. If it goes on much longer, it may become impossible to return the balance. So this is a duty in which all people of goodwill share. The difference is that because we are granted greater power than most and need not fear death, we have the greater share of responsibility as well.

Me: So our job is to help restore this balance... what would our job become if that ever actually happened?

Ahmed: [lighting cigarette] I don't think we need worry about that. I don't believe perfect balance will endure without maintenance.

Me: [snapping] Could you not?

Ahmed: What?

Me: Not smoke that shit while we're sitting here. I have to breathe this air, too. Maybe I can afford to die of cancer now, but it still doesn't sound like fun. Uh, I mean... anyway—

Ahmed: [putting cigarette out] I think you have just told me what your tem-akh is.

Me: If you think so. So what if balance went the other way?

Ahmed: Now you're asking me, what if the forces of chaos and corruption were in danger of defeat?

Me: Exactly. That's the problem with all this yin/yang kind of philosophy. It looks great on paper, but the problem is if you think evil's necessary, that means you'd have a moral duty to protect it from being wiped out.

Ahmed: Maybe. Fortunately, I believe that by the time this question arises we will all be much wiser in Ma'at.

Me: So, for now we kill the forces of corruption... and that's what we do?

Ahmed: We struggle in many ways against them. You're making the same mistake as when Westerners translate "holy war" for *jihad*. Sometimes it's outright war, yes, but sometimes it's better to thwart them without violence. We usually cannot trust the world's governments and officials to understand the need for our actions, so great caution is required. Sometimes we spy, we try to discover their plots and think up a





counterplot. We analyze their evil webs to find the point of greatest weakness, so that when we strike we gain as much benefit from as small an effort as possible. Sometimes we draw deep on our memories and on the hidden paths of the afterworld, seeking after lost secrets that can help us now. Sometimes we simply try to shore up the places and people in the world that still embody virtue, to defend what is sacred and protect that which appeals to the better natures of men. In other words — like any army — we require the offensive capability, the defensive capability, the intelligence and the technology to achieve our goals.

Me: So all I have to do is find some facet of this... effort that I can be good at.

Ahmed: You'll understand better tomorrow. I don't know if you will be privileged to see the face of Lord Horus, but my teacher, at least, wishes to meet and instruct you.

After he said that, I suddenly noticed the time, and we had to run back to the boat.

June 14 —

Edfu. Great Temple of Horus. Evidently there's a group of archeologists petitioning to have it shut down for a year or two for "restoration." Government officials are making noises like they're considering it.

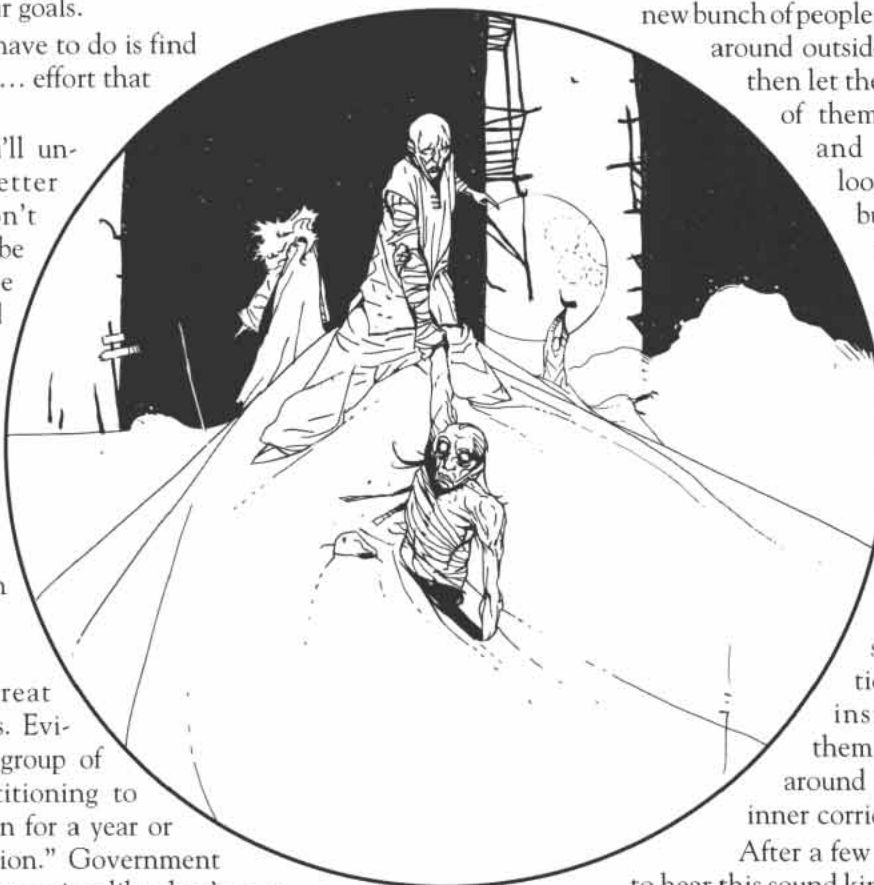
Given that a) this is one of the best-preserved temples in Egypt and b) these are the same officials who couldn't be bothered to shut down world-famous Tut's tomb till the walls were *molding*, I think it's safe to say there's more to this than meets the eye, kiddos. I asked Ahmed about it, and he just grinned. By the way, he's Saudi, not Palestinian (even though he doesn't dress like a Saudi). He was just so steamed about the whole Palestine situation that he was willing to go and get himself blown up by clumsy wackos in Afghanistan

trying to become a holy warrior. See, this is journalism. You just wear 'em down.

If I'd made this trip a year ago, all the temples would be starting to run together by now. Now I notice differences in layout, in decoration. I don't always remember what they're *for*. Ahmed promised he's going to show me how to raise my tem-akh to the surface in meditation, so I can remember even more. I really want to know what city Rachel was in so I can visit it.

The temple was full of tourists all afternoon, but right after we got booted out for closing, a whole new bunch of people showed up, waited around outside for a while, and then let themselves in. Some of them were Egyptians, and some of them looked like tourists, but if so, they definitely weren't normal tourists. They reminded me of my mom's neo-pagan friends back in the States, with lots of nouveau-Egyptian jewelry and flowing white shirts and comfy shoes. Ahmed motioned for me to file inside again with them, and we all stood around some more in an inner corridor.

After a few minutes, I started to hear this sound kind of like a roaring waterfall. The sand in front of us started to pile up into a growing cone, and the roaring grew louder, and a second later something emerged. It took me a second to realize it was the top of someone's bald head. The head was followed by a man's smiling face, then a body wrapped in a long red linen robe. He stepped out of the mound in the sand and put his hand back in to pull out another man, old and sun-wizened, in unbleached linen. One by one, six more men and women stepped out. Most of them looked Egyptian, except for this one guy with a horn in his hand and a reed stuck behind his ear who was black — Nubian, I'm guessing — and the





older of the two women, who had this curly salt-and-pepper hair and pale skin. The younger one had these big scars, one curving halfway around her neck and the other slashing straight across her face like she'd survived a Norman Bates shower attack, and long ones raking down her bare legs, too.

Well, I was pretty damn startled. I stepped back. Everybody else stepped back too, but they looked awed instead of startled. People started throwing themselves to the floor in adoration. I looked at Ahmed and copied him — Ahmed *salaamed*, but he didn't throw himself flat.

The man in red smiled benevolently at his worshippers, spoke to them in Arabic, then passed by them, deeper into the temple. He nodded to Ahmed on the way out.

"What did he say?" I whispered to Ahmed, who straightened up.

"He told them the son of the morning would not be showing his face tonight, but there will be rites in his honor two hours before dawn."

"Which means?"

"Which means that you will not be privileged to see Lord Horus yet." He started following the people who'd come out of the sand, and I followed him. Everybody else stayed behind.

"Well, it only makes sense that the son of the morning wouldn't show up at night."

Ahmed chuckled. "The son of the morning can show up when he likes, but since you mention it, the Imkhu are very upset that they can't hold their rites closer to dawn and into the morning, which is the more proper time. It's because the temple has to open early for viewing. Now be quiet."

We went back into the covered part of the temple, not quite all the way into the sanctum itself, and then the eight men and women turned to Ahmed and me. Ahmed made another *salaam*.

"Introduce us," said the man in red.

"My reverend teacher Tchatcha-em-ankh, wise one of the Imkhu, court magician to Lord Horus, may he shine ever brighter, I present to you Nurit ab-Rachel," Ahmed replied.

"Come forward, child." Tchatcha-em-ankh gestured to me. I was really nervous, I admit it, but I stepped over to him. He took my face in his hands and peered at me. His hands were really warm to the touch, almost hot.

"I welcome you to your immortality," he said at last, smiling again. He spoke to the others with him and they scattered.

"I am sorry the Lord Horus is away from home, so to speak," he went on affably, taking me by the shoulder and into another corridor. [Journalistic note: the whole next conversation is written totally from memory, so I might be paraphrasing here and there.] "It is usually his pleasure to welcome new Amenti to Edfu personally. If you would consent to stay with us for a little while, he may return soon, and there is much you could learn from us in the meantime."

"I believe I could, but who are you guys... people? I mean, you must be Amenti too..." I trailed off. That actually wasn't established, but that warmth in his hands had been so promising of life and power that I just couldn't imagine otherwise. He nodded.

THE IMKHU AND THE CODE

"We are the Imkhu, Nurit. Long ages ago, we were greatly honored to receive the first Spell of Life, flawed though it was. Just recently when Lord Osiris awoke once more and Lord Horus returned to us, we were again honored to receive the new, perfected spell. Some of us are also presently away from home. There are twelve of us, in all."

"The old spell..." That scene came back to me from my vision of Rachel's life, where she got to be present at a casting of the spell. "I was there once when it was cast... I mean, my tem-akh was. Is one of you that man that I saw it cast on? I don't know his name, but I think he was curly-haired, his mother was a prisoner-of-war from Kerma. Something like that."

Tchatcha-em-ankh frowned. "I cannot be sure. It has been so long... Was he a man of Memphis, or...?"

"Yes!" I exclaimed. Relief washed through me, because the second he named the city I realized that was also where Rachel had served as priestess. Discovered in Thebes, brought to Memphis, the old capital... another puzzle piece snapped into place. Dear G-d, how long was I going to remain a mystery to myself? There had to be a better way to get at this stuff.

"If he was the man I am thinking of, no, he is dead. There are so few of the old ones left, Nurit. Of those that have survived, most turned away from our struggle with Apophis long ago. Only the Imkhu were deemed faithful enough to merit the new spell. Twelve out of hundreds that were created over the past many millennia. We will not fail so miserably this time."

"You mean... you're afraid that we — the new ones, might turn away, too?"

"It is possible. Apophis is a vast destructive force, which consumes all it touches. Yet it is capable of





seeming far less threatening than it really is. Over the ages, many immortals have been lulled into believing they need not exert themselves against it. Worse, some have even been seduced by that foulness that can seem fair. The power of Ptah and Ma'at which was handed down to Ra, stolen by the bold Lady Isis, married with the secrets of Duat which Lord Osiris learned and then translated into his very khat, is a power whose ultimate source is Creation itself. When a vessel of that power turns to the service of Creation's enemy instead... that is a grave blow to us indeed, my dear. And it has happened before."

He twiddled somehow with a sunken-relief carving on one of the walls and the whole wall screeched and moved, showing a little cupboard-type recess with scrolls and precious figurines stored inside it. Fingers deft and quick as my grandma's knitting needles flew over the selection of scrolls and chose one.

"Look here," he said, unrolling it carefully. "In simpler times — heh," he chuckled. "I say that now. At the time, they did not seem simple at all, but compared to what faces us now... At any rate, in simpler times, we were governed by this code that Lord Horus handed down to us."

I looked it over... even with Rachel in me, I only got scattered bits of the hieroglyphic writing, but he helped me by translating aloud. It seemed pretty simple, but...

"Let me get this straight. We all obey Horus? I — I mean, I'm not trying to insult anyone, but I, my tem-akh, was a priestess of Isis."

"Do not let that worry you." It could be just my paranoia, but he looked a tad feline as he said this. "Horus is the loyal son of Lady Isis. He governs with the wisdom his father and mother taught him. There is often... friction between those who are partial to Lord Osiris, to Lady Isis, to Horus the Golden Hawk, but in the end, such arguments are mere foolishness. All three were willing to die for each other, and they would face Apophis's teeth sooner than betray each other. We, their followers, owe each other no less. Besides... no one is precisely sure where the Lady Isis is. Not even Her loyal cultists."

"It seemed to me the women of Isis were a little disappointed I got called away so soon," I said cautiously.

"No doubt they wanted theirs to be the first training you would receive. All of the cults take this attitude, I fear. There are many of the new Amenti who never come to the Imkhu, and many more who come only belatedly, with minds already biased along party lines. They spend their first days of the Third Life shut up like

novices in a monastery, kept busy with indoctrination and ritual, discouraged from exploring the vastness of Osiris's web. The one advantage of this is that it often prevents the minions of Apophis from finding out about them before they have had a chance to learn something of their new form, but aside from that, I have to say I disapprove of the practice."

"Yeah, but aren't you part of the Horus cult?"

"Shemsu-heru is the Egyptian term. Yes and no." He hesitated. "I think I will leave it at that. We attend the Lord Horus, and we are the oldest of the Reborn who remain faithful to the cause. It is because of the latter, not the former, that I insisted you be brought here. You may certainly return to your sisters whenever you wish, but there is much of value to learn here, from your fellow Amenti. However attuned to Isis they may be, the cultists are only mortals. They have great power for mortals, but they cannot begin to understand the tests you will face."

"Okay. But still, with this code, Horus said all the Reborn have to... heed his words always. That just means listen and respect, not obey without question, right?"

"Yes," he said, though he hesitated. "We do not force this mission on any of the Reborn, not even the Amenti, not even the Shemsu-heru themselves. Indeed there are those that choose not to become involved at all in the struggle. I shudder to think what befalls them when they stand before Ma'at, but that is their affair."

He sighed. "There are others of us who fear the new destiny that lies before them. At this moment, I am thinking especially of the Udja-sen, the Judged Ones, who face the Judges of Ma'at for the first time as you just have, but come out rather the worse for it. Although they are accepted in, shall we say, a probationary capacity, their souls are rent mercilessly in order to excise their many flaws. Very often they remember nothing of their tem-akh's life, and sometimes they flee Egypt the moment they quicken — recoiling from what they do not understand. Then there are other Reborn who are not of Osiris, Isis or Horus at all."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that there are creatures very like us, who cycle through life and death as we do, who were not made so by our Spell of Life but by something else entirely. I know that there are such beings in China, and I have heard of creatures in South America also. Somewhat nearer to hand, there are Greek Reborn who I believe stole a version of the first Spell of Life. At least some of them claim to be warriors for justice and



balance, but it remains to be seen whether they truly serve Ma'at, or not."

"That sounds interesting..."

"It is a fascinating subject, but I suggest you content yourself for now with what can be learned from our temple library — at least until you have cultivated your powers much further. Even if these beings prove to be our allies in the end, they are unquestionably dangerous. A cultural misunderstanding could prove tragic."

"Oh. Okay. Well, back to the Code of Horus... this next part about fighting Apophis and all its minions, that's the part Ahmed's already explained to me, so I get that."

"Has he? Excellent."

"Then these Accursed that we're not supposed to consort with, why do they get a special mention?"

"Unfortunately, we did not realize for some time how much of a menace they truly are." He frowned. "Now it was always quite clear that those among the Accursed who call themselves the children of Set are servants of Apophis, because Set has always looked to Apophis for aid. As for the rest, they may claim to know nothing of Apophis, but their vile ways of drinking human blood and seducing mortals into slavery betray them. Moreover, their very nature — and here I hesitate to condemn, for our resurrection was once imperfect also, and even you were walking dead for a brief time — but their very nature, a body that neither breathes like the living or decays like the dead, also tells against the balance of Ma'at. At least we do age and die periodically and serve our time in Duat before returning. They, however, never go to have their hearts weighed. Not if they can help it."

Drinking human blood. "Excuse me, sorry. Are we talking about *vampires* here?"

"Our word is *ghul*, but yes. That is the English word. It will not be too long, I think, before you encounter one of these creatures yourself. Remember, though, do not fear them. They are accustomed to fear, so they will assume they have that advantage over you. But you are, in the long term, a far greater danger to them than the reverse. But go on for now... the fourth point."

"The fourth point seems pretty *duh*. I mean self-explanatory. Shemsu-heru stick together. Of course... I mean, it's still not clear to me whether I'm automatically Shemsu-heru or not. But I assume this rule was meant to apply to me too."

"I would suggest that you consider all Amenti who have not betrayed the cause your brothers and sisters,

and treat them accordingly. There is no need to complicate the issue."

"Right. Now... let not a mortal worship you, nor let them know of your existence. Here I'm a little confused, because—"

"Because it was a mortal cult that raised you. This was written before Osiris granted the new spell to the loyal mortal cults, obviously. Now they are indispensable to us for that very reason, and for others. For now, I would say do not reveal yourself to mortals outside the cults. As for worship, that is a difficult point. Sometimes it is quite hard to *stop* them from worshipping us. And Lord Horus has been revered as a god for so many millennia that I doubt he could put an end to the worship even if..." He stopped.

"Are you saying Horus is *not* a god?" From Ahmed I expect such a statement. From this guy, it was a surprise.

"No, Lord Horus is not a god. He is a worthy king, our master, but he is not a god in the sense that Ptah or Ma'at is. Horus, Isis and Osiris were all ordinary mortals at one time. True, that time is now very remote indeed."

I have to say my *tem-akh* felt very offended by this idea. The rest of me was actually kind of relieved. I figured the two of us could fight it out later. Maybe after I finally met Horus and had a chance to see for myself.

"Yes, but those people right outside—"

"Believe what they choose to believe. We have never told them Horus is a god. We only call him Lord Horus."

"Lord Horus, son of the morning. Have you ever right-out told them he's *not* a god? Has *he* ever told them?"

He didn't answer. I think he actually blushed a little.

"Sir?" I pressed, a little appalled at myself. But if there was trouble in this paradise I wanted to know it *now*, not 200 years down the road. "What is it? Are you afraid they'll leave if they realize he's not a god? Or that they'll take that Spell of Life and do something they shouldn't with it?"

He shook his head. "You were well chosen, Nurit," he said at last. "Many who have come to Edfu never even bother to ask this question." He turned dark, narrowing eyes to me. "But I do wonder where all this boldness will go when you actually meet Lord Horus. So few are able to stand in his presence and *not* believe him a god then and there. It is very difficult for us to know what to do. What, after all, is a god? So many cultures have granted the honor to so many beings of so many differing accomplishments. Lord Horus does not always explain himself completely. All I know is that he has





said the time of gods is past. It cannot be his wish that he be worshipped as a god. Yet as I said, it is often hard to stop it when his very nature is such as to elicit worship. And we need the mortals with us. We need them to honor our advice. I ask you not to criticize what you do not yet understand. You will see him. Ask me again then."

HEKAU

I took pity on him. I guess I could have kept drilling him, but he really did look so conflicted, so vulnerable for just a second. You know, in a way the Imkhu are new at this, too. I mean at least if the spell always works the way it did with me — if there has to be a second person you join with to get this new "perfected" resurrection. That would mean he's got somebody else in there too, or part of somebody else. That's got to be hard to adjust to after all those thousands of years of being just himself.

I also didn't figure we needed to go into the last part of this Code of Horus, because it just says "Seek not to make others like yourself," and I don't have the faintest idea how to do that anyhow.

He took me up a staircase onto the roof of the temple.

"Let us see now what you remember of the ways of Isis," he said.

"Only bits and pieces. If you mean magic, I don't think I remember enough yet to really do anything."

"Let us see," he repeated. "Sit down. Now, you have not told me what your tem-akh is. I suspect the ba at the moment, but that certainly need not be so."

"It's the ka," I said. I saw no reason to hide it. I sat down with my legs crossed.

"The ka. In that case, you will more likely excel at the art of making amulets, at least at first. But that is a time-consuming art, and we do not have the time at this hour of the night. You are Israeli, I am told... Jewish? Do the Jewish women permit a man with no dishonorable intentions to remove their hijab?"

"Go for it," I said. "We were just trying to help me blend in."

He unpinned the thing... pretty damn dexterously. I have to assume he has removed other headscarves before, probably with not-so-honorable intentions.

"Your hair is beautiful," he remarked. "Now I am going to braid it and say the words of the spell that go with the braiding... and then we will see if you can unbraid it and remember the words to release the breeze I have woven in."

Is this prehistoric Egyptian dude coming onto me or what? Okay. I'm not saying he did anything out of line,

and maybe I was just imagining things, but I thought I heard a note of passing interest in there.

Is that so impossible? the part of me that had been Rachel asked.

I still wonder if anything would have happened if I had said or done something. I had this feeling ancient Egyptians were a little different about sex than Jews, Christians or Muslims or even Buddhists... that the idea of two unmarried people just deciding to up and do it by starlight would strike them as little more than a very pleasant evening's entertainment. On the other hand, this was a temple and he was definitely on temple duty, so maybe nothing would have happened. Now that I think about it after the heat of the moment, I really think I want to pick with a little more care who I lose my virginity to. Probably the priestesses of Isis will have some good thoughts on how to mark the occasion... but those light fingertips brushing against my neck when I was already semi-turned on just by the mystical energy pouring along the north-south axis of the place and streaming off across the desert. Anyway. Let's just say it would not have broken my heart for something to happen.

I caught more of the spell words than I expected to: a lot of god- and goddess-names, and constellation names. I — Nurit me, not Nurit ab-Rachel — would have figured just whipping up a little breeze to be such a huge group effort (at least until I think about the whole idea of a butterfly flapping its wings in Peking, etc, etc), but the spell was like a song. In fact, it was a song, or a chant, anyway, and I've always noticed that song lyrics are really chained in people's memory. You start a line, and suddenly the whole song comes back to you even if you haven't thought about it in years. So when he finished up his half, I was able to come in very smoothly with my half, undoing one braid exactly in time with each stanza. The number of braids is important too, I forget exactly why. As I kept unbraiding, the air stirred a little, then a little more, and soon there was this great cool breeze blowing across the top of the temple, carrying in the scent of the river. It was exhilarating. Not just the power I had, but the feeling that I was more *connected* now, that I was so tapped into the planet that I could speak and the winds would answer back. I guess I could have played cynic and told myself it was just a coincidence, but the simple fact is, I knew it wasn't.

"I should go to Cairo and do this," I remarked. "Blow off some of that smog."





"You will be able to do more than that with practice. Sandstorms, even lightning, rain to flood rivers and lakes. Come back tomorrow, and we will work some more."

It suddenly hits me. You know how people always say if you can't change the weather you might as well try to enjoy it, or how the three things you can't do anything about are death, the weather and taxes, stuff like that? Well, that no longer applies to me. In fact, there's a whole hell of a lot that doesn't apply to me anymore. I can talk to the wind now, but will I ever be able to relate to ordinary people again? Will the wind and the Amenti and the cults be enough? It's certainly more than I ever had.

Yes indeed. This definitely takes time to wrap your brain around.

THE WEB OF FAITH

June 17 —

Caught up with Ahmed again tonight in the old city ruins west of the temple, and he looked like he had nothing to do, so I turned on the tape recorder.

Interview #3: June 17, 8:30 p.m.

Ahmed: Oh no, it's Diane Sawyer again.

Me: Less blonde, less bubbly. So, for the record, are you with the Osiris Cult or the Shemsu-heru?

Ahmed: Neither. I revere Lord Osiris and obey the commands of his son Lord Horus because Lord Osiris can no longer speak directly to his followers. And I study the Hekau with Tchatcha-em-ankh. Does that clear things up?

Me: Not quite. Why can Osiris no longer speak directly to his followers. What happened to him after Amenti fell?

Ahmed: He gave his essence to the Web of Faith.

Me: Which Web of Faith are we talking about?

Ahmed: Can't you feel it flowing through these very walls?

Me: Oh. You mean the temples.

Ahmed: Yes. The Web connects them so their strength is combined. The Web has always been there, a reflection of the network of stars and planets above... the temples were simply built in such an arrangement as to take advantage. But its power was flagging, so Osiris entered it and gave up his own power to keep it going. He and it are one now.

Me: I see.

Ahmed: No, not yet. Do you understand what happens to you if you leave the lands of the temples?

Me: I... no. I assume I wouldn't feel as incredibly good as I have lately.

Ahmed: Exactly. In fact, we soon begin to wither. It is possible to travel outside the Web without withering, but only if we've prepared beforehand... sacred vessels that we imbue with the power of Osiris. There are Hekau that can do this.

(At this point, one of the other Imkhu showed up — Lady Neith, the scarred woman I'd seen coming out of the sand each night with Tchatcha-em-ankh et al. I almost jumped out of my skin when her voice barked out.)

Neith: Ahmed! You are not warming up. You will be stiff, and you will suffer for it.

Ahmed: [making a hurried salaam] My deepest apologies, Lady Neith.

Neith: Never mind that. It will be good practice. You will not be able to warm up before every real battle, after all. Come.

She tossed him a staff, and they sparred for about five minutes. I have to say, I have never seen human beings move like that, especially her. She had him down 10 or 12 times in that five minutes.

Neith: About the same as last time. You must work harder! Now you may test your new effigy against me if you like.

Ahmed: [panting] My new effigy? I — I have not even activated it yet, I finished it only this morning.

Neith: What better time? Go fetch it. You, girl.

Me: What?

Neith: Take that. [Tosses me the staff.] Face me. No, not square on — don't be stupid. Give me less target to hit. Legs apart!

Me: Ow.

Neith: I'll show you "ow." Now watch. Left, right, left. This is the rhythm. Watch again. Left, right, left. You do that in rhythm, meet my stick. Do you want that tape recorder to break?

Me: No.

Neith: Then get it out of your pocket. Ready. Left-right-left!

Me: Ow!

Neith: That's why you don't hold it there. Further in. Try again.

[Sparring noises; lots of grunting and panting from me.]

THE FACE OF THE ENEMY

I was pathetic. But then, how else would I be? I never even took karate. A couple minutes into this,





though, something weird happened. She came up on me in a kind of surprise move just as I was getting her rhythm down, and she should have beamed me, but instead my hand shot out, caught the end of the staff and caused it to pivot totally around and twist her into a kind of sideways flip (from which, of course, she landed like an Olympic gymnast).

Neith: There! Kher-minu! That is the ka, doing its job of protecting the body. Yours is very strong and very wise. I believe it waited until I stopped feinting.

Me: [shaky] Wow. That's... that's great. Is that going to happen every time someone attacks me?

Neith: Shall we find out?

Me: Uh, do we have to right now?

Neith: [walking away] I have no wish to attack you against your will.

Me: Well that's good.

Neith: But your enemies will not be so kind.

And then she shot me. I kid you not, that bitch strafed me with an AK-47 she'd had hidden behind a rubble pile. One quick vicious swipe across where I was standing. I got knocked flat on my back, and I was absolutely sure I was about to find out how this dying-and-coming-back thing works, but then when I dragged myself up and looked myself over I realized I wasn't dead. I'd taken a bullet in the thigh. It probably mostly hit fat. I wasn't going to die... I wasn't even bleeding that much. Don't get me wrong. It *hurt* like fuck. I needed something stat.

Me: Shit. Shit... shit... you bitch...

Neith: Yes. Well?

Me: My thigh... gahh. You aimed low.

Neith: I didn't aim quite *that* low. So you see how your *ka* moves to protect you even from gunfire. That does not mean you are *bulletproof*, but—

Me: Yeah, I see, for G-d's sake, I get your point. I don't need to be so afraid. Please...

Neith: You don't need to be so afraid. What about all the other people?

Me: What other people?

Neith: All the people who were standing next to you. Do you think the scum of Apophis care who dies in the crossfire? While you're sitting there checking your precious Kher-minu self over, they're bleeding out their heart's blood and I am raising my weapon again.

Me: No, don't! I get it, okay!

Neith: [coldly] Do you? I do not think you do, not yet. Come on, girl.

She threw down the gun and dragged me back into the temple. (Ahmed was taking his time anyway, and now that I knew what a psycho she was I couldn't exactly blame him. Though if he's so eager to get back and get medieval on the people who killed him this last time, he certainly couldn't have picked a better teacher.)

There's a lot more to this place than you get from the tourist maps. I'm not sure how the archaeologists managed to miss the four or five underground passages I've seen being used this past couple weeks. Maybe they were found but they were just so boring they aren't included on the tour, or maybe one of these Imkhu had his hands in the process even then. Anyway, Neith took me deeper down than I've been yet (it must have been at least 30 feet), into this worming, stinky little tunnel, lighting the way with a pocket flashlight. Even with her supporting my wounded leg, every move sent grinding pain through my body. I gritted my teeth. If I cried out, she'd probably let me fall. Bitch.

"Come," she said. "Look in here. Let me show you the face of our enemy. Just the face."

Then she pulled me into a little room that branched off the tunnel. I can tell you, that part of me that feels the pulse of the Nile was already feeling pretty bad juju down here, and when I saw the deceptively plain sarcophagus in the middle of the room it tweaked even worse. She lifted up the lid and shoved it off with a deliberate lack of ceremony, beckoning me over to look at what was beneath. It was like the stuff that beetle exoskeletons are made of, black and shiny and hard, except it was shaped into some kind of human-size cocoon. Neith put her hand on this thing and murmured a few words. It shivered and cracked into little pieces, and then the pieces scuttled and crawled back under the bandages of the mummy that lay within. I noticed there were a lot of hieroglyphics on the bandages and on the big bronze scorpion figurine that lay on the mummy's chest: spells, powerful spells. I wanted to say, *Okay, stop, okay, I believe you, whatever's in there, I don't want to see...*

But when she shot up my thigh, she'd wounded my pride too. I didn't want to just admit I was too much of a wimp to even look at our enemy. Bleeding or not.

She took the bronze scorpion and carefully set it on the floor. The thing under the bandages started to stir, bending and bucking. Then she reached out and undid the strips of linen around its head. I knew from the second I saw the first tufts of hair it wasn't going to be a pretty sight. The hair looked dry and brittle, like it would just snap off if you tried to run a comb through it.



The skin of the face was kind of grayish and mottled, and the expression...

Lady Isis, I don't even want to write about it. Part of what made it so hideous was the way the face was deformed. You know how you see these National Geographic pictures of bog mummies from Ireland or wherever, where the sheer pressure of earth movement has just completely smashed the facial features? This looked a lot like that, and the smell was just horribly sour — like a 100-year-old septic backup. But the worst part was that those dried-out eyeballs rolled right over to gaze at me and there was such absolute malice in them. Now *contempt* I'm used to, but that's a different thing. I'm trying to think of another time somebody looked at me like that, and I'm only coming up with one example. It happened when I was a little kid and I had this big argument with Mom about why our cat had to be an indoor cat when everybody else's got let out. I thought it was cruel and unnatural. So she took me to the animal shelter and convinced the staff to show me this rabid cat they were going to have to put down that morning. That cat gave me the same look through the glass.

Neith held the thing down easily, just by keeping her palm on its chest. I guess the spells on the bandages were still in effect.

"Speak to it, if you dare," she said in a low voice. "Tell it your



name. It cannot speak back because its tongue has been removed, but I assure you it can still hear perfectly. I can also assure you that its only thought right now is to vivisect you. For by doing so it can gain a little more time in this... existence its creator has granted it. That may seem a strange goal, but it's better than what it faces should it die. Thus Apophis rewards its servants."

"Why... why is it here?" I whispered. It gnashed its teeth at me.

"For training," she answered curtly. "It is one thing to train against me, but even I am prettier than this. Nor do I hate those I train. In that sense, I am poor practice for all of you. Unfortunately, this is but a minor slave of the Devourer. The Apepnu who create these vile things are far more powerful, and there are the blood-drinkers whose eldest are nearly the like of Set himself. As for the Amkhat, the cannibal cult — they at least are only mortal, but with their teeming numbers, they may prove just as great a threat in time. The enemy wears many faces, Nurit, but you only need see one to understand what we must do."

"Put it to sleep," I murmured, thinking of the cat. Put it out of its misery. Put it out of its misery before it multiplied that misery. Before it could infect everything else, spread into the air like spiritual Ebola...

She seemed to understand exactly what I meant. "Yes."



THE FACE OF THE ENEMY. CONTINUED

When we came up from the secret passage, Ahmed was waiting with a little carved wooden figurine of a horse in his hands (kind of in the style of a Egyptian tomb statue, but reduced to the size of a pocket-talisman).

"You're hurt," he said in surprise.

"Of course. She's been training," Neith said. "Take her to the Chamber of Linen, if you like."

"Yes. Come with me, Nurit. I will show you where we all wind up after training with Lady Neith..."

"I am not finished with you for the night, young man," Neith interjected with a smile.

"Perhaps your ladyship is," Ahmed answered with a *salaam*. "I believe Lord Sahura wants a few words with your ladyship about the sounds of automatic gunfire."

She snorted and turned me over to Ahmed, who picked me up and carried me.

"There is a sense of irony lurking in there somewhere," I commented as he brought me into a side room of the temple and opened another one of those secret recesses. This one had a bunch of gold and glass vials of different shapes and sizes.

"This is where my master Tchatcha-em-ankh keeps all his medicines and potions," was his only reply. "There's another store somewhere in the temple, but I've never been shown where. Now this shelf here is available for anyone who needs it, all healing ointments and elixirs. The others would not be wise to trifle with. I think a lot of them are poisons. Your ka must be greatly offended at this moment."

"Oh, it is." Its offense was throbbing all through me. It was mad as hops that I hadn't attended to this wound sooner. Having a survival drive with a will all its own can have its disadvantages, I'm sure. (Like Neith pointed out, I mustn't let it get in the way of my concern for other people; most of them die much deader than I do, after all.) Still, given my past history, it's hard to feel anything but gratitude for it right now.

"I don't suppose your ka gets so offended," I wondered. "You've never said anything about your tem-akh, but somehow I doubt it's the ka."

"No." He picked a pair of bottles and brought them over, then made another trip back for a pair of long metal tweezers. "I... it is not proper of me to treat your wound, but our female doctor is away at the moment."

"Don't apologize. I'm used to male doctors. Even if I wasn't I wouldn't care right now." I rolled up my skirt strategically to expose something between enough and too

much. He peered at the wound and the enormous bruise around it, poured some of the first bottle onto it (*ahh... anesthetic*) and looked at it again after the liquid had carried off some of the blood and gunk. Then he dug in with the super-tweezers. *That* hurt pretty bad, but I bet it would have hurt a hell of a lot more without the anesthetic.

He saw me clenching my jaw and started talking, I guess to take my mind off the process.

"I thought about becoming a doctor in my youth," he said. "My mother was a midwife, and a widow... she had me help with certain things. Buying herbs, roots and vegetables at the souq and running the messages and prescriptions. Her ability to see these women through birth, through all that screaming, that was like a miracle to me. Her voice always stayed so gentle no matter how they screamed."

"She sounds like a wonderful person," I agreed. *So how did such a wonderful woman give birth to a would-be terrorist?*

"Ahmed, what is your tem-akh?" I asked him, right-out finally.

"The khu," he said after a moment's hesitation. "The part of the soul that connects it to the body, the link between the material and the spiritual." He spread on some liniment and then bandaged me in clean linen. Even if he hadn't told me about his mother, I could have guessed just from the way he handled the wound and the skin and the dressing that he'd learned at least a little from a real professional. "Now you must sit for just a minute. You should have red meat tomorrow, maybe spinach or *melokhiyyah*. You've lost some blood."

"Talk to me while I sit. What does your khu give you?"

He sighed; not in annoyance, just like it was a hard question to answer. "I was lacking in spirit, just as you must have been. The purpose of the khu to the soul's functioning is very hard to describe. I suppose I was searching all my life for some sense that what I did truly served Allah, truly mattered. In the way that my mother's arts truly mattered, for with no midwife, mothers and children die, and with no children, all is lost."

"Why didn't you become a doctor, then?"

"Firstly? Because we were far too poor." He gave me a look. "And on the other hand, the so-called 'Palestine question' seemed very clear to me. In fact, it still does. This idea of being a holy warrior, of not having to worry forever and ever, greatly appealed. What boy in this part of the world doesn't at some time dream of being one of the *mujahedin*?"

"Oh, I'm sure there's plenty that don't," I disagreed, but softly. He knew as well as I did that it wasn't the point.



"But even in Afghanistan, I did not feel I was accomplishing that dream. Endless study of the Koran did not help. Listening to speech after speech did not help."

"Getting blown up on accident can't have helped much either."

"It *was* a stupid death," he agreed immediately, frowning. "Not a true martyrdom at all. I thought Allah was mocking me for my eternal failure to be one with His will. For the first moments after my death, I believe I was actually angry with Him. May I be forgiven from His infinite compassion for it."

"And now?"

"Now?" He checked my dressing. "Ah, my teacher's art is marvelous. Look." Sure enough, wound all gone. My ka slowly started to unclench. I let myself breathe. "I'm still happy to die to serve Allah at any moment of any day, happy to die even if I can never return to life, but that martyrdom is no longer the poor substitute I must offer up for a crippled faith. I'm afraid I can think of no better way to say it than that."

"No. I can't really think of a better way either." I took off the dressing, smoothed my skirt back down and got up. "Thank you so much. Ahmed — I suspect there was always more of your mother in you than you realized."

He gave me a funny look. "Those are very kind words. Especially from an Israeli."

I thought about that for a second. "Yes. I am Israeli." And Diary, forget what I ever said to the contrary. I am. I may not agree with everything Israel does — and I've been getting a whole new side of the story since I've come out here, let me tell you — but I *am* Israeli. I will stay Israeli, even though I know that every day I walk through these crowds I might meet some who hate me for no other reason.

And if Rachel-called-Netikerti could ever forgive me for it, I might even decide to stay Jewish. (Hey, she did ask me to sit shiva for her.)

But we'll see. I have time now.

POSTSCRIPT

October 11 —

Well, my boat sails in just an hour. I leave Edfu knowing a hell of a lot more than when I arrived. I think

Rachel would be proud how much I've recovered of her magic and science. Ahmed says I could even make a decent (assistant) midwife! I can flatten the average mortal with your choice of hands, feet, staff, flail or handgun, so let the first asshole who presumes on account of my abundant build beware. I've finally got basic "where's-the-bathroom" proficiency in Arabic. I have fake papers of citizenship for Egypt and America too, because why the hell not? I have an invitation from the Cult of Isis in Alexandria to come and study the seasonal rites with them. They're not going to see hide nor hair of me, though, till I get a chance to visit the Luxor group again and take a long stroll around Memphis. I still have *not* gotten an audience with Lord Horus, who is supposedly taking care of something *really* nasty in southern Africa, but Tchatcha-em-ankh swears he'll send me word the second the Son of Morning shows back up at the temple. In other words, I'm good to go.

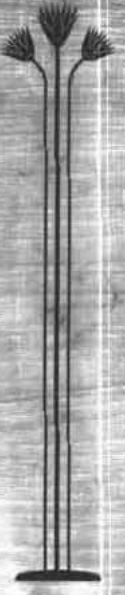
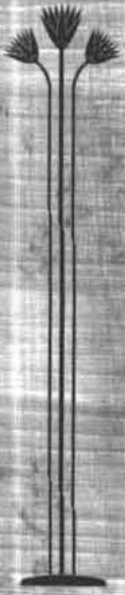
I realize this is all still just warm-up for me. Things will have to get more serious at some point, right? In fact, it's perfectly possible they could get damn serious tonight just an hour downriver. Apophis, as Lady Neith constantly says, will not have the courtesy to wait till I'm ready to face it. And after months of listening to Edfu shop-talk, I now know in wearisome detail where a lot of the important enemies of our kind are thought to be hanging out. A scary percentage of them are well within the range of an evening's plane flight. I will be careful. To do anything less would dishonor my ka. But I also won't let *them* intimidate me into living a cramped immortality. There's a lot of the temple lands left to see.

Of course, by deciding to globetrot for a while, I'm somewhat postponing the real question. Which is, will I ever go home again, or even just see anyone from my old life? The Code of Horus says that's a no-no, and Tchatcha-em-ankh seems to feel we should still be trying to keep up some basic form of the code. He's been so generous with me, I'd hate to disappoint him, but I also really hate to think of my parents' hearts broken needlessly.

(That, and Lady Neith and Hetephras both say the Code of Horus is worth about the same as the papyrus it's scribed on.)

Whoops! I'd love to keep soliloquizing here, Diary, but I gotta go or I'll miss dinner on the boat.





Chapter Two: Fragments of a Soul Arisen

I KNOW HOW MEN IN EXILE
FEED ON DREAMS OF HOPE
—AESCHYLUS. AGAMEMNON

Much to the frustration of those who would study them, there is no “typical” way for the Amenti to behave. Each is a unique combination of two souls, hurled together from across the centuries and melded by fierce magics. It’s no wonder that some of them turn out a little odd, to put it lightly.

That being said, though, one can still draw divisions among the Amenti when all is said and done. Some are voluntary, such as the Eset-a, in which like-minded Amenti gather in order to work toward a mutually esteemed goal. Deeper, however, are the divisions of the tem-akh. The ka and ba cannot change their essential nature, nor can they alter the way in which they interact with Ma’at. They simply are what they are, and that means that there are certain broad similarities that can be traced in the different types of Amenti.

It must be noted that the affiliation of the Amenti according to tem-akh is a loose one at best. There is no rigid pattern of initiation, no strict hierarchy or monolithic conspiracy binding, say, the Scroll-bearers together in a web of intrigue and power. Rather, they cluster together because they are most comfortable with their own kind — those whose souls quite literally resonate with their own. Still, in that tendency to gather, certain behaviors and customs can be ascribed to one tem-akh

or another. And just as the various fragments of an individual’s soul can quarrel with one another, so too do the various types of Amenti continue that debate on a larger scale.

After all, it is in their nature to do so.

KHER-MINU

Vain cowards. Reclusive fossils. Self-centered glory hounds. Such are the epithets hurled at the Tomb Watchers by their fellow Thrice-Born, who observe the Kher-minu but do not comprehend them. To the others, the Tomb Watchers are overly solicitous of their own safety, obsessed with their own appearance and weak allies at best in the war against Apophis.

To a certain extent, they are correct in this assessment. The Tomb Watchers do not expose themselves to danger lightly, knowing that they are too valuable to risk at every occasion. They strive for physical beauty as emblematic of the respect they have for life. To them, gross obesity, self-inflicted diseases and anorexia are all a slap in the face of the precious gift of life. Yes, they often choose their own paths — or to hold their own ground — rather than wander in search of labors to perform, but that is because they know that there is enough work before them to fill lifetimes.



And if the other Thrice-Born do not see this, the Kher-minu do not care. After all, they have more important things to worry about. With more cemeteries and burial sites desecrated every day, the Kher-minu are fighting a defensive battle. Everything they care about is under siege from the modern world, even as they rejoin the fight against the ancient enemy, Apophis.

BELIEFS

By curious logic, the Kher-minu see the Judges of Ma'at as holding a position similar to their own. In this view, the judges are the guardians of Ma'at itself, and so the Tomb Watchers feel a certain kinship with, and sympathy toward, those who judge souls. As a result, they presume a closer relationship to the Judges of Ma'at than the other Amenti, and many of them think of themselves as specially selected to prepare the living for their judgments. Needless to say, this opinion is guarded very closely by the Tomb Watchers, who feel (rightly) that other Thrice-Born would not take kindly to this interpretation.

As for Ma'at itself, the Tomb Watchers' concept is somewhat less aggressive. They see Ma'at in terms of duty and obligation, and by extension, in terms of fulfilling one's role in the cosmos. Ambition for the self is regarded as contrary to the ways of Ma'at. Rather, any drive one has should be channeled into what the Tomb Watchers protect, and thus ultimately serve. By subjugating personal desire into the need to protect and



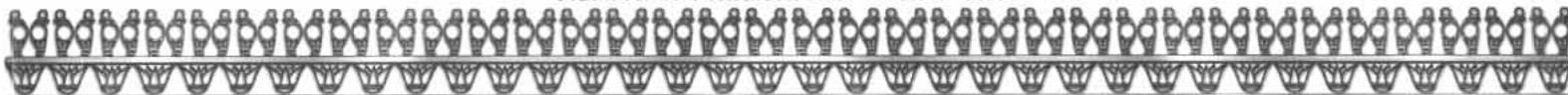
serve, the Kher-minu achieve balance. Individual wants and needs distract one from one's duties, thus unbalancing the soul and leading one off the path of Ma'at. But turning all of one's passions toward one's duty is, the Kher-minu believe, the proper route to take to balance, and the approach the Judges of Ma'at expect of their chosen ones.

CUSTOMS

The most important custom of the Kher-minu is the ritual of consecration by salt, which is called simply the Pure Rite. Anything that the Tomb Watcher adopts as his duty must be marked with salt, and this must be done by his own hand. The salt itself is prepared over a period of nine days and nine nights, during which time it is consecrated, exposed to the light of the sun and ritually blessed.

Once the salt has been prepared, the Kher-minu must find some way to mark the chosen object (or place, or organization) with the salt by hand. Symbols can stand in for larger concepts, such as life in the abstract or a city or nation, but *something* must always be blessed thus. Ideally, three other Kher-minu witness the moment, and to be asked to witness this consecration is a great honor indeed. After all, they are being asked to verify their peer's dedication, and to uphold his devotion to duty.

Of course, the consecration ritual also serves as





ATTITUDES TOWARD OTHERS

Teomallki: They understand the importance of what we do. Someday, they might even get good at it.

Wu T'ian: I don't think even they know who all of their factions are or what they believe in. Then again, that's their problem, not mine.

a challenge to the Kher-minu's enemies. Once marked, the site stands out in the eyes of those who oppose the Tomb Watchers, drawing their attention and ultimately their ire. The Kher-minu understand this and stand fast by their custom. After all, defending something that is never assaulted is a boring way to spend eternity.

On the other hand, the Tomb Watchers are not shy about formally removing their protection from something they feel is unworthy of their time. The inverse of the Pure Rite is called the Befouling, and it lives up to its name. Where once salt was spread, now fresh dung is smeared in its place. This rite removes both the mark of the Kher-minu and any obligation to protect it. Befouled sites tend to attract bad luck — fires, accidents, collapses and so forth — though a conclusive link between the rite and the resultant calamities has never been proven.

ORGANIZATION

Almost by definition, the Tomb Watchers are loners. The ka of each held fast to an individual purpose for centuries, if not millennia, and even reborn into this new world they tend to cling to their own, unique causes. While this approach to existence tends to avoid conflict between Tomb Watchers, it also limits their opportunities to come in contact with one another. While not actively anti-social, their focus on preservation rather than aggression means that they're not in a position where they need to be actively recruiting allies and contacts. Those who do seek such things, however, are remarkably efficient at it. Once a Kher-minu sets her mind to something, odds are she will not rest until her task is done in exhaustive detail.

The interest that various Kher-minu have in preserving cemeteries, historical sites and the like does, however, mean that various Tomb Watchers cross paths on occasion. Fund-raisers, mailing lists, coffee-house bulletin boards and the like bring a surprising number of Tomb Watchers together. Shared interests lead to shared approaches and ultimately to the sort of

bonds that allow the Tomb Watchers to call on one another to defend their own interests. Such groupings are not necessarily defined by geographic proximity, and far-flung networks of Tomb Watchers are now increasingly common.

THE SHEMSU-HERU

"Horus is one of us. Or would be, if he thought about it."

So sayeth an unnamed Kher-minu of the Shemsu-heru, when asked to explain his attraction to the service of the son of Osiris. And while this opinion may not be universal among the Tomb Watchers, the fact that Horus is a dazzling physical specimen — in many ways, the epitome of what the Kher-minu strive to achieve with their bodies — certainly does not hinder the attraction to the sect.

Relatively few of the Kher-minu actually serve at Horus's temple for lengthy periods of time. As strong as the pull of Horus's personality is, the pull of that which

WHAT'S THE BUZZ?

Forewarned is forearmed, and the Kher-minu consider it a positive duty to warn others about potential threats to their chosen "tombs." While they have no formal network of communications, the Kher-minu usually establish drop points for information within a given city. These can be as simple as the wall of a particular bathroom stall or as complicated as a password-protected website. Collectively, this method of networking is called the Mark of the Ibis, in honor of the god Thoth, and it is instantly recognizable to any Kher-minu who catches even a glance of it.

Furthermore, the scrawl on the Kher-minu drop point is inevitably in hieroglyphics, Akkadian, Latin or some other dead language known to the ka and likely to be known to others of their kind. Passing Kher-minu simply leave whatever information they feel is pertinent upon the wall (or wall equivalent) and move on, trusting that the right eyes will find it. Doing so allows the Tomb Watchers to hide their information drops in plain site, secure in the knowledge that their transmission of secrets will go unnoticed.





they must protect is stronger. And while those of the Tomb Watchers who ally themselves with the Shemsuheru do make frequent visits to Djeba — the desert encampment where the heart of Horus's worship is located — to study with the Imkhu and elders of their kind and to refresh themselves with Horus's presence, they never stay long. Such visits often coincide with epiphanies about the nature of life and what the Kher-minu are bound to protect. Returning pilgrims of this sort generally take more proactive roles in their defense of both the living and the dead once they return home.

Those Kher-minu who do remain with the Shemsuheru are generally older, more assured in their power and their relationship to all life. Serving primarily as bodyguards, sentries and soldiers at the encampment, they feel that guarding Horus is in fact guarding all life and death. He is the symbol of what they protect, and as such, he inspires a fanatical loyalty. For if he falls, so too falls all life.

And the fact that he's damned good-looking doesn't hurt, either.

THE ESET-A

The attraction the Eset-a holds for the Tomb Watchers is a curious one. For young Kher-minu, the quest to find the missing fragments of Osiris's power is almost a dare, a continual test of their resolve to put themselves in harm's way. These freshly reborn mummies throw themselves in harm's way, volunteering for the most dangerous assignments they can, and generally neglecting those responsibilities they deem "lesser." Such Kher-minu either burn out on the thrill or get themselves into fatal trouble fairly quickly. As such, they rarely last long. Those who endure tend to fade away from any sort of factionalism, preferring to tend to their own concerns.

"Older" Tomb Watchers whose goals coincide with those of the Eset-a take a different approach. Feeling that the search for the god's remains is paramount, they take up watch at various sites that they consider potential resting-places for pieces of Osiris. These Kher-minu can get jealous of their pride of place, and they often develop rivalries with their fellows who guard nearby sites. After all, to have guarded a place that was actually a resting-place for a fragment of the god would be a tremendous honor. Therefore, they take up their places and wait patiently.

WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH

Like all of the Amenti dynasties, the Tomb Watchers have a unique set of foibles and knacks. As

straightforward in application as they seem, they each have unexpected repercussions and implications.

In the end, what the Kher-minu do best is endure. This is due in part to the fact that they take care of themselves obsessively, and in part because the ka labors ceaselessly to ensure the Amenti's survival. This self-obsession can isolate the Tomb Watchers from others, but that's a price the Kher-minu are willing to pay. After all, they are not here for companionship. They are here to endure.

WEAKNESS

Depending upon whom one asks, the Kher-minu are either exceedingly prudent regarding their safety or stone cowards. Regardless of the spin put on this particular behavior, one fact does remain irrefutable: The Tomb Watchers have an obsessive need to take care of themselves, one that only grows stronger with time.

In a young mummy, the effects of this so-called weakness are often laudable. Driven by the irresistible demands of the ka, the Kher-minu abandons such obviously unhealthy habits as smoking, self-mutilation, excessive drinking, drug abuse and so forth. Coupled with the Tomb Watcher's devotion to exercise and balanced nutrition, this can be seen as simply another facet of the mummy's devotion to good clean living in the Third Life.

The ka's protectiveness of this new, shared body is not bounded by reason, though. Sooner or later, some Tomb Watchers come to feel that survival is their highest duty. After all, if one is destroyed, then one's powers and efforts can no longer be lent to the struggle against Apophis. As such, they become positively paranoid about their own well-being, often retreating to strictly controlled environments, cutting off contact with friends, acquaintances and allies, and isolating themselves with what they have sworn to protect. Determined not to put themselves at risk, they instead remove themselves from the fight as effectively as if they had been killed.

The effects of this creeping dementia are numerous. As the years pass, Tomb Watchers gradually slough off their old bad habits, ruthlessly stripping unhealthy items from their diet and weaning themselves from even such innocuous items as carbonated beverages. Often they proselytize their newly held beliefs, sometimes to the point of severely aggravating those they know and work with.

A SIDE BUSINESS

There are few places in the World of Darkness safer than the lair of a Kher-minu who's decided to retreat





ILLUMINATING LEVITY

A favorite joke other Amenti like to play on Tomb Watchers who've grown a little too fanatical about their diets is to bombard an unsuspecting Kher-minu with authoritative, possibly even legitimate articles detailing how some random staple of the mummy's diet has now been proved to cause some dread ailment or other. Almost as good are notes as to how foodstuffs previously thought harmful — chocolate, for example, or dark beer — are now regarded as beneficial and should be made a major part of one's diet. Almost without fail, the Tomb Watcher then goes into a frenzy of paranoia and breast-beating about the sort of damage he's been doing to his body by eating/ not eating the item in question.

Eventually, those Kher-minu who aren't too far gone realize the nature of the joke and recognize it as a sign not to take themselves quite so seriously. Those who fail to see the humor, however, tend to sever contact with the jokesters, convinced more than ever that they must be ever vigilant about their own preservation.

away from potential danger. With that in mind, certain Tomb Watchers have augmented their resources — and their sources of information — by setting themselves up as the supernatural equivalent of an offshore banking account. For a price (always determined by the Tomb Watcher), almost anything can be placed under his protection. "Anything" ranges from such oddities as vials of thousand-year-old blood and hand-scribed grimoires to such mundane things as data files, surveillance photos and love letters. The content matters not. Once the Tomb Watcher agrees to guard the item, it is as safe as it can be.

Deals of this sort are generally arranged through an agent working on the Amenti's behalf. The price for the item's guardianship can be anything from a fistful of sand from Saudi Arabia's Empty Quarter to a sizeable cash payment. It depends on the item to be guarded, the mummy's feeling toward the client and the duration of the protection purchased.

It is rare for anyone even to attempt to remove something from a Tomb Watcher's protection. Anyone

doing so must face the unending wrath of the Kher-minu whose sanctuary she has violated, and she is barred from ever availing herself of these services. If a denizen of the World of Darkness is learned enough to know that items of great value are kept by the Tomb Watchers, she is also likely to be learned enough to know to leave it alone.

On a more immediately practical level, Kher-minu begin to develop interests in fields relating to their own self-preservation. They become experts on escape routes and are sometimes unwilling to enter buildings they feel to be insufficient in this regard. Medicine of all sorts becomes of particular interest, both Western scientific medicine and folk remedies. Fashion-plate status can become subjugated to the desire for less-stylish Kevlar. And security — everything from alarm systems to firewalls — grows into a near-obsession. Even the blithest Kher-minu tend to arm their dwelling places with multiple deadbolts, electronic security systems, nightingale floors and the like. The paranoid ones turn their homes into deathtraps. Phobias of heights, sharp objects and the like can also develop, though some Tomb Watchers deliberately keep collections of dangerous items or animals around simply to test their wills.

In the field, a Kher-minu's desire for self-preservation can be both a benefit and a painful hindrance. The need to protect one's self tends to prevent hasty action, and it lends itself to methodical, well-thought-out approaches to problems ranging from well-intentioned burglary to setting ambushes.

On the other hand, this very caution makes it very difficult for a Tomb Watcher to spring into action. The knowledge that opening fire might draw fire in return can be enough to paralyze a Kher-minu into inaction at the worst possible time. At the same time, a Kher-minu's reaction to being thrust into a perilous situation unawares is often best described as "panic." Under such circumstances the Tomb Watchers don't think well on their feet. Instead, they often dive for the nearest available cover. Such reactions are by no means universal, but the urge is closer to all-inclusive than some Kher-minu care to admit. Enemies of the Tomb Watchers have long since learned to take advantage of this weakness, using surprise to remove Kher-minu from fights before they even start.

STRENGTH

Fortune favors the prepared, and it seems to be fond of the Kher-minu as well. Self-proclaimed guardians, they have a remarkable knack for dismaying their



TOMB WATCHER RUMBLE

If push comes to shove, the Kher-minu are far from helpless in a fight. They fight ferociously when forced to defend themselves. While most of their amulets offer powers of warding, clever Tomb Watchers know precisely how to take advantage of the invulnerabilities their amulets confer in a brawl. Furthermore, when a Kher-minu decides a cause is worth fighting for, she goes all-out. She will even lay her life on the line to protect someone or something she feels is worthy of her potential sacrifice.

When all is said and done, though, the Tomb Watchers are not aggressive. If forced into a firefight, they prefer the sniper's role. Judo and Tai Chi are their preferred forms of martial arts. They would rather avoid or subvert confrontation than dive into conflict. That is not the same, however, as fearing or refusing to fight. Ultimately, anyone who goes after a Tomb Watcher with the expectation of finding easy prey runs a very high risk of being sadly — and fatally — mistaken.

enemies passively. The efforts of the Kher-minu's ka to protect its body are unceasing, subtle and very effective.

The ka cannot simply take control of the Tomb Watcher's body and, say, make it suddenly roll to the left to avoid a blow. Rather, it uses its influence to wreak havoc on attempts to harm the Amenti. With a push, it deflects the aim of a sniper with the Tomb Watcher in his sights. A tree root juts out a half-inch higher and mysteriously trips an onrushing attacker. A thug waiting in ambush is suddenly overwhelmed by the compulsion to sneeze, thus giving away his position. In such subtle, almost coincidental ways the ka protects itself.

Companions of a Tomb Watcher will soon note a lengthy string of "coincidences" protecting him from harm, sometimes even at the expense of his traveling companions. Consider the case of a bullet fired at a Kher-minu. While the ka would prefer the trigger had never been pulled, it has no compunction about causing a bystander to "stumble" into the bullet's path, catching it on the Tomb Watcher's behalf.

PRACTICAL MATTERS

In game terms, the Kher-minu's player has a dice pool for strictly defensive actions every turn the character is attacked. This bonus applies even in turns during which the Tomb Watcher is surprised or unaware of the attack. In such cases, the mummy's ka reflexively defends itself without alerting the conscious mind. All rolls made under these conditions, however, incur a +1 difficulty penalty automatically.

The range of actions that the ka can take is limited only by the player's imagination and the Storyteller's permission. The player describes how he wants his ka to deflect the threat, the Storyteller says yea or nay, and the player rolls. (If yea, she then assigns a difficulty; if nay, the player should be allowed another chance to come up with something.) In cases of ambush, the Storyteller should feel free to give the player as much or as little information as she deems appropriate, or even to make the roll secretly herself.

Even the most overprotective ka, however, doesn't like being taken for granted. It expects the Kher-minu to behave in a responsible fashion, not to acquire delusions of invulnerability. A Tomb Watcher who goes picking fights, throwing himself in harm's way and generally tempting fate is liable to irritate his ka beyond endurance. Under such circumstances (Storyteller discretion), the ka is liable to take a brief vacation — under circumstances it would deem embarrassing but not fatal — in order to teach the Kher-minu a painful lesson.

PRESENT CONCERNS

The biggest concern the Kher-minu have is that they are too few. Everywhere they look in the world, the weak cry out for protection. Monuments to the dead are leveled and the living are herded like cattle. There are too many who need protection, but not enough protectors. The Children of Apophis sense the Tomb Watchers' frustration and work to exacerbate it by striking wherever they can. Spread out, outnumbered and seemingly outgunned, the Kher-minu grow increasingly frustrated with being on the defensive. Sooner or later, their tactics just might change.





KHRI-HABI

All knowledge of life itself does not lie with the Scroll-bearers, but they are making every attempt to rectify this situation. Passionately devoted to the cause of life, they guard the living from death like a mother lion protecting her cubs. Not content merely to protect, they seek to cajole others into improving themselves and thus, the world.

The rest of the world, unsurprisingly, can sometimes take a dim view of this behavior, but that bothers the Scroll-bearers not a whit. They are sure that with time and patience, everyone else will come to see things their way — the proper way.

BELIEFS

Among the Scroll-bearers, there is a standing joke that the best way to ensure the happiness of the Judges of Ma'at is to keep their workload light. On a more serious level, they see their labor as ensuring that no soul goes before the judges unprepared, without having done their utmost to prepare themselves for the trial. This concern overrides others' feelings about whether or not they want to be prepared, and so the Khri-habi can make royal pains of themselves in the service of Ma'at.

Ma'at does not come, after all, to those who wait for it. It is incumbent on every soul, in the Khri-habi view, to *choose* enlightenment and the path of Ma'at. Laziness, acceptance of one's fate, complacency — all of these are tools of Apophis. One finds Ma'at, and part of achieving it is helping others achieve it as well. This is the philosophy that the Scroll-bearers use as a mandate to instruct and direct others, whether those others want to be instructed or not. The Khri-habi are certain, however, that Ma'at demands that they take these steps, and they'll brook no interference as a result.

CUSTOMS

For one Khri-habi to heal another is a significant event. It places the recipient of the healing deeply in

ATTITUDES TOWARD OTHERS

Teomallki: If they recognize that they're not yet at their full potential, we can help them achieve it and ally with them against Apophis.

Wu T'ian: There's much we could learn from their courts and practices, but we can teach them as well, if they allow it.

the other's debt. This is not something that any of the Amenti take lightly, but the Scroll-bearers in particular are meticulous about debts and obligations, and are almost fanatical about fulfilling their debts to one another. This is all done with an air of utmost formality, often with witnesses. What matters, ultimately, is that the right thing is done, and the Scroll-bearers are very particular about what constitutes the right thing. Obligations incurred need to be paid off. Obligations owed should be collected as soon as possible to avoid shaming one's debtor. Unfortunately, not everyone else realizes that this is what the Khri-habi are about, and instead they get a reputation for being stuck-up tightwads.

More important, however, is the matter of healing. When a Scroll-bearer heals an Amenti of another dynasty, the rite is generally an informal one. At best, it is sanctified by a single chanted prayer. Such is not the case, however, when one Khri-habi turns the ba's ministrations on one of her brethren. Such circumstances are always turned into a formal occasion if possible, with the recipient of the Scroll-bearer's attentions being bathed, cleaned, purified and chanted over to prepare himself for the ministrations. The actual healing is almost as stylized, and it often includes a combination of classical and modern medical approaches combined with the efforts of the ba.

ORGANIZATION

Unlike the Tomb Watchers, the Khri-habi are highly social creatures. They gather on a regular basis, most often at the new moon. Unfortunately, the Scroll-bearers' very nature leaves them open to the idea of cooperation, but less than expert at putting it into practice. Each and every one is convinced that she should be the one in charge — or more likely, is terrified of falling into a subordinate role. What follows is often an endless round of schisms, committees, collaborations, reconciliation and frantic negotiations, resulting in very little actually getting done.

When the Khri-habi do function, however, it's a marvel to behold. When a particularly charismatic leader emerges, the rest tend to fall in line instantly. What happens next is reminiscent of a blanket of army ants marching through the jungle, with the entire group directed by a single will. These groups are capable of achieving remarkable feats in a very short time, anything from establishing a hospital to cleansing a good-sized city of the Children of Apophis. Even personal magnetism can keep the ultimately fractious Scroll-bearers in line, however, and these groups tend





to collapse under their own weight after a few weeks or months. Then the whole process starts over again.

APPRENTICESHIP

Unlike many of the other dynasties, the Scroll-bearers believe firmly in a strict system of apprenticeship. This is doubly true when it comes to instruction on Alchemy. The process of presenting one's self to a potential mentor can take months or even years, and once accepted a student can expect at least a decade of apprenticeship. While the terms of apprenticeship can vary from Scroll-bearer to Scroll-bearer, one thing they all have in common is that the student places himself absolutely under his master's authority. A Khri-habi who deliberately flouts his master's will runs the risk of being expelled from her laboratory and of finding no one else willing to work with such a recalcitrant pupil. This ostracism can leave the uppity Scroll-bearer out in the cold for a very long time.

THE SHEMSU-HERU

Many of those closest to the center of the Shemsu-heru are, in fact, Khri-habi. After all, someone has to run the encampment, see to the housing and health of the pilgrims and acolytes and generally make sure the ever-burgeoning site remains functional. They are the strong foundation on which Horus's organization rests, and he is grateful to them for it. They, in return, want nothing more than his gratitude for their efforts. As a result, information (all of it positive, of course) almost constantly flows out of the encampment to Scroll-bearers around the world, with a constant stream of gossip and information coming back in. This information then gets passed along, both to the elders of the Shemsu-heru and to other Scroll-bearers. In essence, this arrangement renders the Shemsu-heru a clearing-house for Khri-habi information, but no one minds since everyone benefits.

THE ESET-A

The Khri-habi have somewhat chillier relations with the Eset-a, in large part because they think the group is wasting its time. There are enough challenges facing the Reborn and the living, they argue, to worry about picking up the pieces of what's probably a myth. This attitude does not sit well with the elders of the Eset-a, and the result is a marked chill between most Khri-habi and members of the group at large. Those few Scroll-bearers who have joined with the group spend much of their time researching how the resurrection of Osiris might be accomplished once his body and soul are re-assembled. While their efforts have proved fruit-

THE CULT OF ISIS

It is rumored, not proven, that the power behind the Cult of Isis is a coterie of three Khri-habi. This trio has carefully instructed its human charges in the proper way to tend, guide and assist other Amenti, and they can assist newly reborn souls in a way that the Scroll-bearers could not.

This information is sheer conjecture on the part of other Amenti, though, and respectable Scroll-bearers get rather upset when the topic is even brought up. Even so, the Shemsu-heru in particular are taking a closer look at the Isis cultists, and will no doubt be very interested in what they find.

less thus far, they labor tirelessly in pursuit of their goal. As a result, rumors have arisen lately that several interesting and promising sidelines have opened up in their alchemical research. Of course, no one outside the Eset-a knows for sure....

WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH

Some among the Scroll-bearers joke that their existence is proof that Osiris is planning for the long term. After all, they're not the best prepared Amenti when it comes to decisive action, hand-to-hand combat or daring strikes against the forces of Apophis. They are, however, contemplative in the extreme and suitably inclined to lay out the plans by which others more suited for heroics can take to the field. They do their

MAKING GOOD

As noted previously, Khri-habi have a finely developed sense of obligation. If one of a Scroll-bearer's missteps lands a friend or colleague in trouble, the Khri-habi will do everything in his power to repay the debt. If freezing in combat got someone killed, the Scroll-bearer may go so far as to dedicate his existence to the departed, carrying on her work, taking care of her loved ones and wandering far afield from his original perception of Ma'at. In some cases, these efforts are unwanted, and the Khri-habi's constant attempts are rebuffed with increasing force.



best when circumstance does force them into the fray, but the consequences are sometimes disastrous.

WEAKNESS

To say that the Scroll-bearers don't think well on their feet is akin to saying that the Dja-akh was a bit of bad weather. Contemplative in the extreme, the tem-akh simply does not have at its disposal the tools and knowledge it needs to deal with pressure situations, particularly not those related to danger or the vagaries of modern life.

To observers, the Khri-habi appears to freeze when the chips are down, expression vacant and mind elsewhere. This reaction is often mistaken for panic, and as a result, the Scroll-bearers are frequently labeled cowards. Such is not precisely the case, though. (After all, they'd love to act if only they knew the appropriate response.) As it matches the available evidence, however, the accusation tends to stick. This reputation can severely damage a Scroll-bearer's relationships with her fellow Amenti, who sooner or later refuse to trust her in critical situations. It's not her fault, they reason, she just can't handle the pressure. In return, the Scroll-bearer can grow to resent this attitude (and more importantly, the mistaken logic behind it), so the rift between a Khri-habi and her companions can turn into a chasm practically overnight.

On the other hand, sometimes the cost of a

Scroll-bearer freezing up while the tem-akh rifles through the nehem-sen's mental files is simple: The Scroll-bearer gets clobbered. If the Khri-habi survives the experience, he'll most likely learn his lesson and be very careful about putting himself on the line again unless it's absolutely necessary. Of course, this, too, can feed the legend of the dynasty's collective cowardice, proving once again that no good deed goes unpunished, even among the Reborn.

STRENGTH

Fortunately, the Khri-habi have been gifted with a method of recuperating from the consequences of their indecision. With the rising of the morning sun, each Scroll-bearer can heal either herself or another. The more in tune she is with Ma'at, the more complete the healing she can offer is. This is one reason for other Amenti not to antagonize the Khri-habi unduly over her supposed failure of nerve, for fear of disrupting her ability to channel healing energies. Even the dimmest Unbandaged One can see where that cycle of recrimination leads.

It should not come as a surprise that, given the choice between healing another's khat or her own, a Scroll-bearer often chooses the more altruistic course. While this is not always the case, particularly if the Khri-habi's unique talents are needed to save others, the habit is common enough to make it a marked trend.





PRESENT CONCERNS

Surprisingly, one of the biggest concerns the Scroll-bearers face lies within the nature of the Amenti themselves. Many of the Scroll-bearers have grown increasingly worried by the Udja-sen. Their unique manner of existence is profoundly worrying to the Khri-habi, and more than one concerted effort is under way to try to bring them firmly onto the path of Ma'at. More theoretically minded members of the dynasty, however, worry about what precisely the mere existence of the Judged Ones means. The nagging fear that they're evidence of the Amenti's ultimate failure cannot be banished, so the Scroll-bearers turn their attentions ever more inward at a time when they need to be looking beyond themselves.

MESEKTET

The world is a fallen place. Evil walks the streets, good souls are under duress, and the path of balance and righteousness is obscured by the smoke of a million fires. Such is how the Night Suns see the world, and their duty in it is clear. They are the trailblazers, the guides. It is their lot to bear the masses through the dark night of Apophis to a new day, much as the reed vessel bore Ra through the underworld every night. Torn from the delights of A'aru to help wrest creation back from Apophis, the Mesektet have sacrificed eternal pleasure to wage a just and holy war for the sake of the entire world.

That, at least, is how the Night Suns view themselves. The other Amenti tend to take a somewhat dimmer view of them, however. After all, while the rest of the world fought Apophis, the sahu lounged in supernatural luxury without a thought or a care for the world they had left behind. Therefore, those who were left behind along with that world naturally take a dim view of the sort of messiah complex the Night Suns bring with them. They come across as arrogant, presenting themselves as if their efforts alone would be enough to turn the tide. Those who were in the trenches while the sahu lounged in A'aru have little use for this

ATTITUDES TOWARD OTHERS

Teomallki: Them? I suppose they know a few tricks, but I don't see how they matter in the grand scheme of things.

Wu T'ian: Their culture is ancient, but ours is equally so. And we don't have to deal with as many bureaucrats.

attitude. The occasions when the Night Suns actually do manage to pull off a coup in the war with Apophis just make things worse.

After all, there's only one thing worse than a know-it-all, and that's a know-it-all who gets it right every so often. And since the Night Suns can glimpse the future on occasion, they get it right more often than most.

BELIEFS

As Ra passed through the dark places of the earth every night, so too must the world pass through a time of shadow before it can re-emerge into a golden age. And just as Ra rode in a boat of reeds through the underworld, the Mesektet see themselves as the vessel that will carry all Creation through its darkest hours, the days when it looks as if Apophis will reign supreme. This is their duty, the coin with which the many years spent in A'aru were purchased. Ma'at, then, is a matter of accepting this role and preparing one's self for the burden. It is knowing one's role in the cosmos, regardless of how humble or exalted that role might be, and striving one's utmost to perform that role properly. Of course, the fact that the Mesektet see their role as being vital to the continued existence of reality does make it a bit easier for them to come to grips with being called back from paradise.

As for the Judges of Ma'at, the Night Suns see them as metaphysical overseers, in essence. The Mesektet have less fear of the judges than do any other Amenti,

A CERTAIN SWAGGER

While it is by no means a universal trait, arrogance is certainly a common one among the Night Suns. The more cocksure members of the dynasty are certain that they will be the ones to rescue the world from Apophis and that the other Amenti are either incompetent or misguided. These Vessels of Ra are also not shy about making their feelings known, and their cockiness has earned them some fairly intense dislike. After all, the common image of the Mesektet is one of them lounging in otherworldly splendor while the world went to hell, waiting for the right moment to make their dramatic entrance in best Hollywood fashion. The fact that this notion is very much a work of imagination doesn't help much. After all, the Night Suns themselves don't seem to be doing very much to dispel it.



in part because of their surety of their own position, and in part because they're certain that the judges will find no fault in the way they conduct their business. They look to the Judges of Ma'at not for judging, but rather for confirmation and to be re-affirmed in their belief that they have shouldered their burdens correctly. Such an attitude has been assessed, correctly, as being less than reverent, but the Night Suns don't care. As far as they're concerned, the bowing and scraping done by the other dynasties is exactly the wrong way to approach the Judges of Ma'at. Osiris doesn't want a bunch of groveling toadies, he needs confident, self-possessed warriors of light. By that logic, averting one's eyes respectfully from the Judges of Ma'at is exactly the wrong thing to do. The Mesektet don't embrace their faith. They seize it.

On the other hand, a Night Sun who doesn't meet the standards expected by the Judges of Ma'at faces not only their censure but that of all of their brethren. Any Mesektet who's not up to snuff is failing not only himself, but the dynasty as a whole. The others, unsurprisingly, don't take kindly to that, and they endeavor in their own way to make sure that the slacker starts measuring up — quickly.

CUSTOMS

The Night Suns do tend to be closer-knit than many of their fellow Amenti, regularly consulting one another on visions of the future and moments of prophecy. Most large cities across North America, Europe and the Middle East have temples where Mesektet gather to worship, discuss, and plan. These are arranged in a strict yet fluid hierarchy, with orders flowing out of the Lands of Faith to the most trusted priests among the Night Suns, and thence down the chain.

THE GAME OF FATE

One of the favorite Mesektet pastimes is something they refer to as the Game of Fate. A handful of Night Suns gather at a predetermined location and simply begin walking. They trust Fate — and their innate ability to see into Fate's workings — to tell them which turns to make, which actions to take and so forth. Inevitably, they stumble into something interesting, though their definition of "interesting" usually means "dangerous," "energetic" and "potentially lethal." The fact that the game also tends to lead them onto the dangling ends of Apophis-related plots convinces the Mesektet that they are doing the right thing after all.

ORGANIZATION

The Night Suns do not work or play well with others. Their insistence on taking authority in any situation, from the merely social to the deadliest of field operations, rubs others raw. As a result, the Mesektet tend to operate either solo or with others of their kind, in which case one naturally follows a leadership role and the others acquiesce. On those rare occasions when a Vessel of Ra chooses to (or is forced to) labor alongside other Amenti, there's generally a fair bit of friction, particularly if leadership of the group doesn't automatically land in the Mesektet's lap.

Organization among the Night Suns themselves is tied intrinsically to their gifts, namely the ability to glimpse portions of the future. Any decisions made within a group are cross-checked against the visions of the future, allowing the Night Suns to estimate which course is best. A Mesektet who consistently offers the best counsel is quickly elevated into a leadership role, until such time as someone with an even better combination of clear vision and good judgment comes along. In this, at least, the Vessels of Ra are very much a meritocracy. A newly reborn mummy with a clear vision and a strong *tem-akh* might be consulted for guidance over a more experienced mummy strictly on the basis of competence.

THE TEMPLES

Mesektet places of worship aren't necessarily recognizable as such. They tend to be small, out of the way and private. Members-only clubs commonly serve as fronts for them, as do archaeological societies, small charitable foundations and alumni associations. The temples are rarely ostentatious with the trappings of Khem. There are no leering sarcophagi or 60-foot pillars crammed into warehouse basements. Rather, a simple altar, a representation of Ra (and perhaps Horus) and space for the worshippers is all that is required. Services are brief and reverent, bereft of excessive chanting, music or messy sacrifices.

Lest this seem too informal, however, rest assured that security at Night Sun temples is very tight indeed. It's rare for an outsider ever to set foot in one as an invited guest, and *uninvited* ones generally come face to face with hired security, magical wards and those of the Amenti whose role in the evening's service can best be described as guard duty.

THE SHEMSU-HERU

Not many of the Mesektet show their faces at the encampment of the Shemsu-heru, at least not those with any shame. After all, it is the elders of this sect,





STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

It is rare (but not unheard of) for Night Suns to form tentative alliances with vampires who make at least an effort toward balance. Both need safe havens for half the day, and both can ill afford precious time wasted searching for safety as the end of their daily cycle approaches. A recognition of this shared need has produced some unlikely and extremely tenuous partnerships. These arrangements are ringed with paranoia, and more than one has ended in a bloody betrayal, but neither entity in such an arrangement is usually willing to risk her immortal existence for a momentary advantage. And so, the defenses each cooks up serves to protect the other as well.

more than any others, who were fighting the good fight while the sahu that eventually joined with the Night Suns were basking in A'aru's glories. As such, the Vessels of Ra who've pledged themselves to Horus tend to be either extremely apologetic around their elders (to the point of being almost deferential) or completely oblivious to the resentment they can engender.

The Night Suns who are attracted to the Shemsu-heru claim to have had visions of the group's ultimate triumph. They are convinced that Horus will lead them to victory over the forces of Apophis, and they willingly submit to his authority as a result. Mesektet outside the order have had no such visions, and they tend to view with suspicion those brethren who have had them, but this mistrust fazes the Shemsu-heru not at all. Indeed, several of Horus's closest advisors are Night Suns, in part for their abilities as seers, and in part for their leadership capabilities. Those outside the inner circle, however, are not among the most popular of the Shemsu-heru's adherents.

THE ESET-A

The quest for Osiris's resting places appeals to the Mesektet's myth of themselves. After all, Osiris's journey into death and ultimate rebirth echoes Ra's nightly sojourn. Why should they not assist in the god's resurrection? Surely this quest is a large part of the Night Suns' reason for returning to earth, if not the central part. Aiding and facilitating Osiris's return from the grave would be the most spectacular way in which the Mesektet could help bring the world into a new age of light.

Such enthusiasm is welcomed by the other Eset-a, and there are a disproportionate number of Night Suns

within the sect. Tireless in seeking the fragments of Osiris's cadaver, relentless in the quest for knowledge that would aid in his rebirth, they exemplify the spirit of the Eset-a. Therefore, it is no surprise that much of the leadership of the sect has been usurped by the Vessels of Ra, and that they are exerting an increasingly strong effect on its overall directions.

WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH

Time is the limiting factor in the Night Suns' existence. The coming of night constrains them every day, while their tem-akhs strive to look seconds ahead of the present in hopes of averting ugly futures. As such, the Mesektet have adapted to the curious constraints of their nature. Rather than fight the inevitability of darkness-spawned weakness, they plan for it with a calm acceptance that minimizes its impact on their dealings. Even those who choose to struggle against the lure of slumber do so fully aware of what they are doing and fully prepared to pay the toll the effort will extract from them.

WEAKNESS

The Mesektet are creatures of the day. Once the sun goes down, they are weak, confused and often easy prey. As Ra descends into the underworld, part of them goes with him, and what is left behind is ill-prepared to face the challenges of the living lands. Sluggish and slow to respond at best, many fall into a trance that takes them from sundown to sunup. During the night hours, they lie helpless but still aware of their surroundings, knowing that they are in mortal peril.

The need to find nightly safety means that a Night Sun's daily movements can be severely hampered. Unless she already has a safe haven prepared, the Mesektet needs to find shelter well before sunset and then safeguard it. By the same token, morning awakening is a cautious process, as the clever Reborn makes sure that no one left her any surprises during the night. Needless to say, this tends to curtail travel and long-distance adventuring for the Night Suns, who find themselves leaning heavily on their companions when they venture far. And since many Night Suns do an excellent job of alienating any and all of their companions quickly, most elect to stay home unless they are forced out by extenuating and remarkable circumstances.

STRENGTH

Much of the Night Suns' cocksure attitude comes from the simple fact that when it comes to the future, they simply know — if not *everything*, and not always





UP ALL NIGHT

Some of the more fanatical Mesektet refuse to give in to nightly slumber. They struggle as long as they can against the trance that threatens to overcome them. Many push it even further, by forcing themselves to walk the streets in their weakened condition, daring their enemies to try something. This, the Night Suns feel, is a form of penance for the years of luxury they spent in A'aru.

useful information — enough to save them from making catastrophic errors in the field. The sahu can part the veils overhanging the immediate future, allowing the Mesektet to get a split-second glimpse of what's about to happen. Often, the Night Sun can use this information to alter his course of action for the better, avoiding catastrophes (such as sticking one's head around a corner when there's a sniper waiting, or saying something that will make an irrevocable enemy of the Sefekhi across the table) with grace.

This supernatural safeguarding does not happen on every occasion, though. Fate gets tired of looking out for its children, particularly those who take its intervention for granted, and sometimes the mists of time grow too thick for the sahu to peer through. When that happens, Mesektet who've grown to rely too much on their gift find themselves at a severe disadvantage.

On occasion, the Night Suns can look further forward in time, blessing — or cursing — themselves with visions of the future. Often these visions come during the darkest hours of the night, while others strike at noon. Some of the recipients see nightmare visions of an earth ground under Apophis's heel, with Horus's temple in ruins and the sun blotted out of the sky by the smoke of sacrificial fires. Others see massive battles, assassinations and the like, and a very few are shown what can best be described as a golden age. Which of these visions are true, if any, is unknown, but the Mesektet use them as guideposts in their attempts to lead the world through its long night of the soul. Those who receive such visions are granted great respect by the other Night Suns and are carefully cultivated in hopes that their prophetic dreams will continue.

PRESENT CONCERNS

Of late, the dreams and prophecies of the farsighted among the Mesektet have returned again and

again to a single vision: a titanic figure with the head of a ram and a massive club in his hand wading out of a sea of blood. The figure itself has been tentatively identified with the god Ammon, at whose shrine Alexander of Macedon was told of his divinity, but what the vision foretells is anyone's guess. The consensus, however, is that it cannot be anything good.

Of late, several expeditions have been mounted to the site of Ammon's old temple, lost beneath the sands near Tripoli, in hopes of uncovering the secret behind the burgeoning nightmares. Of the three groups who've made the journey, two have found absolutely nothing, not even the temple site.

The third, however, did find something. Reporting success at locating the temple site, they sent back a single cryptic missive that referred to "the cracked horn of the god." There has been only silence since then, but Mesektet in the region report that the Libyan military has been unusually active along the shoreline, primarily in the region where legend placed the temple of Ammon.

SAKHMU

The Sakhmu draw other Amenti to them the way the flame draws moths — helplessly. They, more than any of the other Reborn, burn brightly with the light of life, and grace infuses everything they do. It is almost impossible for them to move unobtrusively, and this inspires equal parts envy and admiration.

None of the other Amenti appreciate Creation the way the Spirit Scepters do. The Mesektet see the world as something to guide, the Kher-minu view it as something to guard, but the Sakhmu see it for itself, a work of wonder, majesty and power. They understand why the world needs to be protected from the powers of Apophis, so they can savor the real benefits of each victory. After all, they can see the beauty in a handful of dust in a way that their peers can't, and no amount of explanation will ever be able to bridge that gap.

ATTITUDES TOWARD OTHERS

Teomallki: The ing Westward has brought them to us. Clearly, this is Fate's work. Now, let us see what Fate wants us to do with them.

Wu T'ian: Their grace and courtesy are admirable. One can even forgive some of their actions as a result.





Their appreciation for all of Creation infuses the Sakhmu with a fierce resolution to defend it, from the lowliest blade of grass to the most remarkable monument. After all, the spirit of creativity flows through both, and that is what the Amenti really seek to protect from Apophis's ravages.

That's the way the Sakhmu see it, at least, and even if they can't explain it to the other dynasties, it's enough for them. And someday, they're sure, all of the other Reborn will be blessed with their vision and understanding. In the meantime, it is enough to stand fast against the storm.

BELIEFS

Ma'at flows from and through all Creation. Every ant, every drop of rain, every gust of wind is part of the cosmic balance. As such, all are worthy of respect, if not reverence, and each can teach lessons of Ma'at. Precisely what lessons can be learned from a breeze kicking along dead leaves remains open to interpretation, but that, the Sakhmu reason, is the student's responsibility to decipher. Ma'at is all around, and one needs only to open one's senses to receive its teachings.

This approach has its detractors. More cynical Amenti are fond of pointing out similarities between this conception of Ma'at and a certain mystical energy field from a series of popular movies, even adopting the voices of characters from the films when discussing the matter with Spirit Scepters. Sakhmu endure the abuse good-naturedly, however, content in the knowledge that sooner or later, their opponents will come shamefacedly around.

The Sakhmu are also extraordinarily reverent toward the Judges of Ma'at, whom they see as having granted them an extraordinary gift. The chance to perceive life the way they do now, they reason, is a blessing beyond price, and they hold the judges in the highest regard and greatest affection as a result. They cannot, however, understand why the judges didn't grant their vision to all of the other Amenti. As such, they occasionally adopt an attitude toward the judges that can be best described as "Mom liked me best," as they're quite certain that they're the judges' favorites. After all, they were blessed with the greatest gift the judges could bestow.

EXPANDED CONSCIOUSNESS

While the khu lets the Sakhmu grasp more of the world around them than do the tem-akhs of other Amenti, it's still not enough for some Spirit Scepters. They seek to heighten or alter their perceptions through a variety of methods, including fasting, self-flagella-

tion, hallucinogens and so forth. The revelations this approach produces are erratic, to say the least. Some are enlightening, some are entertaining, and some have a truly hellish effect on the Reborn attempting them. These Sakhmu suffer more than just the proverbial bad trip — they often bleed spontaneously from every orifice or try to claw out their own eyes. Whether certain approaches displease the Judges of Ma'at or other, darker forces are at work is unknown. What is known is that it takes a very long time for those who experience this horror to recover, and that none who have seen it will discuss it with those who have not.

CUSTOMS

The Spirit Scepters are fascinated with form and ritual. Moon ceremonies, harvest and planting ceremonies, birth rituals and funerals all attract the same rapt attention and devotion from the Sakhmu. They are pantheistic, adhering to the ancient ways their tem-akhs whisper of while adding the modern customs of every land they travel through, and swapping tales and observances at every opportunity.

Death, however, is a serious business to the Sakhmu. One of these reborn who kills unnecessarily, cruelly or vindictively must be ritually cleansed of the act, else her khu will be tainted. Those who find themselves repeatedly undergoing rituals of cleansing may be subjected to more stringent methods by their peers — forced confinement to contemplate a bare piece of stone, for example — but always with the ultimate good in mind.

ORGANIZATION

Sakhmu love building experimental organizations. The art of constructing a network for a specific purpose is, to them, as important as the results the group maintains. Whether it's a loose association of Spirit Scepters working as an arts council or a mixed group of Amenti assembled for purposes of exterminating a nest of Apophis's children, the construction of the group and the interplay of the group members provides as much fascination as any successes the group might achieve. As such, the organization of the Spirit Scepters tends to be fluid in the extreme, as they experiment with forms, structures and roles.

Sakhmu are also among the most mobile of the Amenti. Gluttons for new experience, they network ceaselessly among one another, and often a gaggle of a half-dozen or so will spontaneously wander off on a venture to Peru or Vienna. Certain cities — New York, Brasilia, Oslo and Asmara, for example — are home to





PURIFICATION

The Sakhmu rite of purification is not for the faint of heart. As the Amenti emerge into the Third Life with all of their sins scrubbed clean, ritual rebirth is what the Spirit Scepters choose to wipe away the mistakes they make in the Third Life. A Spirit Scepter being purified is wrapped in a shroud of plain linen, then buried alive. The unfortunate soul making atonement must wait until morning (signified by the pounding of a staff on the earth over the buried body by the leader of the ritual). Then and only then may he claw his way back up into the light, symbolically reborn without any stain on his soul from any acts committed before he was given to the earth.

the most respected among the Sakhmu, and pilgrimages there as well as to the Web of Faith are considered de rigueur for any traveling Spirit Scepter. These cities are also clearinghouses of gossip and information, which is another reason for the Sakhmu — or indeed, any Amenti — to drop in and keep their ears open.

THE SHEMSU-HERU

The ranks of the Shemsu-heru are filled with the Spirit Scepters. They are the sect's best and most effective teachers, and their labors are appreciated. Many are based at the great encampment at Edfu, welcoming newcomers and instructing acolytes in the proper worship of Horus and Osiris. Others travel for the sect, actively recruiting and proselytizing.

This does not disturb the Sakhmu outside the group. After all, it's a way for their brethren to experience Creation and just maybe, it will bring others closer to the dynasty's vision of Ma'at. A friendly détente, therefore, exists between those Sakhmu who serve Horus and those who don't. The two often collaborate extensively, to mutual benefit.

ESET-A

Few Sakhmu work with the Eset-a, though they have a certain appreciation for the attempt to re-weave Osiris's pattern of existence. Ultimately, the Spirit Scepters neither hinder nor assist the Eset-a. Seeking the bones of a dead god is a labor best left to others. They're more concerned with the living.

THE CULT OF ISIS

Few Amenti do better at welcoming their new peers into the Third Life than do the Sakhmu. They are welcoming, gentle presences, and their irresistible charisma can do much to soothe the fears and confusion of newly Reborn souls. As such, the Spirit Scepters are numerous within the Cult's ranks, and they are often the first other Amenti a newly resurrected mummy spirit sees.

WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH

The Sakhmu bear the burden of their Liability with a smile, though that smile can grow a bit forced on occasion. Ultimately, the Spirit Scepters view their strength and weakness as two sides of the same coin. It is true that if their souls did not shine so brightly, they would not stand out so. Not a one of them, however, would be willing to accept the mediocrity that would come from rejecting the root cause of that curse — the sheer strength of their spirits. And so the Sakhmu balance the good against the bad and find the tilt of the scales to be an agreeable one.

WEAKNESS

A Sakhmu's soul shines brightly among the dim lights of both mortals and her peers. She is vibrant, magnetic and compelling. As such, she cannot hide. While the pervasive charisma afforded to the Spirit Scepters is certainly helpful to those few who seek the limelight, the rest often find reason to curse their prominence.

The curse manifests itself in a number of ways, from the annoying to the potentially deadly. A Sakhmu in a bar will inevitably attract every sad sack and lost soul, all desperate for her time, her sympathy and her thoughts on their sad stories. A Spirit Scepter at a club will be hit on by everyone on the prowl in the vicinity (and a few who otherwise wouldn't be). A Sakhmu caught in the middle of a firefight is going to be the obvious target for everyone on the other side. So it goes, with even the most innocent interactions warping the social fabric around them. The effects in combat or otherwise dangerous situations are even more emphatic.

STRENGTH

The Sakhmu may attract notice for everything they do, but the flip side of that is that everything they do, they do extremely well. The khu lends its touch to their awareness of the world around them, letting them sense the ebb and flow of spirits and energies in a subtle yet revealing fashion. Just as it's difficult for a Spirit Scepter to sneak up on someone, so too is it difficult for





THAT FACE

Pity the poor Spirit Scepter trying his hand at breaking and entering for the sake of retrieving an artifact. He *will* attract witnesses, alarms *will* go off, and a squad car *will* somehow manage to be cruising the neighborhood at just the wrong moment. Even if he escapes, his face will stick in the memory, and when the wanted posters go up or the police sketch artist renditions are shown on TV, someone will remember seeing him.

When you create ripples everywhere you go, the entire lake notices. Such is the curse of the Sakhmu.

anyone to surprise a Sakhmu. After all, she can feel her would-be assailant's presence in the very web of life around her. This awareness also lends itself to the search for artifacts and amulets and to the quest for places of power. Intimately aware of how the cosmos fits into place around her, the Sakhmu is in tune with

those places where Creation's best handiwork is manifest.

Of course, the Spirit Scepters also do everything they can to add to that litany, and the khu aids them in this endeavor. Anything the Sakhmu's hands touch bears the mark of inspiration, and the fruits of their labors stand out as much as they themselves do. This does provide a unique way for the Spirit Scepters to communicate. They can recognize the signature of one another's handiwork, and a simple clay bowl can carry messages from one to another without anyone being the wiser.

THE STALKING HORSE

It is difficult for a Spirit Scepter to hide her light under a bushel in any circumstance, but certain canny strategists within the dynasty have started using that to their advantage. The fact that it is so hard for them to blend in makes them obvious targets, and their natural tendency to excel raises their profile even further. As a result, the Children of Apophis are constantly on the lookout for unwary Spirit Scepters who let their profiles get a bit *too* high. As a means of entrapping these would-be hunters, some of the braver Sakhmu have volunteered

to serve as stalking horses. They are encouraged to excel, to become public





figures and to be less than subtle about their origins to those who know what to look for. In so many words, they are laboring to make themselves perfect targets, trusting that their own skills and those of their allies will serve when Apophis's servants make their inevitable play.

PRESENT CONCERNS

The Sakhmu are the most optimistic of all the Amenti, but even they have their issues. Of particular concern is the fact that someone — or something — seems to be targeting Spirit Scepters who travel alone. Half a dozen disappearances of late have all come about under suspiciously similar circumstances, albeit in sites scattered across the globe. Slowly, however, it is dawning on the Sakhmu that they are being hunted.

The Spirit Scepters' response is predictably diverse. Most have stopped traveling alone, banding together with others of their kind or gathering bodyguards around them for any serious travel. Others have determined that the best thing to do is to try to catch this mysterious assailant, and they tempt fate by placing themselves on the line as human bait. Thus far, several of these would-be hunters have vanished as well, which simply steels the resolve of the others.

The Sakhmu have not discussed this matter outside the dynasty. To do so would be to admit weakness to the other Amenti, and that is something the Spirit Scepters will not do. Instead, they pool their resources, keep a wary eye out and hope that skill and strength will be enough to overcome whatever pursues them.

SEFEKHI

The Sefekhi are hunters. They are avengers. They are warriors. And they are most emphatically not *nice*.

No one really *likes* the Unbandaged Ones, but almost everyone fears and respects them. They are single-minded, bloody and resolute. With no patience for fools, they do not suffer the foibles of their fellow Amenti lightly. If it becomes necessary, they have no qualms about removing another Reborn for the greater good. If called upon to cull their own kind, they will do so mercilessly and with neither love nor pity. After all, their duty is to the balance, and that duty is all. Sometimes a cure involves excising the diseased portion of the body, and often healthy flesh must suffer the touch of the scalpel for the whole body to be healed. The Sefekhi are that scalpel, and their touch brings necessary pain.

ATTITUDES TOWARD OTHERS

Teomallki: Men of mud and smoke? They are weak. If these are the allies sent to us by Osiris, he'd do better to send nothing at all.

Wu T'ian: They stay out of our way. I approve of this immensely.

This bothers the Unbandaged Ones not a whit. They know their duties and take grim satisfaction in carrying them out. Let the Scroll-bearers or the Spirit Scepters worry about the morality of sacrifice while cities burn around them. The Sefekhi are well aware of what is expected of them, and nothing will stay their hands.

That, in large part, is why they make the other Amenti so very nervous.

BELIEFS

Ma'at, to the Unbandaged Ones, is a simple ledger. Sins are tallied on one side, acts of atonement and righteousness on the other. One does one's best to make sure that the ledger is balanced through one's deeds. One's words, on the other hand, affect it hardly at all. As such, the Sefekhi talk little and like listening less. After a dozen words from a Sakhmu, a Sefekhi's eyes glaze over. While it's not a hard-and-fast rule, one can generally anticipate how much or how little an Unbandaged One is going to like someone based on how much or how little that individual talks. The more taciturn she is, the better a reception she is likely to get.

Fortunately or unfortunately, most Sefekhi committed more than enough sins during their twin lifetimes to have incurred what can only be called a considerable karmic debt. This keeps them on the side of the angels during the Third Life, as they rack up good deed after good deed in hopes of evening their slates. Indeed, many come to believe that they can never adequately make amends for the crimes they have committed in years or centuries past and fall into a sort of single-minded despair.

Accordingly, the Unbandaged Ones' view of the Judges of Ma'at is correspondingly strict and harsh. To the Sefekhi, they are the stern parents and executioners who will find all but the select few wanting, and who will send the unworthy ones screaming into the dark. It is against this image of the judges' expectations that the Sefekhi measure themselves, and it is because of this



DOING BAD THINGS

The Sefekhi concept of Ma'at sometimes necessitates that they do very bad things. After all, being unbalanced toward the light takes one just as far off the path of Ma'at as being unbalanced too far toward the darkness. Certain of the more advanced thinkers among the Unbanded Ones postulate that Ma'at belongs to the universe as a whole, which means that the Sefekhi have an obligation to redress others' crimes. The majority of the Sefekhi, however, dismiss such logic as mere sophistry. Instead, at some points in their careers, they feel the urge to balance their personal ledgers with acts designed to keep even the most noble do-gooder's Ma'at on an even keel.

And so, a Sefekhi does something awful on occasion. What a particular Reborn does to restore his balance is ultimately up to him, but most prefer one heinous act to smaller, banal gestures. As to whether one would go as far as murder, there's no proof one way or another, but some would certainly not put it past them.

that they drive themselves so relentlessly. The greatest triumphs are no more than what is expected, while the slightest misstep is cause for endless self-recrimination.

CUSTOMS

The most beloved custom among the Unbanded Ones is the hunt. While they prefer to stalk their prey alone, they'll occasionally seek out others of their kind to join in the pursuit. These are silent, deadly affairs, conducted through city streets or desolate landscapes. There's little conversation between the participants, but little is needed. Each knows the prey and his crime, and each is content to be sharing the hunt with his fellows. It is also customary that when the Sefekhi finally bring the prey — usually a Child of Apophis or one in Apophis's service — to heel, each hunter takes a trophy of the chase away with him. The one who strikes the killing blow can choose his memento, while others are assigned according to the deeds committed during the chase. Sometimes the gifts can lead to blows being exchanged among the Amenti themselves, as certain "rewards" can be seen as insults. Any Sefekhi who is given flesh from the back of a downed foe, for example, as a trophy is being gravely insulted.

It is rare, but not unheard of, for non-Sefekhi to join the Unbanded Ones when they hunt. Any other Amenti who can run with the Sefekhi earns their respect, and this can be worth a great deal in a tight spot. Those who fall by the wayside or hinder the hunt are scorned, and word of their failure spreads rapidly.

Less beloved, but more obvious, is the ritual scarification of the Sefekhi, as a means of restraining the khaibit's influence. Many Unbanded Ones continue the process of self-scarification throughout their existence, carving pictographs of their experiences into their skin or marking themselves with patterns whose significance is known only to themselves. Often, Sefekhi who feel a particular bond carve the same marking onto their skin, making the link between them permanent. Sharing a ritual scarification is perhaps the most emphatic gesture of loyalty a Sefekhi can make, and one's partner in this ritual is considered closer than a lover or a sibling.

No two Sefekhi share precisely the same scarification, and the more famous among them can be instantly recognized by the patterns of scars they bear.

ORGANIZATION

Sefekhi prefer to work solo. This fact is well known, and this preference doesn't bother the other Amenti one bit.

A GRUESOME COLLECTION

Most Sefekhi have trophy collections somewhere in their homes. It is very important, especially to young Unbanded Ones, to keep the mementos of their deeds. Doing so helps them establish themselves in the pecking order of their dynasty, as well as serving as a reminder of what they have accomplished thus far. Furthermore, a Sefekhi who throws away the trophy he was awarded runs the risk of deeply offending the Reborn who awarded it. Duels to the death have been fought over precisely this issue, with the disposition of a particularly choice trophy being a major bone of contention on more than one occasion.

It is very rare for a Sefekhi to show her trophies of the hunt to anyone outside the dynasty. They are generally kept hidden, and the only visitors who see them are other Unbanded Ones paying their respects to fallen foes and still-living allies.



Supernatural though they may be, the other Reborn are still not immune to either the aura of fear that the Unbandaged Ones generate or their explosive tempers.

Relationships between Sefekhi are always set up on an individual basis. Two Unbandaged Ones meet, and what follows is a quasi-formal dance as dominance is determined. Trophies of the hunt are discussed, mutual acquaintances (and the relationships thereof) are hauled out for examination, and a pecking order is ultimately created. Further interaction flows from this power dynamic, with a minimum of jockeying for status or position. Sefekhi who get uppity about not getting respect they haven't earned tend to get put in their place sharply by their elders and betters, and repeat lessons of this sort are almost never necessary.

THE SHEMSU-HERU

Horus the Avenger is near and dear to the Sefekhi's hearts. His pursuit of Set to avenge his father's death is something they admire. As such, many of them devote themselves to his cause. They spend little time at the camp at Edfu, preferring to work toward Horus's ends in the fields, but there are always several lurking throughout the encampment to ensure its safety. Some take a rather pro-active approach to security, and more than one curious onlooker has been known to suddenly disappear from the distance when the Sefekhi were on watch duty.

THE ESET-A

A few Sefekhi have pledged themselves to this faction, although they are hunters and seekers rather than guardians of known sites. Often an Unbandaged One will be assigned as a bodyguard to another member of the sect, one who might be on the trail of something potentially dangerous. Whether the other Eset-a knows about his protector is another matter. On more than one occasion, an Unbandaged One has swooped to the rescue of a very surprised and possibly resentful ally.

WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH

Unlike the other Amenti, the Sefekhi don't fret about their weakness. Instead, they revel in it, at least publicly. The fierce isolation that the khaibit leaves them with is, in the end, exactly what they crave. And even if that is not the case initially, it becomes so sooner or later.

WEAKNESS

The presence of the lion always makes the antelope herd uncomfortable. Even if it's sated, even if the herd animals know that the lion will not hunt, its mere proximity is enough to spook them. A single gesture can spark a stampede.

Thus it is with the Sefekhi. The smoldering presence of the khaibit is impossible to disguise. Here, it says, is a predator. Deal with it.





HARASSING THE UDJA-SEN

The Sefekhi have no love for the Judged Ones, and if given a chance, they make the Third Life hell for one of these unfortunates. They consider the Udja-sen unworthy of Rebirth, and are intent on proving this point at every opportunity. While it's rare for a Sefekhi to simply lay into an Udja-sen, they think nothing of provoking one of the Judged Ones, then administering an emphatic beating when the Udja-sen flies off the handle. This, they say, is proof positive that the Judged Ones are wastes of Lifeforce.

It is only the very rare Udja-sen who can gain any measure of respect from the Unbandaged Ones. One who stoically absorbs the abuse, does his work and shows his worthiness just might get some admiration from the Sefekhi. Whipping an Unbandaged One in a fight can help, too, but isn't necessary. Sometimes, once the other respect has been earned, the willingness to try is enough.

Most others — Amenti and humans alike — can't. The Unbandaged Ones are terrifying. Even those they wish to get close to cannot overcome their unreasoning fear of what the khaibit might do next. Even those who can muster the mental fortitude to remain in a Sefekhi's presence for extended periods of time feel their nerves slowly scraped raw, until every gesture seems fraught with meaning and every noise rings loud as a gunshot.

The terror the Sefekhi inspires hurts them in other ways as well. Witnesses and contacts think better of coming forward if they sense the Sefekhi near. Bullies and bravos pick fights to overcome their sudden fear. Allies are hard to come by and harder to retain. No matter how hard he tries, the Unbandaged One sooner or later finds himself alone. Every attempt at contact is rebuffed, every human resource is pulled away. The only thing that is left to him is himself. And should anyone be brave and foolish enough to attempt to become close to a Sefekhi, the residual suspicion and anger from what has gone before will inevitably be turned upon them.

STRENGTH

With the single-minded ferocity that the khaibit instills comes the ability to put that single-mindedness to work. The Sefekhi can endure unbelievable amounts

of pain should the situation demand, and woe betide anyone who thinks he has dropped an Unbandaged One with a single shot.

Ultimately, the secret of the Unbandaged Ones' success is that they simply will not stop. Shoot them, stab them, burn them — it matters not. They will keep coming until they catch you, or until they have been destroyed. It doesn't matter how badly they have been wounded — there are tales of Sefekhi with all of the flesh burned from their arms still pressing onward toward an enemy. They will keep going.

Such displays tend to unnerve most enemies. With the reserves of strength at the Unbandaged Ones' disposal, it's not surprising to see those who've just emptied a clip into a Sefekhi's belly run in panic once they see that he's still coming for them. The sheer determination and presence of the Sefekhi do as much for them in this situation as their Hekau.

PRESENT CONCERNS

Increasingly, the Sefekhi feel separated from the other Amenti. The others cannot help but look on them with fear and suspicion, and the Unbandaged Ones are beginning to return the favor. What effect this attitude will have on such groups as the Shemsu-heru is unknown, but at a time when the Amenti need to stand

A FEARSOME WRATH

The Sefekhi are notoriously short-tempered, and with good reason. The relentless urges of the khaibit do not lend themselves to small talk or discussions over tea. Rather, the tem-akh wants swift, decisive action, and it wants it *now*. Any hindrance, any perceived insult, any attempt to thwart the khaibit in its desires can trigger an explosion of rage. And when two Unbandaged Ones go at it, the results can be explosive. A single careless word can spark a deadly enmity that will last centuries.

In some cases, the blind rage that overtakes a Sefekhi can be murderously destructive. While the Unbandaged Ones are generally apologetic once the fury passes, the apology comes too late for some of their debate partners.





together more than ever, the very nature of the Sefekhi is pulling them apart.

Tentatively, some of the less temperamental Unbanded Ones have made a concerted effort to reach out through the Shemsu-heru, but these attempts have not gone well. One might almost suspect that the khaibits of these Amenti do not *want* the Sefekhi to stand with their fellow Reborn.

UDJA-SEN

The Udja-sen are, in a word, broken. Their souls are unworthy, their tem-akhs are tattered, and their place between life and death is uncertain at best. Compounding the situation is the fact that the Judged Ones are aware of their tenuous place in the grand scheme of things. Unsure as to why they have been brought back, not to mention what awaits them once they die again, the Udja-sen are essentially cast adrift by the Judges of Ma'at. Without the guidance of a potent tem-akh or a clear mission in their new life, they are set free to find their own path to Ma'at, and the only promise that is made to them is that the road will be long and difficult.

That being said, the Udja-sen do have a blessing in the midst of their curse. They, alone among the Amenti, can heed the pull of the new without constantly checking it against the demands of the old. Bound only loosely to the Web of Faith, they can walk the wider world in ways their peers and elders cannot. Slowly, the oldest among them are beginning to recognize this, but it's a hard thing to see in the midst of the pain and confusion that is a Judged One's lot. Those who endure to see the opportunity they have been given may yet prove to be the best weapon the Amenti have against Apophis, but, alas, so many fall along the way.

And some of those who fall jump... or are pushed.

BELIEFS

The Udja-sen believe in everything and nothing. Having come face-to-face with the impossible, they

have no means of explaining it. As such, they regard the Judges of Ma'at with a combination of fear, awe and resentment. Many honestly believe that they would be happier dead. Uncomfortable with the tem-akh's unthinking urge toward life, they pin the blame for their predicament on the judges, whom they see as being responsible for their awkward, unwanted state.

Mixed with that anger, however, is a healthy dose of respect and fear. While a damaged tem-akh cannot tell a Judged One exactly what the judges are, it can instill something of the appropriate reverence in the Udja-sen. That, mixed with the display of raw power on the judges' part that essentially creates the Judged One, does much to tinge the Udja-sen's image of their tribunal with darkness and terror.

Therefore, the Judged Ones spend a fair bit of time taking one of two approaches to the thorny issue of the judges. Either they obsess over what precisely the judges are and why they're so interested in such humble souls, or they resolutely avoid thinking about the matter entirely.

As such, theological debates among Udja-sen are lively (sometimes to the point of furniture getting broken in the process), spiced by each Amenti's recollections and the shredded inheritance provided by their tem-akhs. A thousand theories over what the judges are and what they're really up to (the debates do tend toward the paranoid on occasion) are passed around, examined and discarded as the Udja-sen search for the truth behind their mystifying new existence.

One thing that most of the Judged Ones are firmly united in, however, is the desire not to ever meet the Judges of Ma'at again any sooner than necessary. They are well aware that the judges want something from them, but they're not exactly sure what it is, and they're reasonably certain they haven't found it yet. Ma'at remains a dim light, an elusive goal that only reveals itself with time and experience, and many of the Udja-sen burn out far too quickly ever to know its nature.

CUSTOMS

Udja-sen have the disadvantage of having the memories of their tem-akhs stripped away from them. They do not remember the rites and rituals of ancient Egypt, save as confused dreams and broken memories. Instead, each Judged One cobbles together what he can as best as he can from the shards remaining to him.

As a result, each band of Judged Ones has its own, unique set of customs, which are jury-rigged from the various tem-akh recollections available to them and set

ATTITUDES TOWARD OTHERS

Teomallki: What the hell are those things? What's been done to us is bad enough, but they *really* got a raw deal.

Wu T'ian: I thought they had stone soldiers, not mummies. You've got to be pulling my leg here.





in a matrix of modern observance. It doesn't matter to the Udja-sen if those memories belong together. The fact that they're old lends them significance. And so, the customs of the Udja-sen are a hodge-podge of ancient and new, often mixed in with what they take to be "genuine Egyptian ritual" by way of the local New Age bookshop.

All that aside, the various bands of Judged Ones do tend toward initiation and loyalty rituals that can be strangely moving. At times, it almost seems that the Judges of Ma'at smile on these endeavors, as halting and abrupt as they might be.

BROKEN FAITH

Often, the Udja-sen's efforts at rituals are shot through with fragments of the old rites, as their modern minds attempt to find meaning in a jumble of disconnected hand-me-downs. This patchwork recollection results in a bizarre mixture of the ancient and the ad-libbed, as each Udja-sen tries to place her fragmentary memories in a context meaningful to her. Other Amenti's reactions to this kludging of old and new runs the gamut, from compassion to hilarity to anger over the unintentional desecration of the old ways. On more than one occasion, particularly traditionalist Unbandaged Ones have forcibly interrupted Udja-sen rites, decrying them as foulest blasphemy and desecration.

Needless to say, this sort of thing does *not* help smooth relations between the various dynasties.

ORGANIZATION

More than any other of the dynasties of Amenti, the Udja-sen band together with their own kind. As each is wounded in some way, he seeks the company of his fellows for protection, and in hopes of finding understanding. Healing is too much to ask for. It is enough that there are others like the Udja-sen who understand his pain exactly and can soothe it — when he is not busy soothing theirs.

Bands of Judged Ones tend to be very tight-knit, with an "us against the world" attitude that serves to tie the members together. Picking a fight with any of them is picking a fight with all of them, and they tend to be very prickly about real or imagined insults. This goes double for dealings with most of the other Amenti, with the notable exception of the Khri-habi. In the rest of the Reborn, however, the Judged Ones detect an un-subtle whiff of condescension — or worse, pity — that raises their hackles. Ultimately, bands of Judged Ones feel they can rely on no one but themselves.

THE JIGSAW OF THE SOUL

Any fragment of the soul can be used to create a Judged One, so it is not necessarily surprising that when a band of Udja-sen come together, they tend to have one of each kind of tem-akh. Other Amenti are fascinated, and not a little disturbed, by this, and theories for the situation abound. Perhaps this is those broken souls' way of trying to seek unity, or perhaps it is simply a way of bringing complementary talents together for the sake of all.

And maybe, just maybe, it is a way for the Judges of Ma'at to demonstrate subtly to the other dynasties that their place is together, for divided they will surely fall.

On the other hand, relations between various bands of Udja-sen are not always cordial. As tight-knit as the bonds between a band of Judged Ones can be, they don't leave much room for co-operation with outsiders. Groups of Udja-sen who bump into each other tend to react warily, each wondering if the other has some knowledge, some advantage that was bestowed unfairly.

When the chips are down, however, the Judged Ones stick together. They find each other in bars, in support groups or online, and they stick together once they make contact. Taking on one Udja-sen means taking on his entire social circle, and possibly any other friends he's got as well. "He's a bastard, but he's our bastard" is the prevailing ethos, and it is one that is not set aside lightly.

THE SHEMSU-HERU

In general, the Udja-sen have little use for the Shemsu-heru. They feel unwelcome in its ranks, convinced that every eye cast on them is an unfriendly one. After all, they're not really Amenti, or so goes the insinuation from some of the more overzealous of Horus's followers. Those of the Judged Ones who do cling to the cult do so as outrunners, doing Horus's work in lands far removed from Egypt. Even these, however, tend to stay far from the Web of Faith, content to do their labors from afar and journey to their spiritual home only when circumstances demand it.

THE ESET-A

The Eset-a seek the resting places of Osiris's cadaver. The Udja-sen prefer poking around away from





most of the other Amenti. The match is a good one. Judged Ones do excellent work scouting sites where other Amenti have trouble going, establishing what are essentially base camps and following leads that are too tenuous for members of the other dynasties to dare. Although they are far from the core of the group, they do feel a part of it, one that is very much established on their own terms.

WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH

If the natural limitations of being Udja-sen were not enough, the Judges of Ma'at have thrown an additional obstacle onto the Judged Ones' path to Ma'at. For the Judged Ones, it is alluringly easy — almost addictive — to use Lifeforce, and yet every use runs the risk of destroying them. Refraining from the use of Lifeforce, however, is a path to destruction as well, as the Amenti who cannot call upon Lifeforce is easy prey for the minions of Apophis. And so the Judged Ones struggle between the two extremes, doing their best to use the power at their disposal sagely. It is a difficult balance to keep, but the Udja-sen have tremendous incentive to succeed at doing so. Failure means destruction, and even worse, another trip to face the Judges of Ma'at. With that prospect looming, balancing one's use of Lifeforce carefully becomes a much more appealing prospect.

WEAKNESS

Lifeforce is the servant of the balanced soul. An Udja-sen, with a flawed *nehem-sen* and a tattered *tem-akh*, are anything but balanced. As such, the Judged Ones are not perfectly calibrated to use Lifeforce. As a result of their imperfect creation, the use of Lifeforce burns them. Each use exacts a price, one which the Udja-sen pays willingly. Should the Judged One ever refuse to pay that price, his powers will abandon him, at least until such time as he comes to terms once again with the bargain he must make. The pain inflicted by the use of Lifeforce is a sacrifice, made voluntarily in the name of the greater good.

The pain of Lifeforce has been described by different Udja-sen in different ways. To some, it is fire. To others, it is a tearing pain or bitter cold. The marks of this pain manifest themselves on the unfortunate Amenti. Burns, lacerations, bruises and more are all common. None are crippling in and of themselves, but upon repeated use they slow, weaken and potentially drag down the one who bears them. No correlation has yet been found between the manifestation of the marks and any other factor, be it the *tem-akh* of the mummy

TACTICS

Every use of Lifeforce wears an Udja-sen down. Those who war against them know this. As such, they use tactics of feints and misdirection against the Judged Ones, making them waste their strength against shadows until such time as they are weakened beyond effectiveness. More than one over-aggressive Judged One has been lured to her doom by a mix of illusion and dare. As the Udja-sen wears herself out in fruitless efforts, her enemies wait until she can carry on no longer.

Then, and only then, do they move in for the kill.

or the Hekau being used. Instead, it seems tied to the mind and expectations of the Udja-sen herself.

It is rumored that as an Udja-sen grows older and more attuned to Ma'at, the effects of this curse lessen in severity. There's been no confirmation of this rumor from any impartial observers, however, and if the Udja-sen themselves know about it, they're not talking.

STRENGTH

Although the Udja-sen might not be built to handle Lifeforce, it nonetheless has an undeniable affinity for them. No matter where they go, no matter what their circumstance, the power flows into them unbidden. The more balanced the Judged One is, the more easily the Lifeforce comes. This affinity gives them remarkable reserves of power and grants them the capability for efforts that can astonish other Amenti. More than one Udja-sen in dire circumstances has reached out for this extra power and been capable of last-ditch efforts that staved off disaster as a result.

More interesting is the fact that the Udja-sen can bestow Lifeforce on other Amenti. This is not a power they use lightly, as they suffer from even this light touch of the power, and there are few other Reborn whom the Udja-sen feel willing to assist in this way. An act of sacrifice of this sort can have a salutary effect on other Amenti, however. The visible impact of this gift can do much to convince the Reborn that the Udja-sen do in fact have a place of honor in their ranks.

OR PERHAPS...

It has been suggested by more than one Reborn philosopher that the Judged Ones are an experiment by the Judges of Ma'at, an attempt to see if these damaged





souls can find their way to true balance. If so, then there is hope for the innumerable tem-akhs left tattered by the great storm of the underworld, who can now be gathered and gently fused with devastated mortal souls in hopes of healing both — and lending forces to the fight against Apophis. Furthermore, the Udja-sen are not bound by many of the constraints upon the other Amenti. They can bring the struggle for Ma'at into new lands, serve as ambassadors to other immortals, and open doors to the rest of the world for Osiris's heirs.

Such is the optimists' view. The pessimists, however, look upon the Udja-sen's sudden emergence with suspicion. These half-Amenti, they claim, are weak. While they are close to the flow of Lifeorce, to make use of it burns them. They are designed for quick conflicts, not endurance. The longer they are forced to hold their hands to Lifeorce's flame, the more it devours them.

In short, the pessimists say, they make perfect shock troops. They are cannon fodder, bodies to hurl against the enemy in the front line so that the "true" Amenti don't have to bear the brunt of their foe's resources.

And if this is the case, they reason, why bother getting to know — or care about — the grunts? After all, they're doomed, and getting too involved can only drag others down with them.

PRESENT CONCERNS

It is safer to ask what the Udja-sen are not concerned about. They don't know who they are, why they've been brought back from the dead or what their mission in this new life is. They don't know who their allies are, who their enemies might be or how best they can use their Hekau to combat them. Lifeorce damages them and the other Amenti turn away. If they can get over that hurdle, then there are the issues of Ma'at and the inevitable return engagement with the judges thereof, but mostly the Udja-sen are concerned with surviving long enough to figure out what the hell they've gotten themselves into. Unfortunately, some cannot take the pressure, and they fling themselves into suicidal behaviors, welcoming failure and destruction at the hands of the judges. Avoiding this fate would seem to be enough labor for one newly immortal lifetime. To burden it additionally with the fight against Apophis almost seems unfair.

On a more immediate level, the Udja-sen have issues of prejudice from the other Amenti to worry about. Looked down upon, patronized and sneered at, they find no companionship with the other Reborn. This makes

their existence doubly difficult, isolating them from those who could and should be helping them. The feeling of alienation the other Amenti tend to instill in the Udja-sen also makes them vulnerable to the depredations of agents of Apophis, who play on their feelings of isolation and loneliness in hopes of "turning" them against Osiris. Sadly, more than a few Judged Ones have been seduced to Apophis's service, and their treachery has been extremely damaging. As a result, the other Amenti wonder openly how many more of the Judged Ones are in fact on Apophis's payroll, and they regard all Udja-sen with increasing suspicion. This mistrust simply serves to drive more of them into the enemy's arms, and so the cycle perpetuates.

FACTIONS

While it might serve the war against Apophis best if the Amenti all marched in lockstep, such is sadly not the case. Although they might fervently hope they're above it all, even the most dedicated Reborn find themselves splitting into factions, working with others who share their philosophies and interests, and most troubling of all, playing politics.

The two best-known and most reputable factions of the Reborn are the Shemsu-heru and the Eset-a. Both are reputable within Reborn society, the former more so than the latter because of Horus's patronage. Still, both societies function in the open, at least among the Amenti. This is not the case, however, for some of the smaller, younger and less reputable factions of Resurrected. Some of these groups have admirable goals. Others skirt the boundaries of what might be considered appropriate behavior. All, however, draw from the entire spectrum of Amenti.

THE OPENERS OF THE GATE

No war can be won without soldiers, and the war against Apophis is no exception. As mighty as the Reborn can become, they remain scarce. Few souls survived the destruction of the City of Sand — fewer found modern souls to merge with. The enemies of the Reborn lurk along the route of the hajj, picking off stragglers and unwary travelers. With all of these perils to be faced before the fight begins in earnest, it is no wonder that the Reborn's numbers are low.

The Openers of the Gate are acutely aware of the inevitable calculus of their position. They hear the wailing of the survivors of the Dja-akh, wandering lost in the storm, and they curse the fate that denies them allies. They see feckless souls around them every day, and they feel keenly the sheer waste of it all.



JOINING UP

Many of the new factions among the Amenti are short-lived. The Reborn themselves are still young for the most part, desperately trying to balance the two halves of their soul and adjust to their new existences. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that fervor for a particular cause or approach to the war on Apophis can sweep through the population, rallying dozens of Amenti to a given banner. In many cases, the enthusiasm for the cause wanes quickly, worn down by the tem-akh's ancient perspective and the simple fact that the vast majority of these causes are too simple-minded to be sustained.

A few endure, however. Those that do so recruit quietly, tend to their labors and patiently await the day when the fruits of their work are made available to all the Reborn.

What the Openers are dedicated to, then, is an evening of the odds and an end to the waste. Determined to swell the ranks of the Reborn, they have embarked on a dangerous quest, one that might cause a tremendous schism among the Amenti if it were discovered. Dissatisfied with the rate at which their ranks are filled, the Reborn of this faction have taken to identifying likely candidates for resurrection, evaluating them and then harvesting them at the appropriate moment. Others within the faction lure fading and lost tem-akhs to their potential nehem-sens.

REFUSAL

Not every tem-akh approached by the Openers agrees to their bargain. Some choose dissolution rather than joining with a nehem-sen selected in this way, as they see themselves as complicit in what amounts to a murder. Others turn back into the storm to seek their own nehem-sens, disgusted by the choice.

These potential Reborn create something of a problem for the Openers of the Gate. After all, their work is secret, and despite their confidence that they are serving the needs of Ma'at, many of them fear being found out. All it would take would be one Reborn who achieved Resurrection and then decried their labors, and it would all come crashing down.

And so, to protect what they see as the greater good, some of the Openers of the Gate have begun to ponder the unthinkable. Surely gently ending the existence of one Reborn to protect the potential existence of hundreds of others...

ORGANIZATION

The leaders of the Openers of the Gate are Unbandaged Ones, while the bulk of the sect's members are Udja-sen. Impatient with themselves, their role and their position, they see nothing unnatural about acting as midwives to the Rebirths of others. In this case, the low esteem in which the Judged Ones are held works to the sect's advantage, as they are not necessarily watched closely or considered capable of such things.

Widespread like almost any other network of Reborn, the Openers of the Gate ultimately take their orders from a mummy calling himself The Hand Upon the Door. Rarely seen, The Hand seems to be familiar with every member of the organization, not to mention their secrets, weaknesses and ambitions. He also hints that what he does he does with the full approval of Horus himself, though the son of Osiris cannot reveal his support for the faction just yet. Whether this is true or not is unknown, but those who comprise the ranks of the Openers of the Gate certainly believe it.

Recently, many of the leaders of the Openers of the Gate were summoned, one at a time, to Djeba. What they said or did there was not known, but many were visibly pale-faced and fearful upon their departure. Several disappeared. Of them, nothing more was heard save strange reports picked up by a scholar of the Unbound Scroll in conversation with a member of the White Lotus Society. The Wu T'ian spoke of strange interlopers walking through the Thousand Hells, ones whose description the scholar recognized.

Thus far, he's said nothing of this to anyone outside the Unbound Scroll, a decision which just might be very wise indeed.

THE UNBOUND SCROLL

The Reborn who comprise the Unbound Scroll are excellent students of history. They know the story of their kind, from the earliest days to the present, and they are aware of the many failings, lapses and weaknesses. Studying these failures, they have become convinced that the fault lies in their essential nature. They have simply not been gifted with enough weapons to combat the foes of Osiris

properly. As a result, it behooves them to seek out new disciplines of thought and schools of power that they might use in the battle against Apophis.

In practical terms, doing so calls for an aggressive and extensive program of outreach to other supernatural entities who might serve as allies — or at least consent to share knowledge. Unsurprisingly, the vast majority of their dealings are with the Teomallki and Wu T'ian, though they search for the Ishmaelites and the remaining Cabiri with great fervor.

DEALINGS WITH WU T'IAN

Contact with the Wu T'ian is done mainly in the form of embassies of visiting scholars. Intense negotiations generally preface these visits, and entire parties can be rejected because of some minuscule slight committed by one of the candidates. At that point, the negotiations start all over again.

Contacts with the Wu T'ian are notoriously fragile and extremely formal. They are established slowly and tentatively, and usually on the Wu T'ian's terms — at least at first. The playing field can become more level, but only after a prolonged period.

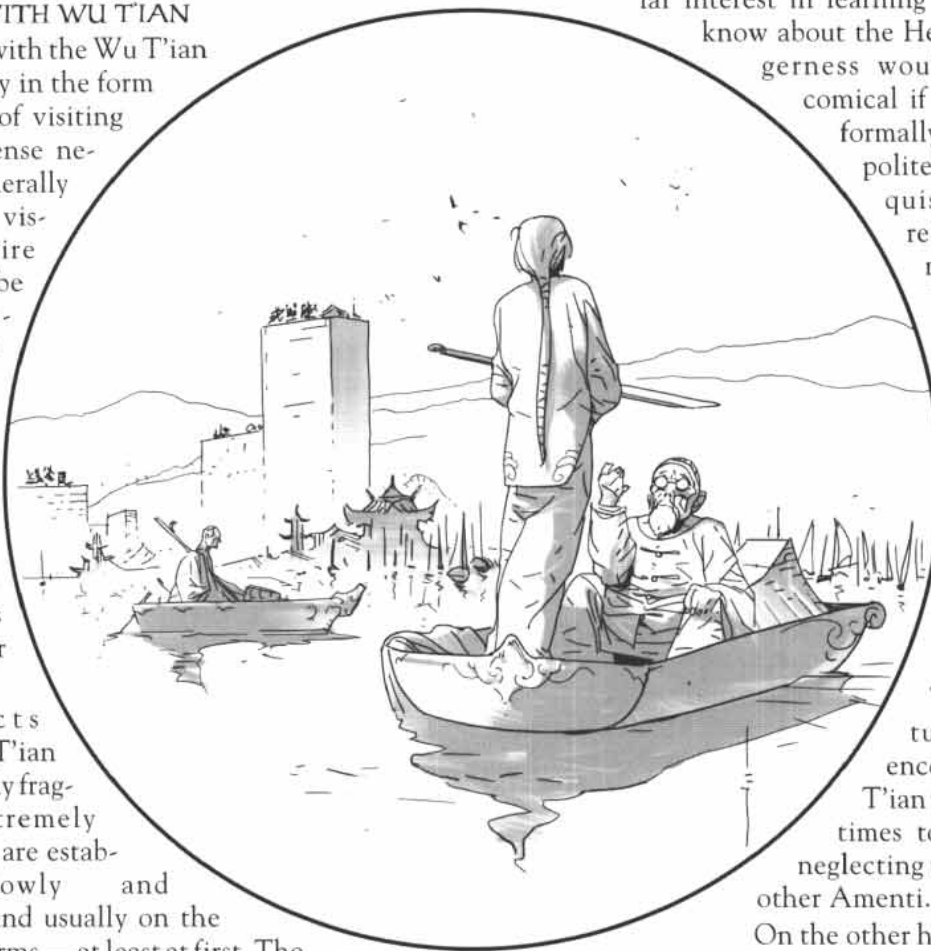
Once they have been accepted, though, embassies are bundled down with gifts. The ritual exchange of these presents is the first thing that takes place when an embassy of Amenti arrives, and if the gifts on either side are lacking, the entire thing has the potential to go up in smoke.

Periods of study with the Wu T'ian can last anywhere from days to years, depending on the teacher and the subject (not to mention a given pupil's aptitude). In exchange for this instruction, members of the Unbound Scroll also entertain embassies of Wu T'ian interested in learning the arts of the Hekau.

Most of the Wu T'ian who enter into discussions with the Amenti are members of the so-called Twilight Scholars. These immortals, dedicated to the preservation of any and all knowledge, show particular interest in learning all there is to

know about the Hekau. Their eagerness would be almost comical if it were not so formally serious and so polite, but their inquisitiveness is relentless. Some members of the Unbound Scroll find this attention flattering. After all, the Twilight Scholars wouldn't be so intent on learning it if it weren't such potent stuff. These helpful tutors heartily encourage the Wu T'ian research, sometimes to the point of neglecting their work with other Amenti.

On the other hand, more conservative members of the faction worry that they have rushed into this arrangement too quickly. After all, the Wu T'ian seem almost *too* eager to learn what the Amenti can teach them, and not eager at all to share their secrets. What happens, they wonder, if the Wu T'ian learn the strengths of the Amenti and use that knowledge against them, having given imperfect or incomplete instruction in return. The thought is sobering, but among those





WHAT DID YOU BRING ME?

The exchange of gifts between Amenti and Wu T'ian is more than just a ceremony. It is an expression of respect for the other and an acknowledgement of the other's power. To offer an insufficient gift is to demonstrate a lack of respect for the teaching one hopes to receive and for the teachers, by extension.

That being said, both the Wu T'ian and the members of the Unbound Scroll take great pains to ensure that they bear appropriate gifts. Considerable prestige can be won by offering the more valuable gifts in the exchange, and considerable research can go into discovering precisely what the other party finds valuable. Common gifts include ancient texts (magical or otherwise), jade, ceramics, delicately crafted musical instruments, artifacts "liberated" from museums, information about other supernatural entities and cutting edge pieces of technology. Expense is not always an accurate signifier of value in these exchanges. Appropriateness, effort spent in obtaining them and a detailed knowledge of the gifts' provenance go much further than a hefty price tag.

who serve the Unbound Scroll, the potential benefits are worth it.

DEALINGS WITH THE CAPACOCHA

Oddly enough, it was the Chaskimallki of the Covenant of the Broken Circle who first made aggressive contact with the Unbound Scroll. Hungry for knowledge yet extremely proud, they are less interested in the Amenti's Hekau than they are in what the Reborn know of rebirth. Examining the differences and similarities between the Rite of Rebirth and the ing Westward is the focus of their researches, and they tend to get very irritated when the Amenti are less than immediately forthcoming. On the other hand, their work is so important to them that they are more than willing to share almost anything they know — except the ing Westward — in exchange for the Unbroken Scroll's scholarly assistance.

That is not to say that all of their knowledge is simply there for the Scroll's asking. In many cases, discussions with the Capacocha are touchier than those

with the Wu T'ian. Rather, the process is less formal than it is with the Warriors of Tao. While the Capacocha still demand respect, they do not exchange formal embassies, nor do they demand gifts. Instead, they tend to deal with the Unbound Scroll as individuals, each cutting a deal for what she feels is important. Often, Sun Face Gang members and Scroll-bearers only loosely affiliated with the sect serve as go-betweens, arranging meets, exchanges and joint researches.

On the other hand, others of the Teomallki have absolutely no use for the Unbound Scroll. Seeing them as more invaders come to pillage their secrets, the Sun Spears and especially the Smoke Dancers tend to deal summarily with wandering Scroll scholars. An Unbound Scroll emissary looking to swap secrets with the Intimallki had best talk fast, make no sudden moves and make very polite requests, or else he's liable to be placed before the Judges of Ma'at far sooner than he'd like. Only those rare Unbound Scroll scholars who are

PECKING ORDER

Even within the Unbound Scroll, an order supposedly devoted to expanding the knowledge and perceptions of the Amenti, a certain prejudice against the Capacocha exists. Their method of rebirth is seen as quaint, their history is perceived as unimpressive, and their magics are regarded as being one step above parlor tricks. In time, perhaps, they might develop something worth knowing, but they're as much an investment as a source of study for the moment. And so, even the most well-meaning of the Amenti find it hard to divorce a faint whiff of condescension completely from their dealings with the Teomallki, which is not lost on the Teomallki themselves. At best, it makes for strained dealings between the groups, ones that are not at all helped by the outright disdain some of the Amenti outside the Unbound Scroll offer. As such, very little of the Amenti's knowledge has wound up in the Teomallki's hands, and even less of theirs has made the return trip. While individuals may overcome both pride and prejudice to strike a deal, it is usually made on the condition that one side or the other — or both — not share what it has learned.





willing to invest months or even years dwelling and working with the Smoke Dancers or Sun Spears are allowed to study with them, and a misstep at any time could imperil the entire enterprise.

THE HAND OF THOTH

Not every Reborn has received the proper Spell of Life. There are those who wander, dodging the Judges of Ma'at and struggling to maintain their half-existences as long as possible. Few in number and hard to find, they are considered a rumor by most of the Amenti, a wisp of the past that has been blown away on the winds of the Dja-akh.

The Hand of Thoth knows this is not the case. Its members know that the incomplete ones still live, that the Cabiri and the Ishmaelites and their ilk still walk the earth. Their continued survival, if it can be called such, is an insult to Horus, whose will they defy merely by existing. And so, the Hand of Thoth has resolved to hunt them down and exterminate them.

Originally charged by Horus with hunting down the lesser Apepnu, the Hand has since changed its mission. Charged with an excess of zeal, it now relentlessly pursues anyone who might be seen as an enemy of Horus, and it is the eldest members of the Hand of Thoth who decide who those enemies might be.

Members of this group tend to hunt in packs of three to seven. Once they receive even the faintest hint of a potential prey, they are relentless, and they tend to regard the ends as justifying almost any means. When their prey is Bane mummies or other servants of Apophis, this zeal is admirable, and they are among the fiercest enemies these creatures have.

SPLIT DECISION

Not all of the leaders of the Hand of Thoth favor exterminating the Cabiri and Ishmaelites. Some prefer to re-educate them. Their goal is to teach them the folly of their ways and hopefully gather them to Horus's bosom. Those who are subject to this "re-education" are held in an underground complex in the Gondar region of Ethiopia, near the Blue Nile. There, they are alternately cajoled and in extreme cases, tormented. The members of the Hand of Thoth reconcile this approach by saying that it is all for their own good and continue with the work in hopes of getting their victims to renounce their sad half-existences and join the war against Apophis.

ORIGINS

It is rumored that the leaders of the Hand are former Cabiri who made pilgrimage to Horus in the wake of the Dja-akh and begged to be given true life. In his wisdom, Horus granted their request, in exchange for service against the Apepnu. If such is the case, they have far exceeded the bounds of their original mandate. Then again, that may have been what was intended.

Oddly enough, the Hand of Thoth's xenophobia toward other Reborn doesn't extend to the Teomallki. Regarding the Capacocha as sufficiently "other" to be outside their purview, the leaders of the Hand of Thoth have struck up a curious alliance with the Intimallki, and with the vengefully genocidal Hand of the Eclipsed Sun in particular. The two have set up a loose détente that involves sharing information and resources, as well as occasionally working together on operations deemed to be of mutual benefit. While there's still much mutual suspicion between the two groups, there's a grudging and growing respect as well. In the end, their shared obsessions could ultimately bridge the gap between the Amenti and the Teomallki, rather than the Unbound Scroll's diplomacy.

THE SPIDERS OF THE SANDS

One of the greatest dangers facing the Amenti is that they are relatively easy to pick off while they are young and weak. The forced journey to the Web of Faith funnels many of the newly created Reborn through a very few airports, harbors and border crossings, all of which can be watched with ease by the Apepnu. Once they are spotted, they can easily be tracked and destroyed before coming into their true power.

The Spiders of the Sands know this, and they see only one solution: to extend the Web of Faith far beyond its current boundaries. Thus far, they've had little success, but their efforts are unceasing, and they are ranging far and wide in search of answers to their dilemma. How far they are willing to go in their quest remains unknown, as are the consequences should they ever succeed.

BRIDGING THE GAPS

If the Spiders are to expand the Web of Faith beyond its current borders, they're going to need help. That means reaching out for contact with the guardians of other lands. The Spiders have ambassa-





dors amongst the Wu T'ian, the Teomallki, the *hsien*, a half-dozen breeds of skin-changers and more. Of late, their efforts have focused on an uneasy alliance with the Uchumallki, who view expanding the Web of Faith as a potential avenue to protecting their ancestral lands. While the Spiders of the Sands are in a great hurry to complete their masterwork, the Teomallki prefer a slower, more cautious approach, which means that the labors in South America go slower than they might otherwise.

SPIDERWEBS

The Spiders of the Sands are too clever to put all of their eggs in one basket. There are encampments of Spiders in Benin, Zimbabwe and Santiago in northern Spain. They've also sent expeditions to sites as diverse as Angkor Wat, the snake mounds of central Ohio and Mystery Hill in southern New Hampshire. Repeated expeditions to the headwaters of the Ganges have also been made, and more are planned. Efforts to explore Tibet, however, have been blocked by polite yet firm delegations of Jade Sentinels, who are adamant about not allowing the Amenti across the border.

DEALINGS WITH SNAKES

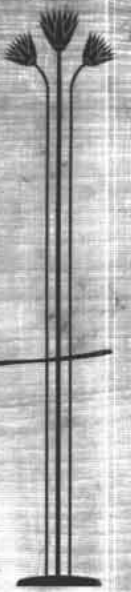
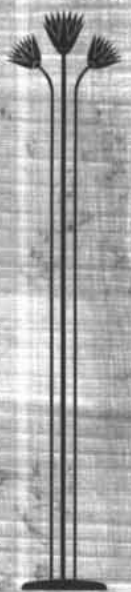
The Amenti have a long-standing antipathy toward most serpents, something which is entirely understandable in light of their history. That makes the Spiders of the Sands' willingness to work with the Nagah, who curiously enough have welcomed embassies, very unsettling indeed. What precisely the Nagah want from the Amenti is unknown, but they have been extremely informative to the Spiders about the holy places along the Ganges and throughout the Indian subcontinent, and have lavished some expensive and ancient gifts on their guests.

Thus far, the Nagah have asked for nothing in return. Whether that continues to be the case — and what they might feel is sufficient repayment for their friendship — remains an open question.





trabhold



Chapter Three:

Beyond the Web of Faith

IF YOU WANT TO BE REBORN.
LET YOURSELF DIE
—THE TAO TE CHING

From their creation thousands of years ago, the Shemsu-heru of Egypt believed themselves to be the only Reborn. In their pride, they could not conceive that foreign cultures might also discover the secret of immortality, let alone that other immortals might actually predate them by millennia. In the wake of the Dja-akh, however, the new heirs to the Nile Empire cannot afford the arrogance of their forebears. The Teomallki of the Andes and the Wu T'ian of China have made their presence known, each with a resurrection as complete and vibrant as the rebirth of the Amenti. Despite barriers of language and custom, these Undying share more in common than they realize.

The addition of these types of Reborn as equally viable character options allows players of **Mummy: The Resurrection** to add new levels and dimensions of play to their games. Rather than being limited to the Web of Faith (and thus to the Middle East), players will now be able to take their undying servants of Balance to the farthest reaches of the globe. Moreover, the addition of new Reborn changes the core paradigm of the game significantly. Whereas all

other "good guys" in the game have heretofore been nothing more than allies and aides to the Amenti, there are now a number of emergent factions with goals and methods quite similar to the Amenti's. Powerful new players are opening up a world of previously nonexistent interaction and play.

For readers familiar with **Vampire: The Masquerade**, these new playable character types are akin to the revelation of new clans, or perhaps more appropriately, new bloodlines to the game's reality. Ultimately, the Storyteller is the final arbiter of what character concepts he will allow in his game, but these newly revealed Reborn are meant to be integrated fully into the overall setting of the game. Because of their unique geographical context, however, it is still perfectly reasonable for a Storyteller to ban these new Reborn as characters. If your troupe will be playing a game set in Egypt, it isn't likely that the troupe will be comprised of all Teomallki; or maybe it is. Ultimately, it is up to each individual troupe how best to use these brothers and sisters of the Amenti.



A WORLD OF BALANCE

Despite millennia of history on each of their parts, the three families of immortals have had surprisingly little contact with one another until recently. There are many reasons for this separation. The first, of course, is simple proximity. China is a long way from Egypt, to say nothing of the vast distance — and oceans — separating the Capacocha from the other two. Only in the last century has globalization and technological advancement made international travel quick and easy. Then there is the curse of semektet. Although that word is unknown beyond Osiris's children, all Reborn know the mystical weakening. Teomallki remain bound to their homelands as strongly as the Amenti are tied to the Web of Faith, which hampers their ability to prosper outside their ancestral territory. For their part, the Wu T'ian are even more restricted, their very life force bound by sacred obligation to the defense of the Middle Kingdom. Only the most intrepid immortals actually venture far enough away from their places of origin to encounter their Undying cousins, let alone build meaningful relationships. Making matters worse, cultural biases and lingering xenophobia further interfere with the efforts of would-be diplomats and adventurers.

Yet in spite of these hardships, a few brave and curious emissaries of the Reborn journey to the far reaches of the world in search of immortal allies or hidden lore. These quests often meet only with dead ends and unsubstantiated rumors, but not always. It is worth noting that the Wu T'ian gladly help their "immature" brethren along the path of enlightenment (as they understand it), though they are notably reticent to share mystical or martial secrets that might fall into Yomi's grasp. Still, foreign petitioners can expect a veritable gauntlet of tests before they are deemed ready to receive such wisdom. On the other end of the spectrum, most Capacocha are considerably less open to the prying queries of outsiders. Their unpleasant history with invading foreigners has left the Teomallki understandably wary of strangers.

Capacocha also have a more obscure reason to mistrust the Amenti. In their search for nehem-sen, Egyptian tem-akh spirits rove the earth without regard for cultural or territorial boundaries. Sometimes this search leads them to encroach on the

lands — and souls — that historically "belong" to other Reborn. Since illi generally prefer powerful or well-connected souls rather than the "damaged goods" favored by their Egyptian counterparts, the likelihood of a tem-akh and an illi battling over a specific ghost is quite slim. Many illi resent such "soul poaching" on principle, however. A few Teomallki zealots have even been known to hunt down intruding tem-akh before they can perform their "blasphemous" joining.

Of course, the Teomallki and Wu T'ian do not have a monopoly on suspicion or arrogance. Many Amenti immediately assume that non-Egyptian Reborn are inherently inferior without bothering to seek facts to confirm (or counter) their suppositions — provided they even give foreign immortals much thought at all. For the most part, Amenti see their cousins as quaint relics, interesting as historical footnotes, but ultimately irrelevant to the modern world. This is a dangerous stereotype, one that will be overcome only with open communication and contact.

TEOMALLKI

According to Amenti scholars, Teomallki appear to be deceased mortals who have spiritually merged with ancient South American ghosts and been reanimated using a bastardized copy of the Egyptian Spell of Life. While some Teomallki hotly debate this origin, others simply shake their heads. They know better. The Chosen of the Gods are the descendents of the mallki, immortals hundreds of years older than the most ancient Shemsu-heru. Far from being "imperfect copies" of the Amenti, the sorcerers of the Teomallki have spent the last five centuries creating their own improved ritual of rebirth, known as the Spell of Going Westward to the Sunrise.

Early Capacocha, while technically immortal, suffered two critical weaknesses. They could not live again on their own except with the greatest of effort, relying on descendents and worshippers to call them back to life at the end of each death cycle. Worse still, if their bodies were ever destroyed by injury or decay, their spirits remained forever banished to the realm of the dead.

The Spanish invasion of 1529 unknowingly exploited both weaknesses. Not only were many





Capacocha physically destroyed and reduced to bodiless ghosts, but the foreign occupation prevented loyal descendents from giving sacrifices to help intact mallki rise again. Although the spirits of the slain immortals endured, they could not see a way to return to life, let alone overcome their limitations. After years of magical research, however, visionaries among the Intimallki (sun mummies of the Chimu) envisioned a new spell to “marry” mallki spirits with young souls in a bond transcending the limits of the mallki form. It took the Intimallki nearly half a millennium to perfect this spell and create the Teomallki.

As similar as they are to Amenti, Teomallki characters follow slightly modified rules. Unless stated otherwise, they have all the same powers and limitations as their Egyptian counterparts.

AGING

After a number of decades equal to their Samapa, Teomallki begin aging normally until they die as any mortal would. Upon resurrection, a Teomallki's body resets to the physical age it was when it died at the end of its First Life.

DIRECTION

In place of Balance, Teomallki refer to their enlightenment and spiritual connection with the divine as Direction. In virtually every respect, the two traits are identical, providing the same benefits and following the same rarified moral code (*Mummy* p. 142). The only real difference is the way Direction is earned and lost. Teomallki do not go before the Judges of Ma'at. Rather, they experience personal vision quests whenever their actions demonstrate noble defense or flagrant disregard of the cosmic order. Unless induced by meditation (and often deliberately imbibing hallucinogens), these vision quests only happen during a death cycle. Even among the Capacocha, no one really knows whether Direction-related visions are a manifestation of their own conscience or veiled messages from the old gods. Teomallki aren't even sure which theory they *want* to be right. After all, if the gods still care enough to send messages, why did they allow the decimation of the mallki and their people? And if the visions are just hallucinations of an overactive conscience, does that mean the gods have truly abandoned their chosen? It's not a question Teomallki — particularly the Chaskimallki — take lightly.

DYNASTIES

Teomallki divide themselves into four dynasties (which they call *suyu*, or quarters), according to the type of mallki they were in their First Life. These include the Chaskimallki, Intimallki, Pachamallki and Uchumallki. Even though their divisions are based on different principles, these dynasties are functionally analogous to the six dynasties of the Amenti.

THE JOINING

Once an illi joins with a newly deceased mortal, the ancient half controls the new mummy's undead corpse until amawtas (magicians) can chant the Spell of Going Westward to grant rebirth. The resulting Teomallki personality is a roughly even mix of both its First and Second Lives. While this shared relationship means that most Capacocha have strong memories of their First Life, a few unfortunate souls do not. Although Teomallki characters are not *required* to take the Memory Background, it is strongly encouraged.

A curious phenomenon of Capacocha joining is a kind of psychic resonance that often takes place. Where possible, illi choose hosts with whom they share prominent personality traits, either deliberately (to minimize identity loss) or unconsciously (similar individuals just feel more *right*, somehow). This duplication or “stacking” of characteristics magnifies their eminence in the psyche. An aggressive Uchumallki warrior illi grafted onto a ruthless

NON-EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES

For the sake of consistency, all types of Reborn are delineated with the term “dynasty.” Please note, however, that the Capacocha and Wu T'ian rarely use this term to describe themselves except when communicating with their Egyptian counterparts. The Teomallki are a proud people who use their own term — *suyu* — to denote their separate “families.” Similarly, the Wu T'ian understand their incarnations as a different kind of distinction altogether, one rooted deeply in ideology and personal choice. Ultimately, the decision to use dynasty as the default term in *Mummy* is a conceit, but a deliberate one. Even in their differences, the Undying are alike.





corporate raider might create a Teomallki with an even greater predilection for violence and rage, while a caring Pachamallki healer bonded to a compassionate social worker could produce a veritable saint.

PERCEPTION

Teomallki have the same supernatural senses as the Amenti. Alive, they can sense passions with Insight. In their spirit form, their Death sight sees the touch of decay in all things. Capacocha believe that the gods gave mallki Insight so that they would always know whether the prayers of their descendants were true and fervent. The origin of Death sight is debated, but most agree that ghosts traded the secret in exchange for favors. None of the Capacocha dynasties can agree on what favors they were or who paid them, though.

RESURRECTION

One of the most important reasons for creating the Teomallki ritual was to overcome the crippling limitations of mallki rebirth. Excepting a few early "prototypes" fashioned by the Intimallki before they perfected the new Spell of Going Westward, Teomallki can return from death even if their bodies are reduced to dust or ash. Furthermore, all but the earliest Teomallki have a "complete" rebirth, so they do not have to take the Flaw: Lesser Resurrection. There is no functional distinction between Teomallki and Amenti resurrection.

SEX

Like Amenti, most Teomallki are both potent and fertile. Resurgent Chaskimallki and Intimallki are particularly apt to indulge their sexuality wantonly. Many have had to endure centuries of forced abstinence as bodiless illi, and they are rather enjoying the prospect of having bodies again. Quite a number of Teomallki view sex as a sacred duty (or at least *claim* to view sex as a sacred duty). Wu T'ian in particular find this hard to believe.

WAKA

Like their mallki ancestors, Teomallki refer to their Life force as Waka (instead of Sekhem). Capacocha regain Waka according to the same rules as other Reborn, but their Blessing of the Gods (Osiris's Blessing) requires them to be within the bounds of their ancestral homelands. For Chaskimallki, Intimallki and Pachamallki, this means the lands around the Andes (most of the western half

of South America). Uchumallki are instead tied to the rainforests and lands in and around the Amazon. Teomallki who exhaust their Life force reserves outside their homeland fall into a state of weakness identical to Egyptian semektet. Since few Capacocha have ever had reason to explore other areas of the world until recently, they have no name or explanation for this mysterious curse. All mystical attempts by the Intimallki to remove this limitation have failed horribly.

THE WU T'IAN

The self-appointed "Family of Heaven" perplexes the Amenti. From what little has been gleaned about them, they cycle between life and death like other Reborn, yet their souls never appear in Duat when they die. They speak of strange celestial realms that even the Mesektet know nothing about and arrogantly claim to have been created by the first and greatest immortals. They acknowledge the growing power of the Corrupter (at least as a force, if not a being), and they bravely fight the minions of wickedness, yet they say that the ascension of their so-called demon emperor — clearly an incarnation of Apophis — cannot be averted. Somehow combining hope and fatalism in equal measure, the Wu T'ian are so foreign, so completely alien in their mindset, that most Amenti just don't know how to feel about them.

Even the Wu T'ian themselves know little of their ancestry. The Eight Immortals and their ancient servants are curiously reticent to discuss their origins. At the very least, the Wu T'ian look back to Lao-Tzu's early followers whose alchemical attempts to transcend life and death apparently succeeded from time to time. Created by personal magical research rather than a common ritual, each of these immortals were — or perhaps are — as unique as the paths used in their making. Some simply ceased to age or found their aging slowed to a crawl, but they could die from violence or other calamity. Others cycled between the realms of life and death as the earliest known Reborn. The greatest of these Undying ascended to the Palace of the August Personage of Jade to become honored servants of heaven. As for the Eight Immortals themselves, most Wu T'ian assume that they are simply the wisest and mightiest of the ascended Celestial Immortals. Still, a few Wu T'ian whisper that the Eight are far older even than





Lao-Tzu, harking back to the Third Age as the last of the exalted Wan Xian. Proponents of this theory point to the look of sorrow seen in the eyes of the Eight whenever the Wan Kuei are mentioned in their presence. Regardless of the Eight Immortals' origins, they are akin to demigods now, easily rivaling Osiris in their collective power. Yet even they tremble as autumn leaves before the encroaching winter of the Demon Age.

Regardless of how their esteemed ancestors came to be, the Wu T'ian are children of the modern world. Called in the twilight years before the Demon Age, they serve the principles of the Tao as best they can. Like the aspects of the Ten Thousand Things, their numbers are divided according to yin and yang into complementary dynasties, with methods and objectives varying wildly between the two. As yin is passive, so are the guardians, lore-keepers and strategists of the Xian Lung. With inhuman serenity, the Immortal Dragons tend the living and the dead alike. In contrast, the vibrancy of yang infuses the Wu Feng (Family of the Phoenix), empowering them as healers and devil-hunters, as well as ambassadors and peacemakers. The Phoenix Children are passionate in their service to heaven, but even they are deliberate and directed in their action.

After their induction into the ranks of heaven's chosen, new Wu T'ian find their initial training as immortals guided by their dynasty. New Dragon Children spend months — time permitting — studying extensively in heaven and in the Middle Kingdom until they possess the skills required to serve the Eight Immortals. Such training regimens range from grueling to incomprehensible in an attempt to hone body and mind. One immortal might spend a week considering the mysteries of a single stone until she understands *why*. Another might learn a new martial art form or an obscure style of painting. Very few Dragon Children fully comprehend their education even years later.

Perhaps owing to their intuitive nature, Wu Feng do not endure the same kind of lengthy training regimen as Xian Lung. Instead, they receive a kind of baptism in fire, learning their craft by working alongside more experienced immortals in the Middle Kingdom. Over time, teachers give their pupils gradually increasing responsibilities until they believe their disciples are ready to work alone. As with Dragon Children, Wu Feng end their training with a

ceremonial acceptance of the Heavenly Precepts before the Eight Immortals.

As with training methods, each dynasty differs in its mission and the sects its members have formed to achieve those ends. Most Dragon Children divide themselves into one of three major factions depending on their preferred assignments, although as noted, a few choose their own path. Those with strong protector or caregiver personalities find themselves drawn to the Jade Sentinels, watching over mortals destined for greatness. Xian Lung who eschew social interaction find their home in the Twilight Scholars, gathering and hiding works of art and lore for the inhabitants of future Ages — or even becoming living libraries to the same end. Only a very few Dragon Children accept the burden of tending the Middle Kingdom's ghosts as part of the White Lotus Society, bringing succor and hope to the dead.

For their part, most Wu Feng divide themselves among their own three sects, though a few find their own way. The demon-hunters of the Celestial Arrows combat the growing incursions of *bakemono* and other hell-spawned monstrosities into the Middle Kingdom, thereby foiling the plots of the Yama Kings. Less aggressive Phoenix Children cultivate their natural talent for healing others as members of the Righteous Peach Blossoms. Lastly, the Brotherhood of the Scarlet Lantern serves as the Eight Immortals' ambassadors to the elemental *hsien*, *hengeyokai* and nature spirits of the Yang Realm.

Regardless of their dynasty, the Wu T'ian know they cannot "save" the world. It's too late for that. The demon emperor will soon rise to claim the Jade Throne, and no force can overcome that fate. Yet there is hope. The coming Demon Age will be terrible, certainly, but not even the mightiest lord of Yomi can halt the inexorable wheel of Ages. The dawn of the Seventh Age will see the usurper cast down and the forces of wickedness overthrown. It will indeed be a shadowed age, but a time of slow mending for the world as well. Locked in their own cycle of death and rebirth, the Wu T'ian understand better than anyone that the universe must follow its own seasons. Theirs is a daunting quest, but ready or not, they are the last hope of the Middle Kingdom.

Although they are certainly alike in their rebirth and devotion to balance, Wu T'ian are different enough from Amenti to warrant a few important rules changes. Where different, these rules supercede those found in the Appendix of **Mummy**.





ARTS

Wu T'ian pragmatically refer to the magical paths of all Reborn as Arts rather than Hekau. As presented in **Mummy**, Wu T'ian could not learn Nomenclature, although they had expanded upon their own version of Necromancy. This is yet another case of Amenti misconception. The Family of Heaven discourages the study of name magic — believing it to be highly presumptuous — but a few Wu T'ian have mastered the Art (treat as a cross-culture Hekau path; see Chapter Four). Ironically enough, and all reports to the contrary, no known Wu T'ian has ever studied Necromancy. Instead, the Family of Heaven has two separate paths for yin and yang-based spirit magic. For details on these Arts, see Chapter Four.

CHI

Wu T'ian use the term Chi for Lifeforce. Terminology aside, heaven's chosen recover their spiritual energies using the same rules as other Reborn, with the notable exceptions that they must perform their Blessing of Heaven (Osiris's Blessing) at the Gate of Heaven or while standing in the dragon tracks or dragon nests of the Middle Kingdom. Additionally, Wu T'ian always receive the Benediction of the August Personage (Blessing of Ra) when resting at Heaven's Gate.

Wu T'ian who deplete their Chi outside the Middle Kingdom grow weak according the rules for semektet, although they poetically refer to this condition as the Wilting Lotus. Unlike Amenti and Teomallki, deteriorating Wu T'ian do not have to roll Willpower each day to retain control of their bodies. Instead, they must roll Willpower (difficulty 5) to take any action that does not help them return to the Middle Kingdom (Storyteller's discretion). As a price for this extra freedom, the Family of Heaven cannot slow their decay with ensorcelled bandages — not that such a bizarre procedure would even occur to them.

DEATH AND REBIRTH

When a Wu T'ian dies, her soul returns to the Gate of Heaven instead of entering Neter-khertet like the Amenti do. Those with the power to see Life force or spirits can actually observe a dying immortal's spirit vanish in a flash of energy. Wu T'ian cannot leave heaven without the consent of the Eight Immortals, and they must rest according to their Contemplation score (and possibly longer)

before being allowed to resurrect. As an alternative to resurrection, some Wu T'ian accept assignments in one of the spirit worlds. Immortals sent to such realms cannot leave them (without magical assistance) until they die or finish their assignment.

In addition to returning at death, Wu T'ian are also expected to go back to heaven after completing each task. Living immortals must stow their bodies and enter a state of suspended animation (as though petitioning for Quest increase). Immortals in their spirit form simply vanish and reappear at the Gate of Heaven. After resting a suitable length of time (anywhere from days to weeks or longer at Storyteller's discretion), Wu T'ian receive a new assignment and may then return to their comatose bodies without a Resurrection roll — unless their bodies are actually dead, of course. An immortal's Contemplation score should have some bearing on the time she must spend between assignments. As a general rule of thumb, interludes should not take less than [7 – (resting immortal's Contemplation)] days. Please note that this is only a suggested minimum. The needs and pace of the story should always outweigh any rules.

DYNASTIES

Wu T'ian divide themselves into two dynasties (which they call “incarnations”) according to the natural duality of yin (Xian Lung) and yang (Wu Feng). Unlike the dynasties of the Amenti, incarnation represents more of a philosophy and way of life than a rigid taxonomy of soul shards. According to some legends, there is actually a Third Incarnation — the state of true harmonious balance — but most consider this state an ideal rather than an attainable goal. Wu T'ian can even change their incarnation over time, though not without extreme difficulty.

THE JOINING

After drinking the Elixir of Eternal Life, a new Wu T'ian slips into a coma and dies. As her soul passes into the Yin or Yang Realm (as dictated by her personality), an agent of the Celestial Bureaucracy — called a jing shen, or golden spirit — appears in the form of a dragon (yin) or phoenix (yang) to join with the immortal and open a portal to the Gate of Heaven. Unlike other Reborn, the Middle Kingdom's immortals are not fused with their spirit halves so much as infused, retaining their original personality with no more than a few quirks to show for their joining. It is not uncommon for Wu T'ian to develop a liking for new types of food or music genres (to give





CROSSING OVER

Destiny is a tricky thing. Even after rebirth, Wu T'ian sometimes find themselves drawn to another path of service. Xian Lung who develop their yang side and Wu Feng who cultivate their yin nature can actually change their dynasty. Doing so isn't easy, though. Immortals don't just wake up one morning and decide to try a new philosophy. In game terms, Wu T'ian must first raise the Art rating of their desired dynasty higher than the rating of their Primary Art and spend five additional experience points in the presence of the Eight Immortals. If these conditions are met, the immortal's jing shen flies out of her soul and a new spirit of the opposite type replaces it. The character's strength, weakness and primary Art immediately shift to those of her new dynasty.

a few examples), but changes on par with a complete Nature shift are generally unheard of.

PERCEPTION

Heaven's chosen understand the mystical senses of the Reborn as they do most magic, in terms of Lifeforce flow. To their way of thinking, Insight is

clearly the perception of yang energies, even as Deathsight involves the scrutiny of yin. Unlike other Reborn, Wu T'ian have access to the Lifeforce sight associated with only their respective dynasty.

QUEST

The rules for Wu T'ian Quest are detailed in full on page 225 of **Mummy**. Note that Wu T'ian normally only lose Quest for acting against the precepts they have already mastered. Although they might reprimand violations of any precept to some degree, the Eight Immortals don't expect perfection from their servants. They understand that enlightenment is a slow and winding path. On the other hand, disciples with a Passion for Learning do not have carte blanche to "passionately study" new methods of torture just because they haven't gotten around to Gentle Deeds or Respect for All Life. On a fundamental level, the Eight Immortals expect *all* Wu T'ian to abide by *all* precepts. Making mistakes when you haven't fully grasped a tenet is one thing; living in flagrant disobedience of heaven is quite another. Those who abuse their gifts lose them.

SEX

Although Wu T'ian are perfectly capable of having sex with mortals, very few actually do. Such relationships generally run counter to the precept of Solitary Heart. Indeed, despite the lack of an actual mandate from the Eight Immortals to the effect, many Wu T'ian practice a policy of total abstinence.





Chaskimallki

WORD BEARERS

WE WILL GLADLY FORFEIT OUR LIVES IN ORDER TO PROTECT OUR PEOPLE

The last Capacocha dynasty, the mummies of the Incas served as emissaries to the gods. Sacrificed after receiving royal treatment so that they would speak well of their people in the next life, the Chaskimallki filled the role of priests and sages and were accepted as the nominal leaders of the mallki until the Spanish arrival in 1529. Frightened that their auguries had not foreseen the invasion, the Chaskimallki prayed for guidance. After weeks of silence, one of the eldest and wisest of the Word Bearers stepped forward with a solution he had seen in a dream. If the Chaskimallki sacrificed their lives a second time in a great rite, the gods would notice and strike down the invaders.

Most of the Word Bearers flocked to the Ancient (whose name lost to memory) and called their dead brethren back to life to prepare the ritual. Perhaps one-fifth of the Chaskimallki sought other solutions, either standing beside the Intimallki sorcerers in battle or helping their descendents hide treasures from the plundering Spanish.

The Ancient and his supporters gathered on a secluded glacier and formed a circle to focus their magic. At the climax of the great rite, the mallki bowed in supplication while the Ancient stood in the center and released the Life force buried at the heart of the ice. Such was the power of the rite that a pillar of fire leapt from the circle to the sky, carving a deep pit in the glacier. The ashes of the faithful tumbled into the crevice as the trembling mountains buried everything below in snow and rock. The only surviving witness, a peasant boy who had watched from an overlooking cliff, fled to tell his story to a Pachamallki ancestor.

The Stone Pillar journeyed to the temples of the Chaskimallki with her incredible story. Believing that the rite was successful, the mallki paused, waiting for the gods to smite their enemies — and nothing happened. The Spanish continued their campaign of desecration and murder unabated. Disgusted, the Intimallki left to renew their war, while the remaining Chaskimallki toiled to figure out what had gone wrong. Had the gods not heard the cry of their people, or had they decided that the sacrifice was insufficient? Worse yet, had the survivors doomed the rite — and their people — by refusing the Ancient?

Prodded into action by their guilt, the remaining Word Bearers stood alongside the Sun Spears in hopeless last stands, their slaughtered bodies rotting away in the warmth until the resurrection broke. The bodiless illi of the Chaskimallki returned to their hidden tombs, too embittered and ashamed to watch their people fall beneath the oppressor's yoke.

Centuries passed while the Chaskimallki slumbered, rousing only to curse would-be thieves. When the illi of the Intimallki returned from their black citadels, many thought to leave the Word Bearers to their brooding and to keep the new Spell of Going Westward to themselves. Enough of the Sun Spears remembered the Chaskimallki who fought and died with them, however, that the spell was shared, and the Word Bearers joined the growing ranks of the Teomallki.

Eager for new life, the illi of the Chaskimallki now seek mortals with physical and spiritual purity and soul marks indicating their worthiness as sacrifices to the gods. In this time of decadence and sin, the Word Bearers often turn to children as hosts — quite often, even adolescents bear spiritual stains that render them unacceptable for the joining. Only in the rarest cases are such mortals truly unwilling, abducted from their homes or off the streets by loyal cultists or by living Chaskimallki at the behest of the illi who chose them.

Such mortals often have the most brilliant fate marks of all, shining like beacons across the Shroud to proclaim their preordained sacrifice. Whether these mortals appreciate the "gift" of fusing their souls with Incan ghosts is another matter entirely. For their part, the illi cannot conceive that anyone would refuse such a blessing. It remains to be seen how many new Word Bearers feel hijacked into their new existence, or whether the exuberance of the illi can overpower the lingering doubts and resentment of their modern halves.

Rebirth: Once an illi chooses a host for the joining, its agents take the mortal to a secluded location and ritually kill him

VIEWS

Intimallki: Blood for the gods, we understand... but blood to answer blood? This cannot be the way.

Pachamallki: We revere the firstborn. They alone among the mallki have never failed their people.

Uchumallki: We forgive, but we do not forget.

Amenti: They serve their gods as we serve ours. As long as they keep to their own lands, we respect them. Why do they not respect us in kind?

Wu T'ian: For all their talk of sacrifice and devotion, they should better understand our ways.



according to the same method used to sacrifice the illi's own body (ensuring that his spirit remains as a ghost). If possible, this sacrifice takes place where the illi's corpse was originally entombed. For willing mortals, this experience is often the culmination of a lengthy process of purification and preparation. Unwilling hosts chosen for their fate find death a traumatic and frightening end to their surreal abduction. Although no illi can force the joining, the confusion and fear of new ghosts often leads even the most resentful souls to accept a chance for life. Once the two spirits join, amawtas waiting outside the tomb chant the ritual to restore the new mummy to life.

New Life: Chosen more for their purity than their piety, mortals resurrected as Chaskimallki find themselves irresistibly drawn from secular lives into contemplation of all things spiritual. Where before their spark of destiny glimmered faintly with unrealized potential, new Word Bearers blaze with power and purpose. In cases where the mortal lived a banal or worldly life, dramatic Nature shifts are not uncommon as the mummy reconciles her fused soul. Children and adolescents reborn through the Spell of Going Westward grow to full spiritual maturity in days, becoming somehow more adult than any adult around them. Additionally, the mummy's determination suffuses her every desire, turning her away from selfishness to self-sacrifice. Unfortunately, continued guilt is often a side effect of this passion. Some Word Bearers see immortality as little more than an endless series of chances to martyr themselves. More stable Chaskimallki do their best to rein in the self-destructive impulses of their brethren through counseling and friendship. Given time, Word Bearers learn to channel their dedication into healthy service without forgoing their own needs.

Affiliations: Regardless of their previous careers, mortals reborn as Chaskimallki find their newfound spirituality calling them to serve others, perhaps as doctors, ministers or social workers. Among their own kind, Word Bearers gather into factions and sects according to personality and vision, of which the largest by far is the Sun Face Gang. As much a cult as an actual street gang, the group helps kids — particularly orphans — off the street and provides immortality to the most worthy. On the other end, the shadowy cabal known as the Covenant of the Broken Circle avoids mortal entanglements and devotes its full efforts to finding the location of the great rite and completing the ritual. Members of this group

are not certain what the finished rite will do, but they believe that it will somehow restore their people to glory.

Character Creation: Owing to the towering guilt many Chaskimallki still harbor over the failure of the great rite and the conquering of their people, Natures such as Penitent and Martyr predominate the dynasty. Unless players acquire Storyteller approval to the contrary, all Chaskimallki characters must have an Appearance score of at least three and may not take any Physical Flaws. This restriction represents the purity of body that mortals must have to be considered worthy of the joining. Word Bearers do not view this selectivity as vanity, recognizing that the gods deserve only the purest sacrifices. It is very common for Chaskimallki to focus on Abilities related to preserving tradition and culture, such as Linguistics, Etiquette or Expression. Similarly, the illi's long underworld sojourn and role as messengers to the gods often merits a few dots of Cosmology or Occult. Virtually any Ability from the Second Life is appropriate, since mortal hosts are chosen more for their purity and destiny than personality or profession. Besides the ubiquitous Memory, it is an exceptionally rare and unfortunate Word Bearer indeed who lacks a well-hidden tomb — particularly in light of the dynasty's inherent weakness.

Primary Hekau: Respiro

Purpose: When they were mallki, the Word Bearers returned to life in full health if their bodies remained perfectly frozen. As Teomallki, this power has been somewhat reduced. The new Chaskimallki reduce the difficulty of all resurrection rolls by two as long as their corpses are frozen or placed in ice-cold water within an hour of death and kept preserved in this manner until they return to life. Use of alternative preservation (such as through chemical or alchemical means) only reduces the difficulty by one.

Liability: In ancient times, Chaskimallki could never again return to life if their bodies rotted away during a death cycle. Fortunately, the improved Spell of Going Westward removes this handicap, granting all Teomallki immunity to natural decay. Although the new Chaskimallki no longer risk physical destruction if they fail to hide their bodies in frozen tombs, lack of such preservation creates a metaphysical challenge. In game terms, Word Bearers whose corpses are not frozen (or otherwise preserved)

suffer a difficulty penalty of two to all resurrection attempts.





Intimallki

SUN SPEARS

AT LAST. VENGEANCE IS WITHIN OUR GRASP. THE BLOOD OF THE INVADERS' DESCENDENTS SHALL ANSWER THE BLOOD OF OUR OWN.

Created by the Chimu people using a variation of the Chinchorro Spell of Going Westward, the Intimallki were dried and wrapped in bundles of cloth with masks or false heads attached. Resurrected to guard their people from natural and supernatural threats, the Sun Spears otherwise returned to their tombs and slept.

The Spanish conquest decimated the Intimallki. It was bad enough that Chaskimallki divination failed to foresee the Europeans' arrival. Worse still, the invaders' unholy weapons tore through Intimallki flesh like fire. And when the Sun Spears needed help most, the majority of the Chaskimallki fled and committed mass suicide in an effort to appease the gods. It would have been a noble sacrifice had it worked. Instead, the ritual cost the Intimallki the only real allies they had. A few desperate warriors journeyed east to locate the apocryphal fire mummies and beseech their aid, but the Uchumallki refused to leave their jungles. Excepting the scattered remnants of the Word Bearers who bravely fought to the end, the Intimallki stood alone against the Spanish. And they died.

With many of their bodies destroyed beyond salvage, the spirits of the defeated Intimallki retreated beneath the Realm of Pacarina to their ancient cavern strongholds. A few wandered the caves alone, crying out to the darkness in their rage and bitterness, and the darkness answered. The rest of the Intimallki labored to find means of returning to life. Experiments with possession and rebirth bore mixed results, but visionaries among the Sun Spears began work on a new, more powerful spell of resurrection. Through the centuries, the most devoted and fanatical mummies sent ghosts to spy on the Spanish invaders and their descendents, scribing these family trees for the day of reckoning. At last, in the modern age, the Sun Spears completed the new Spell of Going Westward and returned to the Shadowlands to instruct amawtas in its casting. Reborn as Teomallki, the growing ranks of Intimallki must now choose whether to seek their long-planned revenge or find a new purpose to guide their lives.

Rebirth: Despite their magical provisions ensuring spiritual dominance, Intimallki illi still cannot join with newly deceased souls without permission. Often, illi choose murder victims or souls who feel deeply wronged by someone still living. Such souls' need for justice — or vengeance — draws

Sun Spears like flies to honey. Once reanimated, Intimallki generally seek and kill the person(s) who wronged their modern soul. Whether they do so before or after finding amawtas to chant the Spell of Going Westward depends on the illi and situation. If convenient, the added terror instilled as a walking corpse is often worth a little detour. Owing to their hatred of foreigners, particularly Europeans, only the most liberal-minded Intimallki join with anyone other than South American natives.

New Life: Resurrection as Intimallki is psychologically jarring, more so than for other Capacocha. The dynasty as a whole spent nearly 500 years developing its improved Spell of Going Westward, and learning how to subjugate modern souls was a key part of that research. The Sun Spears did not simply want to return to life partnered to another spirit; they wanted to return on their terms as masters. At joining, mortals feel a sense of crowding and pressure as the illi's personality seizes dominance. This discomfort fades quickly, but many Intimallki never quite escape the nagging feeling that they have been somehow violated, even though the rest of their personality feels nothing of the sort.

Resurrected Sun Spears seldom attempt to masquerade as the people they were in their Second Lives. Instead, they move elsewhere and start over. As noted, they often feel a sense of disconnection from the world. While this estrangement blossoms into rage or despair in severe cases, many Intimallki just feel vaguely uncomfortable until they

VIEWS

Chaskimallki: They died with us. For that we'll give them a second chance.

Pachamallki: In serving everyone, they serve no one. How can we trust them?

Uchumallki: Supposedly, they are gutted and smoked over an open flame as part of their rebirth. Sounds like a good idea to me.

Amenti: As long as they keep out of our lands, I don't care what they do.

Wu T'ian: Self-righteous weaklings. Pathetic.



finally let go and choose to embrace the world as it is instead of as they want or remember it to be. Such peace comes only at the end of long and difficult introspection, but all other paths eventually wind back to madness or destruction.

Affiliations: Very few modern-day Intimallki like mortals. This isn't terribly surprising, as the majority of the dynasty spent the last five centuries in the deepest, darkest recesses of the underworld plotting dire revenge on their enemies. In many cases, the Sun Spears have simply lost touch with what it means to be human or even alive, allowing bitterness to consume them. They look around and see their lands infused with foreign cultures and people who trace their ancestry back to Europeans as much as native civilizations. And so, in their frustration, they wall themselves off with a protective barrier of cynicism and anger rather than face this strange new world. Ironically, the very measures they took as illi to ensure spiritual dominance only exacerbate the problem, leaving them all the more out of touch with the present.

Largely unable to maintain functional relationships with mortals, Intimallki turn instead inward to one another for companionship. In place of formalized sects, master sorcerers and their disciples gather into small cabals. A few ideology-based factions do exist among the Sun Spears, though. On one end, there are those who think the Intimallki should let go of ancient grudges and use their rebirth as an opportunity to start over. On the other end, there are those who wish to cull every foreigner and half-blood from their land and kill every descendent of the original Spanish invaders worldwide. Obviously, the majority of Intimallki fall somewhere between these two extremes.

Character Creation: By magical design, Intimallki illi retain the strongest control over their combined soul of all the Capacocha dynasties. With Storyteller permission, Sun Spear characters reverse the standard character-creation process. Use the points and traits in Stage One (see *Mummy* p. 56) to represent the memories and capabilities of the First Life, including mummy-

specific Backgrounds. No Ability selected at this stage can exceed the mummy's final Memory rating. During Stage Two, use the added Attribute, Ability and Background points for memories and modern-world connections left over from the Second Life. Stage Two freebie points can apply to either existence. If the Storyteller does not wish to allow this optional rule, Intimallki players should consider taking the Flaw: Anachronism.

In any case, most Intimallki favor primarily Mental Attributes and Knowledges, as well as high ratings in magic-related Abilities such as Awareness, Meditation and Occult. Intimallki generally prefer supernatural Backgrounds (particularly Arcane, Ayllu and Vessel) to social ties. It almost goes without saying that virtually all Sun Spears have Memory ratings at three or higher. Many Intimallki invest freebie points in extra spells and rituals or Hekau paths.

Primary Hekau: Saudade

Purpose: Although they were once immune to thirst and dehydration as mallki, Teomallki Sun Spears now draw on their mystic connection with the sun to lend power to their daylight actions. In game terms, Intimallki characters decrease the difficulty of all Ability and Hekau rolls by one from sunrise to sunset. During a Sun Spear's death cycle, this bonus applies while it is day at the location of her physical body.

Liability: Having carefully altered the new Spell of Going Westward to remove their crippling vulnerability to steel, Teomallki Sun Spears now suffer weakness and distraction during the night in direct proportion to the extra confidence and strength they feel during the day. In game terms, Intimallki characters increase the difficulty of all Ability and Hekau rolls by one from the moment the sun slips beneath the horizon until the first light of dawn. During a Sun Spear's death cycle, this penalty applies while it is night at the location of her physical body.



Pachamallki

STONE PILLARS

AS WE HAVE ALWAYS DONE, WE WILL SEE OUR PEOPLE SAFELY THROUGH THIS AGE

Firstborn of the Capacocha (long before they would adopt that name) the mallki of the Chinchorro people were the culmination of mystical efforts to preserve beloved dead as companions to the living. Stuffed with grass and herbs and covered in clay molded to every contour of their bodies, the eldest Pachamallki predate the Teomallki by over 7000 years. The magic that enabled them to live again and aid their people when called — only to fall back into deathlike slumber thereafter — would provide eternal life to the Intimallki, Uchumallki and Chaskimallki in turn. Although the last dynasty, the Word Bearers, would eventually come to preside over the Capacocha, all the Reborn remembered the wisdom of the first.

As with the Sun Spears and Word Bearers, many Pachamallki perished when the Spanish invaded. However, the living mallki of the Stone Pillars actually suffered the least number of casualties of all the participating dynasties, as mud mummies who fought did so only to protect their descendents and loved ones from harm.

After the Chaskimallki failed to invoke divine aid, the Pachamallki realized that the invasion could not be stopped, so they turned their efforts from resistance to quietly insinuating themselves through society. Their plan worked, and the Stone Pillars endured in hiding as secret guardians and shepherds of their people. The caretakers survived thus where the sorcerers and priests of the other dynasties could not. While the illi of the Intimallki retreated to their caves beneath the Realm of Pacarina, and the guilt-ridden Chaskimallki fled to their hidden tombs, the Stone Pillars kept faithful watch — a watch they have maintained for over half a millennium.

When the self-exiled Sun Spears began returning to the living world as Teomallki, the mallki Stone Pillars sensed their awakening and welcomed them back with open arms. In exchange for knowledge of the modern world, the Intimallki shared their most precious secret, the improved Spell of Going Westward. With the gift of this magic, the bodiless Pachamallki illi trapped in the underworld soon found worthy mortals on whom to bestow the joining and its blessing of immortality. But even as the Stone Pillars found new rebirth, they uncovered the true motive of the Sun Spears' return: revenge. Horrified at the prospect of another war, the Pachamallki returned to lives of seclusion and left the Intimallki to their bloody plans.

The Stone Pillars were surprised again, albeit more pleasantly, to learn that many Chaskimallki had finally ended their long brooding and left their tombs to seek rebirth — and perhaps

penance — as Teomallki. This time, the mallki of the Stone Pillars kept hidden and silent, still wary from the bitterness and hatred of the resurrected Sun Spears. Teomallki of the Word Bearers and Stone Pillars alike found solace and companionship in one another.

As expected, the ripples of magical power released by the new resurrection soon caught the attention of the reclusive Smoke Dancers. Illi emissaries of the Uchumallki arrived within months, seeking help to repel the invaders now threatening their lands — an ironic reversal of fortune. While the Intimallki coldly rebuked them and a handful of Chaskimallki pledged support, the peaceful Pachamallki had only one thing to give. Against the wishes of the Sun Spears, the Stone Pillars taught the revised Spell of Going Westward to the Smoke Dancers that they might create their own Teomallki. Satisfied, the emissaries returned to their own lands with a solemn promise that they would repay this act of generosity.

Today, the Pachamallki continue as they have for millennia, the eternal companions of their adopted communities. Avoiding entanglement in the internecine conflict and politics of the other dynasties, the Stone Pillars understand that they are the sole voice of reason and restraint, the sturdy foundation without which the temples of the Chaskimallki and fortresses of the Intimallki will crumble. Indeed, if the Uchumallki survive, they may well owe their lives to the generosity and kindness of the Pachamallki.

VIEWS

Chaskimallki: Service is all very fine and well, but martyrdom serves nothing but pride.

Intimallki: There is a sickness in the Sun Spears. They frighten us.

Uchumallki: We harbor no resentment for the mistakes of a bygone age.

Amenti: They would do well to turn their attention to their own people instead of trying to fix the rest of the world.

Wu T'ian: They seem to understand.

Rebirth: In most cases, a Pachamallki illi selects its new host long before death, taking the role of “guardian angel” to a worthy soul and offering immortality as a reward when death finally comes. While the mortal soul sleeps, the illi takes the animated body as quickly and discreetly as possible to receive the Spell of Going Westward. Stone Pillars find the pilgrimage unpleasant and do their best to ensure that it is as brief as possible, while taking special pains to prevent mortals from encountering them as walking corpses.

New Life: Depending on the circumstances and reason for joining, the first steps of a Pachamallki's new life are either full of inexplicable wonder or comfortably familiar. Very few illi offer immortality to misers or miscreants, feeling that such souls do not deserve the blessing. Illi who join with sinners do so because they believe the chosen souls will make the world better if given guidance and a second chance. Stone Pillars created in this fashion experience a complete alteration of perspective as they become aware of — and suddenly care about — the needs of others, perhaps for the first time in their lives. Growing from blind selfishness to a more spiritual cognizance of self within the greater context of the world takes time, and converted Pachamallki wear many hats until they find the community that resonates with their heart.

Most Pachamallki, however, are created from the fusion of an illi with a similarly caring and devoted soul. When possible, the mortal awakens from death to continue her calling rather than to go looking for a new one. The spirit half provides reassurance and inner strength, but the resonance of shared purpose leaves the new mummy calm and resolute. She is not afraid or overwhelmed since she knows and accepts her path. Still, all Stone Pillars (regardless of background) grow more confident and centered with time. The world turns and civilizations change, but the wise mummy becomes a point of balance, the axis of the wheel.

Affiliations: Created as eternal companions for their people, the Pachamallki remain the most intimately connected with the mortal world of all the Teomallki. Despite this common purpose, actual methods vary considerably between mummies. In addition to obvious career caretakers such as doctors, teachers and counselors, many Stone Pillars assume more subtle roles, like the school janitor who dispenses pearls of wisdom or the wealthy anonymous benefactor of an orphanage.

Among the Reborn, the Pachamallki are either the most or least factionalized of the four dynasties, depending on whom one asks. Instead of dividing into ideologi-

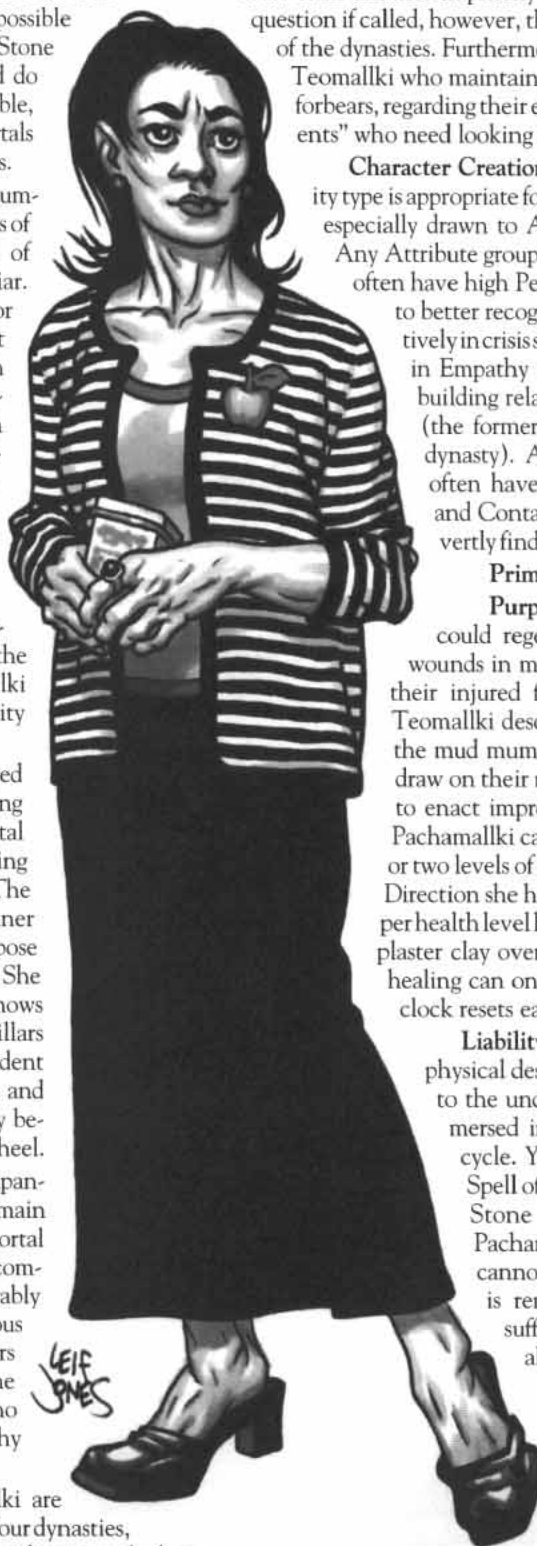
cal camps, the Stone Pillars typically work as individuals, each adopting a community to nurture. In this manner, every Pachamallki is effectively a sect unto himself. Since Stone Pillars trust each another implicitly and will aid one other without question if called, however, they also make up the most unified of the dynasties. Furthermore, the Pachamallki are the only Teomallki who maintain regular contact with their mallki forbears, regarding their elders as wise but fragile “grandparents” who need looking after.

Character Creation: While any “positive” personality type is appropriate for Pachamallki characters, they are especially drawn to Architect and Caregiver Natures. Any Attribute group can be primary, but Stone Pillars often have high Perception and Wits scores in order to better recognize problems and function effectively in crisis situations. Similarly, decent ratings in Empathy and Subterfuge are suggested for building relationships and piercing deception (the former being almost obligatory for the dynasty). As for Backgrounds, Pachamallki often have impressive collections of Allies and Contacts, while those who give aid covertly find the anonymity of Arcane helpful.

Primary Hekau: Sarandu

Purpose: The Stone Pillars of the mallki could regenerate even the most grievous wounds in mere moments simply by patching their injured flesh with clay. Although their Teomallki descendents cannot match this feat, the mud mummies of the modern age can still draw on their mystic connection with the earth to enact impressive healing. In game terms, a Pachamallki can heal one level of lethal damage or two levels of bashing damage for every point of Direction she has. This process takes one minute per health level healed and requires the mummy to plaster clay over her wounds as a poultice. Such healing can only be attempted once a day. The clock resets each morning at dawn.

Liability: As Mallki, Stone Pillars risked physical destruction and eternal banishment to the underworld if their bodies were immersed in running water during a death cycle. Yet that was before the improved Spell of Going Westward. As Teomallki, Stone Pillars no longer dissolve. A Pachamallki whose corpse is immersed cannot resurrect, however, until his body is removed from the water, and he suffers a difficulty penalty of two on all future attempts to return to life (maximum difficulty 10). Note that this penalty only applies to the death cycle during which immersion takes place; it ends as soon as the mud mummy resurrects successfully.





Uchumallki

SMOKE DANCERS

WE ARE THE EMBERS IN THE ASH. BEWARE OUR FURY.

Nearly 300 years after the Chinchorro shared their resurrection with the Chimu, a terrible beast awoke in the jungles to the east — one so ancient even the Pachamallki had no name for it. Drawn westward by some unknowable compulsion, the monster devoured entire villages in its march to the sea. Called to life by frantic descendents, a dozen of the most powerful Intimallki sorcerers laid an ambush for the beast, but the creature's hide deflected their magic, and it consumed its would-be destroyers. All hope seemed lost.

Then a wise Stone Pillar suggested that the Sun Spears send someone to seek the creature's lair and discover its weakness. The Intimallki heeded this wisdom and sent a warrior east. After weeks of searching, he found the desolate cave where the monster had laired, but he found no answers within. He would have returned empty-handed had he not been captured as he slept by a band of hunters. Knowing only that he was foreign, they took him before their tribe's leader, a fierce skinchanger who suspected the mallki of releasing the entombed evil. With eloquence born of desperation, the Intimallki told of his quest to end the monster's ravages. Intrigued, the shapeshifter offered a trade: If the mallki taught his tribe the secret of immortality, he would send a band of jaguar men to kill the beast. The Intimallki assented and returned west with the shapechangers. True to their word, they slew the monster and, in so doing, would return home with the Spell of Going Westward. Thus were the Uchumallki born.

Rubbed with balsams and then smoked over scented wood, the Uchumallki drew their numbers from distinguished shamans, chieftains and hunters. As with previous mallki, they returned to life only when called — otherwise roaming the great, gray jungles of the underworld. The secret of their creation spread to many tribes through trade and war. Although the jaguar men procured the spell of rebirth to benefit their own kin, it wasn't long before tribes unaffiliated with the skinchangers learned the ritual. While other mallki gathered in a loose confederation of immortals, they mostly ignored the "primitive" fire mummies to the east. As for the Uchumallki, they saw little need for contact with outsiders, immortal or otherwise.

The coming of the Spanish invaders had little impact on the Uchumallki. Safely hidden in their rainforests, the Smoke Dancers' descendents had nothing to fear from the Europeans. Therefore, when ambassadors of western mallki came east to seek their cousins' aid, the fire mummies turned them away. Disgusted and calling curses on their treacherous cousins, the emissaries returned to their own lands. Through it all, the Uchumallki continued as they had

been, guarding against sickness and monsters in equal measure. This way of life continued unbroken until the modern age.

The sanctity of their jungles broken at last by those who would profit from its pillage, the Uchumallki were utterly unprepared for the onslaught of bulldozers, miners and missionaries. They fought as best they could in sporadic guerilla raids, but they soon realized that they could not win. Even with the efforts of the rainforests' other defenders, the jaguar skinchangers and caiman people, the mallki knew they fought an enemy too massive and well-organized, with technology too alien — too modern — for their ancient ways of war to overcome. So, swallowing their

pride, they sought other allies. They followed the scent of magic blowing from the west and found, much to their surprise, the nascent Teomallki. Turned away by the Sun Spears and unable to gather more than a few Word Bearers to their cause, the Smoke Dancers finally turned to the peaceful Stone Pillars as a last resort. With nothing else to give, the Pachamallki shared the new Spell of Going Westward.

Armed with the magic of the joining, the Uchumallki finally believe they have a chance. Now their illi prowls beyond the jungles to the boardrooms of major corporations and the streets of Rio de Janeiro, hunting for souls to recruit to their cause. Beggars can't be choosers, and the illi are just as likely to return fused with thugs and hoodlums as they are with more principled members of society. Guided by the modern knowledge of their new Teomallki, the Smoke Dancers have lately begun to shift their focus from gathering physically powerful individuals to joining with corporate executives and bureaucrats — those who have a chance at shaping public policy in their favor.

VIEWS

Chaskimallki: They seem almost eager to die for a cause. It's a shame, really. Martyrs make such *limited* allies.

Intimallki: The ages have not been kind to the Sun Spears. Their bitterness burns even us.

Pachamallki: We now owe them a great debt. Who knows, we might even live long enough to repay it....

Ament: They are of no concern to us.

Wu T'ian: Who?



Rebirth: As noted, Uchumallki illi are the least restrictive dynasty when it comes to picking hosts for the joining. Anyone with the least bit of promise—even a complete foreigner—will do if he seems worthy. Once reanimation takes place, the new Smoke Dancer makes its way back to the Amazon to receive true rebirth. Although Uchumallki draw on centuries of sneaking through jungle brush to avoid detection, their primary focus is speed. After all, the Amazon war needs its soldiers yesterday.

New Life: Harvested in death by an ancient spirit to fight a hidden war, a new Smoke Dancer's existence is stressful at best and often quite traumatic. The illi's residual desperation spills over into the subconscious, coloring every experience with shades of unease. Of course, the atavistic impulses of rage the mummy feels whenever he sees implements of modern technology or civilization don't particularly help, either. It takes months (if not longer) to contain and reconcile these urges, though Uchumallki can eventually learn to view their inner anger as a source of strength rather than as a hindrance.

Smoke Dancers chosen for their martial prowess receive training in survival skills and jungle warfare strategies. Such recruits can find themselves on the front lines, engaging in sabotage and acts of so-called "eco-terrorism" under the leadership of more experienced Uchumallki within weeks of arriving in the Amazon. Experience, more than training, is the warrior's teacher. Those who learn quickly become extremely formidable. Slow learners spend a lot of unnecessary time in death cycles.

Politicians and businessmen granted immortality—"white collar warriors," as they half-jokingly refer to themselves—return to their previous lives whenever possible as deep-cover operatives for the Uchumallki. Drafting environmental laws and shifting corporate investments away from the rainforests might not be as immediately dangerous as blowing up bulldozers, but it's still hard work.

Affiliations: Uchumallki have conflicting feelings regarding everything and everyone they know. On the one hand, they are children of the modern age. Cellular phones, computers and cars are as natural to them as cities and highways. On the other hand, the ancient xenophobic and technophobic mallki spirits within them resent these "diabolical" creations and yearn for

the security and simplicity of the jungle. As such, many Smoke Dancers have difficulty connecting to either world. Neither the jungle nor the city feels like home. Filled with confusion, it is unsurprising that many Uchumallki prefer to associate with their own kind rather than those mortals who cannot possibly understand. Of course, deep-cover operatives cannot afford this luxury and must simply press on in spite of their unease.

Smoke Dancers on the front lines occasionally work alongside other magical beings such as skinchangers and wizards. Even when soallied, mummies find these creatures alien, and they seldom build anything more than "professional" relationships. Half-remembered dealings with jaguar men centuries ago are one thing; actually watching a petite woman transform into a snarling nine-foot-tall killing machine is quite another. Similarly, Teomallki Smoke Dancers fear and respect their mallki forebears. The mallki are relics—extremely powerful and mistrustful relics—of an age long past. One does not simply engage such elders in idle conversations about the weather.

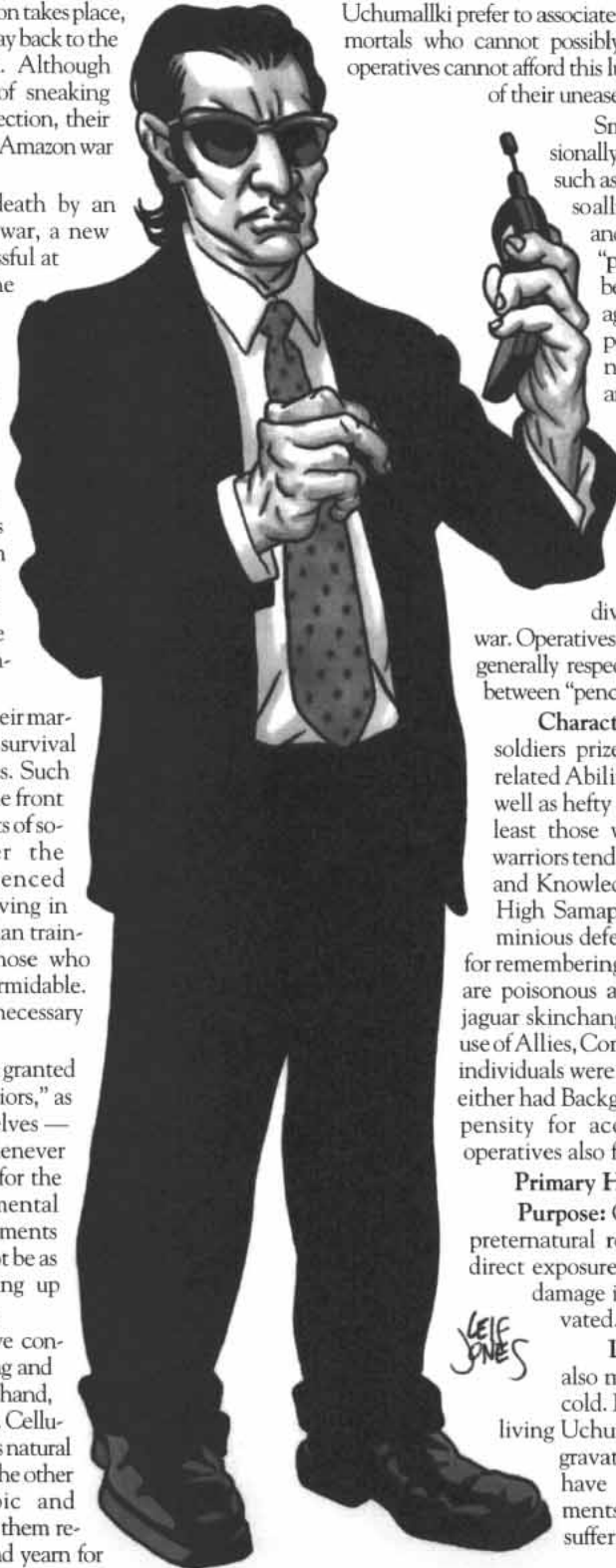
Internally, Uchumallki society divides roughly along the two fronts of the war. Operatives and soldiers each have their place and generally respect one another, but a healthy rivalry between "pencil-pushers" and "grunts" does exist.

Character Creation: Uchumallki selected as soldiers prize Physical Attributes and combat-related Abilities (Brawl, Dodge, Firearms, etc.) as well as hefty Survival and Alertness ratings—at least those who tend to last do. White-collar warriors tend to prefer Mental or Social Attributes and Knowledges, particularly Finance and Law. High Samapa helps soldiers recover from ignominious defeats, while Memory comes in handy for remembering trivial details such as which flowers are poisonous and the proper titles for addressing jaguar skinchangers. Covert operatives make better use of Allies, Contacts, Influence and Resources; such individuals were often chosen precisely because they either had Backgrounds themselves or a notable propensity for accumulating such. Highly placed operatives also find Alternate Identity invaluable.

Primary Hekau: Alitu

Purpose: Created in fire, the Uchumallki gain preternatural resistance to heat and flame. Only direct exposure to fire can inflict injury, and such damage is considered lethal instead of aggravated.

Liability: Their attunement to fire also makes Smoke Dancers vulnerable to cold. If exposed to weather below freezing, living Uchumallki suffer one health level of aggravated damage each hour (unless they have adequate protection from the elements). Smoke Dancer corpses do not suffer this damage.





Wu Feng

FAMILY OF THE PHOENIX OR PHOENIX CHILDREN

IF WE GIVE IN TO DESPAIR, THE DEMON EMPEROR HAS ALREADY WON.

From their vantage as advisors to the August Personage of Jade, the Eight Immortals have watched the passage of Ages with sorrow. The depredations of corrupt *shen* and demonic minions of the Yama Kings have ravaged the faith of the people and consumed the sacred wellsprings of the Middle Kingdom. Petty shadow wars over blood and jade have seen the beast-changers, the once-proud *hengeyokai*, fading away to extinction while gibbering hordes of *bakemono* goblins run unopposed. Spirits cry feebly from behind the wall cleaving the worlds, their duties as members of the Celestial Bureaucracy all but forgotten in their pain and confusion. And the vampires — wretched remnants of fallen heroes — pretend enlightenment with stolen breath, while Lightning People pledge their power and souls to godless machines. The world bleeds and weeps, and heaven bleeds with it.

Divided according to the timeless duality of yin and yang, each incarnation of the Wu T'ian has an important role in the greater mission of the Eight Immortals. As heaven's ministers have learned through experience, Ages have no set time limit. Their epochs are defined by cataclysm rather than calendar. Wu Feng exist to fulfill two objectives: the lengthening of the present age and the shortening of the next. They achieve the former by driving out Yomi-spawned infestations and by healing the spiritual and physical blights of the world to remove the footholds of corruption. When the next Age finally comes, the Wu Feng will work to shorten it by waging a persistent guerilla war against the demon emperor. They will be the thorn in the foot, the singular force of righteousness in an unrighteous world. They will cure the plagues bred in the Thousand Hells and shine as bright beacons of hope and heroism to the enslaved people of the Middle Kingdom. But all that is in the distant future, hopefully. *Now* is what matters. Forestalling the rise of evil is most assuredly task enough for the present.

Infused with a living spirit of yang, Wu Feng are generally passionate, warm and outgoing. They draw their name from the Scarlet Phoenix (sometimes known as the Scarlet Queen), the goddess who personifies the force of yang. As the Chinese Na Kua, she created humanity; as Japan's Izanami she birthed their islands. She is life, and all life derives from her. The Family of the Phoenix gives homage to the Scarlet Queen by living and respecting life. It is for this reason that Wu Feng value their healers more than their warriors. Warriors are a sad necessity of the twilight years, but it is those who give life and restore life who

understand the true power and purpose of their being. Wu Feng almost always make Respect for All Life their first precept.

Forced to embrace the foul paradox of warring to protect peace, the Wu Feng nonetheless fight with a determination and zeal that frightens their enemies. In their hearts lives the righteous fire that sears the demons' flesh, together with the benevolent warmth of a summer day. They embody activity and motion, but motion directed and focused toward their noble purpose. If they must, they send the twisted souls of their enemies back to Yomi in a veritable whirlwind of speed and power. Yet, regardless of their competence, Wu Feng avoid fights where they can. Violence is always a last resort. Turning a monster from the sinful path is far preferable to destroying it.

In addition to their role as healers and warriors, Wu Feng also serve as ambassadors and peacemakers. War is the fertile breeding ground for hate and desperation, two of the most powerful tools in the arsenal of hell. While *shen* battle one another for trinkets of jade, the Yama Kings poison hearts on all sides, playing every end against the middle so that only hell wins. More than breaking up a few fights, however, emissaries of the Wu Feng recruit other noble *shen* — supernatural beings — to their cause, from the ferocious *hengeyokai* shapeshifters to the hidden godlings of the *hsien*. Life is precious, too precious to be wasted in pointless infighting and



VIEWS

Xian Lung: They plan; we do.

Amenti: So alike us in their fervency — so naïve in their convictions.

Capacocha: What divine power saw fit to give these selfish creatures immortality? Their passions serve no one but themselves.

Kuei-jin: They steal life to sustain its mockery. Truly these demons have squandered whatever glory they once had.

Hsien: Even in exile, the Little Gods remember their duties to heaven. We honor their example.



bickering. Peace brings hope, hope brings healing, healing brings life. In all of these things, hell is defeated.

Rebirth: For those destined to walk the path of the Phoenix, the Elixir of Eternal Life burns from within like an all-consuming fire. Though painful, death comes mercifully quickly. The candidate's prepared soul spends only moments in the Yang Realm before his jing shen arrives as a golden phoenix to open a portal to the Gate of Heaven.

New Life: As a rule, Wu Feng disciples fall into two broad categories: yang-rich mortals reborn onto the path of the Scarlet Phoenix to further deepen their understanding, and yin-heavy souls who abandon their reserve to embrace a life of passion. While members of the former category find their new existence challenging only insofar as death and rebirth are challenging, mortals who undergo a dramatic shift in personality find their entire existence altered. Everything seems brighter, more vividly alive. Death feels distant, pushed to the realm of abstraction by the Phoenix Child's immortality. Passion seems to flow everywhere, leaping from heart to heart in invisible waves of color. Rebirth is a wonderful mind-blowing experience.

Affiliations: Mortals find themselves naturally drawn to the vitality and enthusiasm radiating from Wu Feng. There is something indescribably uplifting about the Family of the Phoenix, a joy that cannot be confined to one soul. This attractiveness means that Wu Feng gather mortal friends wherever they go, which can make it difficult for them to abide by the precept of Solitary Heart. Within mortal society, Wu Feng often assume roles as healers or teachers, though not necessarily in obvious or ostentatious ways. A Phoenix Child might be a doctor, but it is just as likely that he is the helpful nurse who secretly ensures the miraculous recovery of emergency room patients (while letting the "real" doctor take the credit). A teacher could be a true school teacher, or perhaps a bartender or humble fisherman.

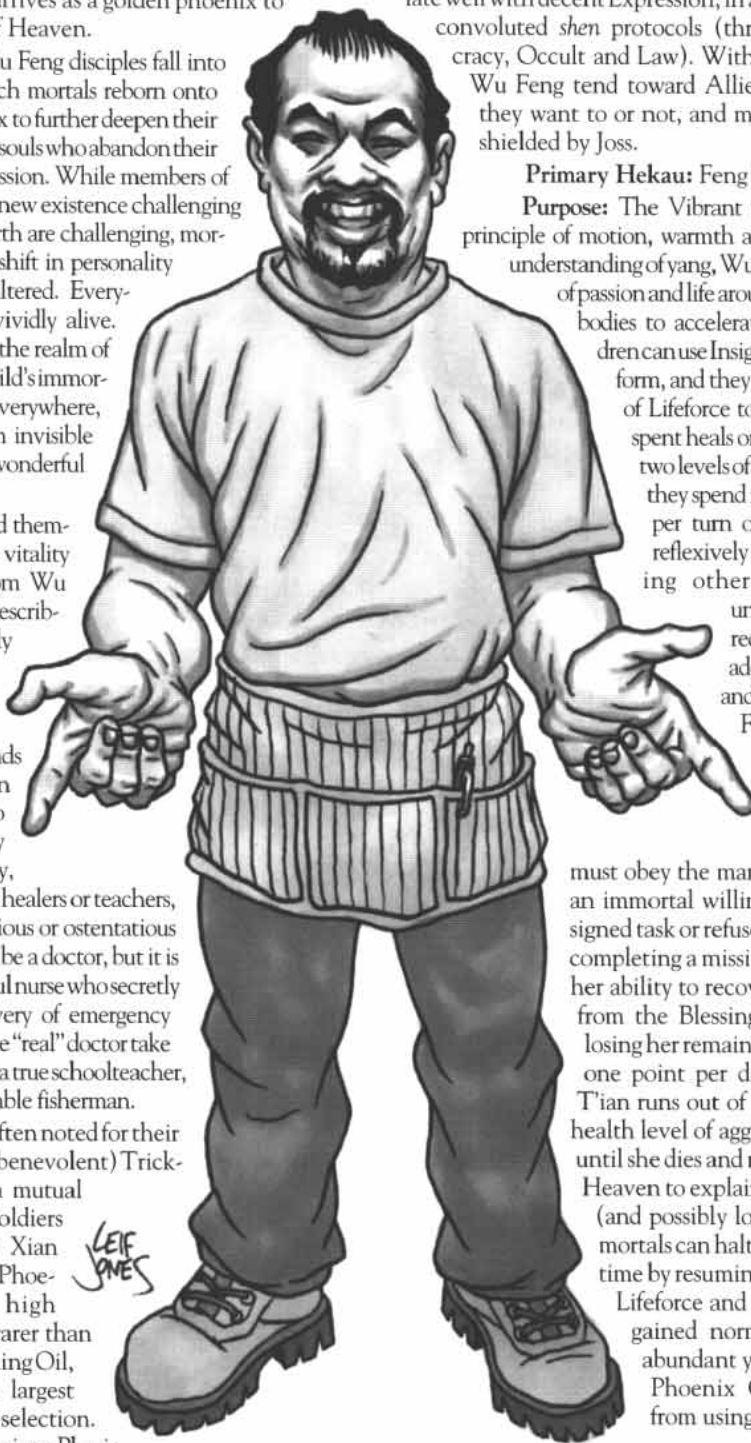
Character Creation: Often noted for their Caregivers, Celebrants and (benevolent) Tricksters, Wu Feng also share a mutual propensity for Architects, Soldiers and Visionaries with their Xian Lung compatriots. Although Phoenix Children without high Empathy and Intuition are rarer than snowflakes in the Hell of Boiling Oil, sect membership plays the largest role in Attribute and Ability selection. Celestial Arrows place emphasis on Physi-

cal Attributes and combat skills, as well as high ratings in Alertness, Awareness and Occult (to know their enemies' weaknesses). Righteous Peach Blossoms tend more toward Social or Mental Attributes with an obvious focus on Survival and Medicine. The Brotherhood of the Scarlet Lantern has the most demanding requirements of all, expecting its members to articulate well with decent Expression, in addition to understanding convoluted shen protocols (through Etiquette, Bureaucracy, Occult and Law). With regards to Backgrounds, Wu Feng tend toward Allies and Contacts whether they want to or not, and many find themselves well shielded by Joss.

Primary Hekau: Feng Tan

Purpose: The Vibrant or Vital Self. yang is the principle of motion, warmth and vitality. Through their understanding of yang, Wu Feng can perceive the flow of passion and life around them and energize their bodies to accelerate healing. Phoenix Children can use Insight at any time, even in spirit form, and they may draw on their reserves of Lifeforce to heal wounds. Each point spent heals one level of lethal damage or two levels of bashing damage. As long as they spend no more than one Lifeforce per turn on healing, Wu Feng can reflexively regenerate while performing other tasks or even while unconscious. Faster healing requires a Willpower point in addition to the Lifeforce cost and counts as an action. Wu Feng can heal only their own bodies in this manner.

Liability: As the chosen of the Eight Immortals, Wu T'ian must obey the mandates of heaven. Should an immortal willingly deviate from her assigned task or refuse to return to heaven after completing a mission, she immediately loses her ability to recover Lifeforce at sunrise or from the Blessing of Heaven and begins losing her remaining Lifeforce at the rate of one point per day. Once an errant Wu T'ian runs out of Lifeforce, she suffers one health level of aggravated damage each day until she dies and materializes at the Gate of Heaven to explain her unrighteous actions (and possibly lose Quest). Wayward immortals can halt their deterioration at any time by resuming their task, although lost Lifeforce and health levels must be regained normally. Additionally, the abundant yang energies infusing the Phoenix Children prevent them from using Deathsight.





Xian Lung

IMMORTAL DRAGONS OR DRAGON CHILDREN

THE REIGN OF THE DEMON EMPEROR DRAWS NEAR LIKE A GATHERING TYPHOON. WE MUST SALVAGE WHAT WE CAN BEFORE THE FIRST RAINS FALL

Joined with an ancient spirit of yin, Xian Lung contemplate, plan and act (when they must) with calculated deliberation. Their cool, introspective nature sets them apart from the social butterflies of the Phoenix Children, whom they regard with no small amount of amusement and loving frustration.

Xian Lung take their name from the Ebon Dragon, the ultimate avatar of yin. He is Hun Dun of China, the now overthrown judge of the underworld, and Korea's Hwan-ung who braved 100 days of darkness for immortality. But more to the point, he simply is. Let the Scarlet Phoenix and her brood dart about like fireflies. In calm repose, tranquility and passive meditation, yin is. Yin endures. And following this principle of being (tempered with necessary balance), Xian Lung endure and meditate and guide their actions with a foresight born of meticulous planning. As with Wu Feng, violence is always a last resort to the Immortal Dragons. They understand death far too well to take it lightly. From their detachment, Xian Lung watch the world closely. They find clarity through detachment and understanding through clarity. Therefore, Keen Observation is their preferred starting precept.

Called at the dusk of an era, Xian Lung prepare the Middle Kingdom to face the Age of Sorrow with dignity. Fate has not yet chosen all the key players in the forthcoming conflict. Those destined for greatness must be allowed to fulfill their potential and make choices without demonic interference. Hell would see all heroes yet unborn or undiscovered destroyed or corrupted before their time. Xian Lung stand in hell's path, barring passage with unshakable resolve. If it is the destiny of a child to grow up and perish nobly as a martyr at the hands of a demon lord, so be it. The Immortal Dragons will ensure that no harm befalls the child before that preordained meeting. Fate's inscrutable passing means that apparent defeat can sometimes be the gateway to victory. Ultimately, fate favors the righteous — or so the Wu T'ian believe.

Beyond protectors, the Xian Lung have a greater task still: to preserve all that is sacred and worthy of the Fifth Age that it may survive the terror and destruction of the Sixth. At the end

of the long night, when the demon emperor falls from power and the Jade Throne returns to its true master, the world will slowly rebuild. But if the art and learning of the preceding epochs perishes wholly in the dark times, so that only ghosts and spirits remember the glory of mankind, then all has been for naught. Hell's usurpers cannot keep heaven, but wickedness can and will unmake civilization and the collected lore of millennia if given the chance. Xian Lung take no chances. Learning all they can of philosophy and science, mathematics and literature, the immortals become living libraries and museums or create hidden caches of their learning. In the Demon Age, the lore-keepers will tell stories so that no one forgets how things once were. In the Age beyond, they will teach humanity how to restore the world to its former glory.

In all ages, the Xian Lung remember the ghosts of their ancestors. The underworld is a dark and frightening place, even more so in the wake of the latest Great Typhoon. Foul hell-tainted kuei ride the black winds of the storm and wreak havoc on the scattered citadels of the dead. Many Xian Lung have come to believe that the first wave of Yomi's conquest will not strike against the Middle Kingdom, but against the yin world. Reaping the souls of the departed will give hell an unshakable foothold from which the forces of wickedness can expand their power to conquer the rest of the Ten Thousand Things. Indeed, the Great Typhoon might

VIEWS

Wu Feng: Are they too impulsive, or do we perhaps deliberate overmuch?

Amenti: Well-intentioned, if reckless. We see great promise in them if they mature.

Capacocha: Decay and suffering trail in their wake. They claim holiness in their sacrifice, but the ghosts tell a different tale.

Kuei-jin: Thieves and murderers one step away from Yomi. We need only look at their depravity to know the Demon Age is upon us.

Wraiths: Our ancestors deserve respect; hell threatens the living and the dead alike.



well be the herald of that invasion. With this bleak thought in mind, some Immortal Dragons turn their entire attention to the underworld and its frantic denizens, trusting the Phoenix Children to care for the living. If the Thousand Hells swallow the underworld, there will be no stopping the Yama Kings.

The Age is poised on the brink of cataclysm. The world is very literally going to hell, and the Xian Lung are determined to be the voice of reason and calm at the heart of the storm. Without calm, there can be no clarity. Without clarity, there can be no vision. Without vision, there can be no meaning.

Rebirth: For those who would follow the Ebon Dragon, the Elixir of Eternal Life spreads slowly through the body as a numbing cold. In its wake, muscles lock in paralysis and joints seize up with savage aching. Only when the newborn Dragon Child can no longer move does her soul at last fall silently from nothingness into the realm of the dead. When she awakens, the new ghost must recognize and pierce her own veil without aid. Although her jing shen stands by as a coiled dragon to protect her, it waits patiently for her to penetrate the illusion of her caul before it reveals the way to heaven's gate.

New Life: Xian Lung have a reputation for reserve and asceticism, typically avoiding entangling relationships that might interfere with their duties. What outsiders do not recognize is the difficulty and emotional strain such a lifestyle causes. Wu T'ian are still human (more or less), and they still crave the pleasures of flesh and companionship. On the positive side, they really do have an edge when it comes to reasoning and understanding. While their yin energy shields them somewhat from temptation, excessive yin also leads to depression and dulling of empathy. So most Immortal Dragons must simply make do, somehow. Each day, sometimes each hour, is a struggle, but they endure. That is their nature.

Affiliations: While many Dragon Children leave mortal entanglements to their outgoing cousins in the Wu Feng and devote their lives to the precept of Solitary Heart, others simply narrow their focus and maintain a small circle of loyal friends. Immortal Dragons belonging to the Jade Sentinels take this behavior to its extreme, dedicating all their

energies to the protection of their wards and associating with other mortals only as necessary to fulfill that mission. Ironically, Xian Lung who choose independence from all sects are the most likely to surround themselves with mortals in their role as sages, guardians or even roving demon-hunters.

Character Creation: The Eight Immortals call the ranks of the Xian Lung from mortals who lived yin-heavy lives as well as those who indulged the passion and fervor of yang to the exclusion of contemplation and patience. Mortal devotees of yin seeking even deeper understanding of their chosen path as immortals often choose Mental Attributes and Knowledges as their primary groups, while former disciples of yang seeking — or given — a change of philosophy as Dragon Children tend toward Social Attributes and Talents. As for specific Ability choices, Xian Lung prize Alertness and Awareness for noticing the hidden truths of the world, Meditation for reflecting upon these truths and Enigmas for understanding the connections between all things. Although Xian Lung find themselves naturally drawn to the quiet introspection afforded by Arcane, Contemplation and Tao, any Background permitted for Wu T'ian can be appropriate for characters with the right concept.

Primary Hekau: Lung Tan

Purpose: The Resilient Self. Yin acts through inaction, passively resisting forces leveled against it. As long as a Xian Lung has at least one point of Lifeforce remaining, she treats injuries from firearms as bashing damage instead of lethal (unless targeted at the head) and halves any bashing damage applied after soak. Immortal Dragons who exhaust their reserves of Lifeforce suffer injury normally. Additionally, the yin attunement of the Xian Lung gives them access to Deathstare at all times, even while alive.

Liability: Like the Phoenix Children, Xian Lung must obey heaven or suffer spiritual and physical deterioration (see page 76). As a consequence of their strong connection to yin, Xian Lung have naturally pale auras and cannot use the power of Insight.





IMMORTAL CONCERNS

Even in a group unified by shared cause, the Amenti have their disparate factions and agendas, from the Eset-a mystics who would resurrect their scattered god to Horus's own army of Shemsu-heru. It comes as no surprise then that the other Reborn of the world have similarly diverse communities. While self-important or elder Children of the Nile might naively lump all Capacocha together as Mesoamericans (whatever that means), the four South American dynasties don't even have a common culture, let alone a mutual agenda. Only the resurrection of the Spell of Going Westward binds the Teomallki in the same family at all. As to the Wu T'ian, their solidarity is real enough, but most Amenti assume that the Chinese immortals are all the same — never suspecting the harmonious duality of their incarnations or their multitude of specialized sects. Then there are the Amenti who mentally group all non-Egyptian mummies under the non-descriptive label of "other," dismissing them as inferior or backward cousins at best. The truth of the matter is certainly more complex. Whether in the jungles of the Amazon or along the back alleys of Hong Kong, the Reborn are a force to be reckoned with wherever they are found. Their immortal agendas cannot help but shape the world.

CHASKIMALLKI

Once the nominal leaders of the western Capacocha, the Chaskimallki suffered the greatest number of casualties during the Spanish conquest, though not at the hands of the invaders. Befitting their original role as sacrifices and messengers to the gods, four-fifths of the Word Bearers willingly gave their own lives to invoke divine intervention. None of those who died in that rite have ever been seen in the worlds of the living or the dead since, and it is commonly believed among Chaskimallki survivors that their refusal to participate doomed the ritual (and thus their people). The guilt associated with this bleak conclusion colors everything the dynasty believes and does.

RECRUITMENT

To the other Capacocha dynasties, Chaskimallki illi are almost neurotic in their careful selection of hosts. What their cousins do not understand is that this pickiness has nothing to do with arrogance and vanity (at least not on a level the Word Bearers are willing to admit). Instead, they evaluate hosts with the same critical scrutiny applied to them when they were selected as divine sacrifices. It

would not do to offend the gods by choosing an unworthy soul as an offering. Regardless of their motivation (or rationalization), most Teomallki Word Bearers are attractive or outright beautiful people, with no blemishes or deformities to speak of. A substantial number of Chaskimallki are children — at least in body if not in spirit. Enemies who underestimate a Word Bearer on account of her apparent age seldom have the opportunity to repeat their mistake.

The Chaskimallki are sharply divided on the issue of foreign hosts. Traditionalists think that outsiders cannot be "pure" sacrifices by their very nature, while liberal-minded Word Bearers have come to believe that purity is a concept that crosses all boundaries of race and nationality. This debate, more than any other, has polarized the dynasty into opposing camps. Traditionalists look upon liberals as heretics who blaspheme the gods. In return, open-minded Chaskimallki see their stodgy counterparts as obsolete relics unwilling to adapt to the modern world.

INFLUENCE

Modern Chaskimallki have little interest in temporal power. Their tendency toward service and self-abasement, whether it's simply an expression of honest humility or the outgrowth of a full-blown martyr complex, seldom leads to real political or economic clout. Instead, Word Bearers may be found ministering at the fringes of society, alone or as part of a larger movement of like-minded mummies. If it can be said that Word Bearers hold sway in any mortal institution, it is the medical profession. Enough doctors and counselors count themselves among the dynasty that the Chaskimallki could exert sizeable influence on public policy in many South American countries, if they so desired.

ORGANIZATION AND CURRENT ACTIVITIES

The Chaskimallki have no council of elders or leaders dictating dynasty-wide policy, and frankly, they find the idea of such centralization distasteful. Word Bearer sects are a matter of belief and agenda, with older and wiser members guiding those who follow. Although many cults of personality exist (some as small as three or four members), the two most significant groups are the Sun Face Gang and the Covenant of the Broken Circle.

The Sun Face Gang has active cells in most major South American cities from Rio de Janeiro to Lima, recruiting poor youths (especially orphans and runaways) off the street before they can fall victim to violence or embrace a life of crime. In rarer cases, the Sun Face Gang even accepts reformed delinquents.





While most members are ordinary mortals without any idea that the gang has supernatural ties, the top leaders are children reborn as Chaskimallki. The gang's proliferation comes from its policy of granting immortality to mortal members who distinguish themselves as worthy. While law enforcement personnel know the Sun Face Gang exists, they have never been able to pin any illegal activity on the group. Most cynics just assume that the gang is very good at hiding its illicit operations, never suspecting that Sun Face members risk immediate expulsion if they commit a serious crime. Most Sun Face Gang members have a distinctive tattoo of an Incan sun mask somewhere on their bodies.

Epitomizing the "walking angst battery" stereotype other Capacocha have about modern Chaskimallki, the grim Covenant of the Broken Circle has but one purpose: to find the location of the Ancient's original rite and to complete it. Although most Chaskimallki believe (at least on some level) that the rite failed because they did not participate, the members of the Covenant have a slightly different take on the matter. In their eyes, the rite never failed at all — it was simply incomplete. Only when the last of the Chaskimallki give their lives to the gods will the ritual finally take effect and restore their people to glory. The Covenant cannot agree on whether additional sacrifices might also be required (due to the passage of time, or for other obscure reasons) or exactly how the ritual will work. The most extreme fanatics think that the magic will rewrite history itself, though there is precious little to support this theory. Needless to say, this attitude doesn't sit well with other Word Bearers, those who rather enjoy living. Therefore, Covenant members are regarded as obsessive and downright creepy (even to the Intimallki, who are known for their obsessive creepiness). Covenant members maintain no outwardly apparent markings or dress codes. In private, however, they favor Incan clothing and speak to one another exclusively in an archaic dialect of the Quechua language.

INTIMALLKI

Half a millennium spent in the caves beneath the deadlands has left many returning Intimallki unable to relate effectively with mortals. The Pachamallki did their best to guide the Sun Spears into the modern age, but the transition has driven more than a few mad. Others simply retain a kind of unnerving detachment or pathological lack of empathy. A small number of prodigies have successfully found their place, now hiding in the masses as they secretly carry out their own agendas. But for the rest, little details like eating and sleeping regularly are a daily

struggle. Of course, the single biggest factor limiting Intimallki-human contact is, ironically enough, their Spell of Going Westward. In crafting a joining that dramatically favors their own ancient spirits, the dynasty has inadvertently denied itself the chance to use modern souls as a window to the world.

RECRUITMENT

Intimallki are almost as choosy as Word Bearers when selecting hosts for the joining, albeit for very different reasons. Whereas Chaskimallki seek purity of body and soul, Intimallki concern themselves with purity of blood. Of course, such judgments are highly subjective. The dynasty has better records of their enemies' descendants than their own, and it is hard to determine exactly how "native" a given person actually is from appearance alone. The result is a haphazard application of prejudice and intuitive decisions that are seldom based remotely on factual genealogy. Someone who looks European may be passed over in favor of someone whose features suggest Chimu descent, even though the latter individual might actually have more Spanish ancestors. This isn't to say that all Intimallki are so biased or haphazard in their selection, but Caucasian Sun Spears are only slightly more common than victims of multiple lightning strikes. Yes, it happens, but Intimallki who look foreign can expect to face serious prejudice and condemnation from their peers.

Sun Spears are actually quite a bit less selective in the qualities they want than the ones they don't. Since their joining favors their own ancient spirit over the modern soul, Intimallki don't have to choose with the same caution and care as other Teomallki. If their host has qualities they don't terrifically like, they can generally override them through sheer force of will. Their deep-rooted need for vengeance, however, draws many Sun Spears to seek souls who desire revenge or justice. Sometimes, the modern soul's idea of justice isn't nearly so bloody as the illi might like. It can be horrific to wake up after rebirth and discover the ancient spirit that promised "justice" instead chose to murder one's unfaithful spouse — but Intimallki aren't known for their peaceful ways, especially after their centuries of exile.

INFLUENCE

On an individual level, a clever Intimallki might amass a large fortune or build a network of allies and contacts, but the lack of any real leadership or universal agenda in the dynasty makes generalizations impossible. At least one Intimallki, known only by the sobriquet Father Juan, controls a global drug cartel from





a hidden base of operations in Columbia, but most Sun Spears are considerably less well off. As a rule, Intimallki don't like squalor. They leave *that* to the Word Bearers and Stone Pillars. Outside of establishing a comfortable personal existence, however, Intimallki can be as ambitious or as content as any human.

ORGANIZATION AND CURRENT ACTIVITIES

Intimallki are a naturally fractious lot. The fastest way to unite them is to present them with a common threat, but they'll disband and return to intra-dynasty politicking the moment the threat has been neutralized. Prior to the Spanish invasion, the mallki had no discernible organization at all, let alone a hierarchy. In the wake of their banishment to the underworld, matters changed slightly. Many expanded their personal citadels and crypts so that illi could work and dwell together, pooling their magical resources and efforts to find a means of returning to life. But even at the height of their cooperation, Intimallki acted individually — perhaps with friends or allies — but never directly answerable to established superiors. If students followed a master sorcerer, that was their prerogative, but no one forced them to stay.

In the wake of their revival as Teomallki, the Sun Spears have suffered something of an ideological schism. Planning revenge is one thing — enacting genocide is quite another. Suddenly alive again after so long, many of these Capacocha wonder if they should let go of their hate and find a new meaning for their lives. While these “moderates” comprise the majority of the dynasty, the minority of hard-line vengeance-seekers is a very vocal minority, and it has organization on its side. If rage-driven members of the Intimallki actually begin their long-planned pogrom, their brethren will be hard pressed to stop them. Most dangerous of all is the cult at the heart of the revenge movement, the Hand of the Eclipsed Sun.

The Hand of the Eclipsed Sun is a secret society desiring the complete worldwide eradication of every descendent of the Spanish invaders. Extreme as this position is, it is not unique to the Hand. Other fanatics among the Intimallki seek similar aims or spout rhetoric to that effect. What makes the Hand frighteningly special is its founder, who was among those few illi to leave the citadels and explore the caves beneath the Realm of Pacarina on his own. When he finally returned many years later, he spoke of the visions he had seen in a smoking mirror, visions that had stained his eyes black as night. The Founder carved the Pit of

THE PIT OF NAMES

Carved in the floor of the Intimallki's largest underworld citadel, the Pit of Names is a smooth vertical shaft roughly 20 yards in diameter extending down for miles into the lightless depths. Just beneath the opening, a ring of mystic glyphs inscribes a terrible curse against all enemies of the Intimallki. Beneath this curse are chiseled the names of the original Spanish invaders, as well as every one of their descendants. The list now covers all but the last half-mile at the base of the tunnel.

The Pit of Names is enchanted with powerful unknown magic so that it automatically burns new sigils in its walls whenever “enemies” of the Intimallki are born. Supposedly, on the day the list finally reaches the bottom, some unimaginably horrible curse will burst forth from the shaft like a volcanic eruption to strike down everyone thus condemned on the pit's walls.

Naturally, the existence of such a doomsday curse is only a rumor.

Names with his magic and began the Sun Spear policy of tracking the family trees of enemies and scribing them in the walls of the pit. Several months after his return, he gathered his most ardent supporters and led them into the caves. They, too, returned with darkened eyes and grim understanding. Throughout the ages, Intimallki who have embraced the Hand's vision have received an invitation to become part of the sect, but no one ever asks to join the Hand. With the creation of the Teomallki, the Hand now seeks the resurrection of its own members. Fortunately for the world at large, more temperate Intimallki recognize the danger posed by the sect and have staunchly refused to share their new Spell of Going Westward.

PACHAMALLKI

The Pachamallki make up the only Western dynasty that has never failed its people, even when the Spanish came. When the Chaskimallki could not invoke the gods and the Intimallki fell before the invaders' steel, the Stone Pillars endured. The Stone Pillars always endure, supporting their people in the dark times of conquest as in better ages: healing, comforting and teaching. With scattered tragic exceptions, their mallki survived the invasion and hid themselves among humanity, sharing the secret of their true nature only





with close friends so that they might be called back when their inevitable death cycles came. Now that the Pachamallki have become Teomallki — or at least a great many have — they still carry on. The Stone Pillars always carry on.

RECRUITMENT

Although Pachamallki are nowhere near as selective as the Sun Spears and Word Bearers in choosing hosts for the joining, nor are their standards as lax as those of the Smoke Dancers. In selecting candidates for immortality, they look for empathy to recognize others' pain and the moral courage to help the needy. Balance and stability play a heavy role as well. The dynasty has little use for would-be martyrs or hotshots who fail to understand the quiet service that defines the Stone Pillars. Conversely, souls without ambition or will are also generally passed over on the grounds that Pachamallki must have inner strength to endure and help others. Indeed, with numerous variations, it is a common saying among the dynasty that broken pillars hold nothing.

It is worth mentioning that Pachamallki seldom join with foreigners. This is not because they think outsiders are inherently inferior or evil, but rather because they were created as companions to their ancestors. At some level, all Pachamallki illi feel a strong sense of loyalty to their native culture and focus their attention accordingly.

INFLUENCE

Owing to centuries of deliberate involvement in the mortal world, Pachamallki have at least as much influence as all the other Teomallki dynasties combined. This is not to say that hidden Pachamallki ensconce themselves in the halls of power — that is not their way. Nor do the Stone Pillars wallow solely in the detritus of humankind. Rather, they take the middle path, going wherever they are needed most.

Pachamallki can be found in schools, hospitals, homeless shelters and a thousand less likely places. They are bus drivers, bartenders and ambulance drivers; they are artists, lovers and, above all, friends. Whatever community they adopt as their family, however large or small, they serve gladly and humbly. The best way to find them is to look for people more human than human, a little too kind for their dark and cynical world.

Influence is really about who you know and who knows you — and whether or not your voice carries weight with the right people. Pachamallki may not have much power or authority in any tangible sense, but

every soul they help owes them a debt of honor, and a good many remember such kindness for the rest of their lives. Most Stone Pillars can't pick up a phone and get a law repealed, but their web of friends runs through every level of society.

ORGANIZATION AND CURRENT ACTIVITIES

Pachamallki organization is a lot like an archipelago. Each is an island unto herself but is also part of the same mountain chain — only the water obscures this connection from sight. Stone Pillars have complete freedom to do and act as they please. They aren't compelled to do anything, but common purpose and destiny connects them. They care. And so they are all part of the same chain, hidden by the sea of humanity in which they rest. If a Pachamallki has a need and another Stone Pillar finds out, she'll do her best to help. This is not to say that some mass-market mud mummy address book exists. A given Pachamallki probably only knows two or three others of her kind, but these Teomallki know others who know others still. A Stone Pillar confronted with a threat of sufficient magnitude could theoretically bring the weight of her entire dynasty to bear.

Another curious facet of their friend-of-a-friend system is the way Teomallki Stone Pillars regard their mallki with reverence instead of fear. This attitude is unique to this dynasty. Elder Uchumallki are like dormant volcanoes seething with unimaginable fury, while the ice-edged mallki of the Word Bearers speak less to gods and more *as* gods. The sorcerer kings of the Intimallki can level mountains and bring famine and drought with a word. Elder Pachamallki are no less mighty than these, and their Teomallki descendents know this, but they recognize the gentle spirits that live inside the firstborn Capacocha. Stone Pillar Teomallki look after their mallki like beloved grandparents, listening to their stories and heeding their wisdom.

UCHUMALLKI

The eldest Uchumallki remember when a desperate half-crazed Sun Spear came to their jungles begging for aid against a monster threatening his people. The Smoke Dancers weren't Capacocha then, just warriors and shamans, but the jaguar people made a deal on behalf of their mortal kin, trading their formidable assistance for the mallki's Spell of Going Westward. The fire mummies created in the centuries following protected and guided their people without a second thought to the world outside the trees. When represen-





tatives of the Western mallki came on another mission to seek aid (this time, against pale-skinned invaders), the Uchumallki turned them away. It wasn't their problem, after all. Many Smoke Dancers now regret that decision, as they are now the ones threatened by invaders. The other dynasties give them cool welcome at best, and rightfully so, though the Pachamallki gift of the Teomallki ritual has left the Smoke Dancers deeply indebted to the Stone Pillars.

RECRUITMENT

Of all the Capacocha, Uchumallki illi are the least picky when it comes to the ethnicity of their selected hosts. Indeed, the dynasty has been gradually moving away from joining with natives. Instead, they seek well-placed foreigners whose established power base enables them to serve Smoke Dancer needs more effectively. In essence, the dynasty has begun a covert war of infiltration and assimilation. While it galls some illi to think they are immortalizing their enemies, most pragmatically recognize that an enemy turned into an ally is more useful than an enemy destroyed. As a result of this policy, there are now Uchumallki operatives at some level in almost every major corporation with interests or ventures related to the deforestation and/or pillage of the Amazon. How much influence these operatives actually have depends on the vagaries of luck and strategic placement.

Of course, since the Amazon war isn't solely a matter of covert sabotage, other Smoke Dancers (particularly the most conservative illi) seek individuals with combat skills to fill the ranks of guerillas and terrorists. Such recruits come from all walks of life, from professional military personal to convicted murderers and members of assorted terrorist cells. Although some shamans worry about polluting their illi with such amoral riff-raff, their warnings have been given little consideration in the face of the dynasty's immediate need for soldiers.

INFLUENCE

Rather unsurprisingly, Teomallki fire mummies have insinuated themselves in various eco-terrorist networks dedicated to preserving the rainforest. More importantly, the dynasty's recent shift in strategy to join illi with corporate executives and bureaucrats has placed Uchumallki in key positions where they can support environmentally friendly laws or business practices. More than any of the other Teomallki, Smoke Dancers seek power wherever they can find it. It's not that they're power-hungry (at least not most of them);

rather, influence may be the only chance their land or people have.

Uchumallki also have another kind of influence entirely with their ancestral ties to the skinchangers of the Amazon. Even if relations aren't always friendly, the Smoke Dancers and jaguar people share respect for one another and still trade favors from time to time. It is not uncommon for the two groups to work together, particularly in defense of their shared homeland.

ORGANIZATION AND CURRENT ACTIVITIES

Teomallki Smoke Dancers base rank on a combination of age, reputation and power. At the bottom of the totem pole, new "recruits" serve as grunts on the front lines in the Amazon or as sleeper spies in the modern world. While grunts are thrust into combat fairly quickly on the principle that violent death is a valuable learning experience, novice spies keep quiet and only gather information passively. Status comes with time and a track record of success; competence matters more than age. Rank is never formalized — other Uchumallki just know each other's reputation and give respect (or obedience) accordingly. The only absolute authority in the dynasty rests with its mallki elders, hidden in the heart of the jungle. Atavistic, primal and frightening, even to their descendents, the mallki expect unquestioning compliance from the lesser, "diluted" Smoke Dancers. Although they acknowledge their lack of understanding about the modern world and accept advice from trusted Teomallki aides, the final word of a mallki is law.

Every dynasty-wide effort of the Smoke Dancers focuses on preserving their ancestral home and native people. To that end, Uchumallki will do anything and risk any danger. Their desperation means that they often take a Machiavellian approach to guerilla warfare, using tactics like torching logging camps while workers sleep, assassinating politicians who support deforestation and even executing missionaries whose efforts threaten to undermine the old ways. Uchumallki would prefer to leave the outside world alone, but they refuse to allow their people to be assimilated or destroyed while they can still fight.

WU FENG

Impassioned and charismatic, Wu Feng follow the flight of the Scarlet Phoenix in their humble obedience to the Eight Immortals. Epiphanies follow in their passing like the vortices of a trailing wake, imparting hope and joy to the oppressed even as their truth unmasks and unmakes the hidden plots of demons. They are the knife seized in desperation to drive away





THE THIRD INCARNATION

As pendulums slowly swinging between the poles of yin and yang, all Wu T'ian ultimately seek the point of perfect spiritual equilibrium. This is an elusive goal. Perhaps immortals can only reach such a state — the whispered Third Incarnation — after total mastery of the Ten Heavenly Precepts. Perhaps it is actually easier than that... or harder. Enlightenment never quite works the way the unenlightened expect.

Yomi's bandits, but more often the knife that whittles artful carvings or cuts away disease to promote health. Their healers are the anathema of death, their warriors the anathema of those who would bring death.

RECRUITMENT

As far as the Wu T'ian can determine, the dynasty of a new immortal is determined by his subconscious understanding of self. If a yang-heavy mortal is comfortable in his existence, the Elixir of Eternal Life sears his blood and transports his spirit to the Yang Realm in a flash of dazzling pain. Therefore, the jing shen that arrives to meet and join with him takes the form of a phoenix. Yin-aspected mortals who recognize their imbalance and yearn to correct it similarly slip into the Yang Realm at the moment of their death. Such individuals find their whole understanding of life changed.

With all this in mind, there are no specific categories of people or personalities that are certain of becoming Wu Feng if they drink the Elixir of Eternal Life. Paradoxically, those who are apparently a "perfect" fit — such as a doctor or a peace activist — are no more or less likely to join the Family of the Phoenix as reclusive scholars or morticians. Only the usual limitations of the Wu T'ian always apply. No one is given the elixir without demonstrating a commitment to the principles of the Tao. Although the majority of Wu T'ian are Chinese or of Chinese descent, such is by no means a prerequisite. The followers of Lao Tzu cross borders and cultures, often without knowing it. Living servants of the Tao sometimes come to enlightenment without instruction at all, their very nature drawing them inexorably to harmony and balance. Wu T'ian being called from outside the border of the Middle Kingdom is rare, but it does happen.

INFLUENCE

Wu Feng tend to accumulate power and connections without really meaning to, just by being naturally

warm and outgoing. One of the more comical dangers that Phoenix Children run into is their tendency to attract "groupies" if they stay in an area too long. It's rather hard to obey the precept of Solitary Heart with a gaggle of admirers about, however flattering the attention might be. On a darker note, cunning demons are not above capturing a Wu Feng's friends and associates for leverage, or sending them back in little pieces as a brutal tactic of demoralization.

Simply put, if their task requires them to gain influence, Wu Feng gain influence. On the whole, though, they try to keep a low profile.

ORGANIZATION AND CURRENT ACTIVITIES

Wu Feng serve as the healers, warriors and peace-makers of the Wu T'ian. As a whole, their yang affiliation makes them more apt to socialize and work in groups than their introverted Xian Lung allies. Even outside the hierarchies that govern their three principle sects, Phoenix Children constantly build relationships with each other. It is their nature.

The Celestial Arrows, the most militant faction of the Wu T'ian, take the battle to the enemy. Even if the rise of the demon emperor is inevitable, as the Eight Immortals believe, there is nothing in any prophecy stating *when* the infernal ascension will take place. Celestial Arrows fight demonic incursions wherever they find them, in order to slow the wheel just long enough for the Twilight Scholars to finish their work. Their bravery — or, some would say, recklessness — is legendary among the Wu Feng. Immortality allows them to take risks that mortals burdened by survival instincts simply can't match.

In contrast, the Righteous Peach Blossoms understand that Yomi thrives on suffering. In lessening the pain of the Middle Kingdom by healing the sick and comforting the distraught, they spiritually weaken the Yama Kings. Righteous Peach Blossoms may not be as flashy or dramatic or obviously heroic as the Celestial Arrows, but theirs is the higher calling and the true means to conquer the Thousand Hells.

The Wu T'ian are by no means the only *shen* in the Middle Kingdom. While the White Lotus Society of the Xian Lung tends the ghosts of the Dark Kingdom of Jade, its yang counterparts in the Brotherhood of the Scarlet Lantern serve as heaven's emissaries to the elemental spirit courts, the *hsien* changelings and the shapeshifting *hengeyokai*. The Eight Immortals remember when all these creatures faithfully served the Celestial Bureaucracy, fulfilling their appointed roles with piety and passion. Then the treachery of Yomi led to civil war among the shapechangers and the banish-





THE WU KUEI

In recent months, several Wu T'ian have reported encounters with demons wielding corrupt magic disturbingly similar to the righteous Arts of Heaven. Although their elders have dismissed these stories as distorted accounts of Kuei-jin or hell-tainted wizards, younger immortals have a different, more unpleasant theory. They believe that the Yama Kings have created their own Undying slaves to oppose the Family of Heaven. Vocal advocates have even gone so far as to give these elusive *akuma* a name: Wu Kuei — the Family of Demons.

The Eight Immortals are uncomfortably silent on the matter.

ment of the *hsien* from heaven. In these dark times, however, the Eight Immortals know that the forces of righteousness must lay aside their ancient grudges and band together, or the Yama Kings will again turn them to each others' throats and destroy the last hope of the world. As difficult and dangerous as their missions are, the members of the Brotherhood brave the maddening chaos of the Yang Realm and the ire of territorial *shen* on the slim hope that they can someday marshal the forces of heaven.

XIAN LUNG

Stoic and inhumanly patient (at least in the eyes of outsiders) Xian Lung follow the path of the Ebon Dragon and the mandates of the Eight Immortals. Theirs is the quiet road to enlightenment, the razor's edge between despair and peace. As scholars and sages, they gather all that can be salvaged of this world or its yin reflection and grimly protect those chosen by fate. Although some say that they are passive — at least compared with the Wu Feng — it is more accurate to say that they are restrained. They do not act until they consider it the correct time to do so, and they try to plan for most contingencies. Many Xian Lung believe they spend an inordinate amount of time cleaning up the messes left behind by their overhasty brethren. Of course, the Phoenix Children counter that they wouldn't make so many mistakes if the Immortal Dragons (in their infinite wisdom) would quit thinking so much and help out now and again. This is really less a source of conflict and more a running joke between the two dynasties. As alien as their ways sometimes seem to one another, each recognizes the need for the other. Many Xian Lung are a bit too cerebral in their approach and have difficulty responding to fluid situations. On the other hand, their wisdom and restraint provides a constant check against the impatience of their "yang-addled" siblings.

RECRUITMENT

Like the Phoenix Children, Immortal Dragons draw members in equal measure from both yin- and yang-aspected mortals. If their subconscious desires further — or new — service to the precepts and meditation of yin, the Elixir of Eternal Life fills the immortal's dying body with a cold ache before depositing her soul in the underworld. Despite the wide range of personalities drawn to the path of the Ebon Dragon, most share a measure of patience (even if it is only a spark). Yin is not hasty, and those who cannot relax and be find their enlightenment stifled. At best, frustration drives impatient souls to change their dynasty and join the Wu Feng. At worst... well, the Wu Kuei are only rumors, right?

INFLUENCE

Owing to the strictures placed on them by the Eight Immortals, Xian Lung have little sway in the Middle Kingdom. Their devotion to yin and its path of introspection only further amplifies this lack. Most Dragon Children have difficulty making friends outside their own order and a good number never try. They have other things to do. This is not to say that all Dragon Children are laconic hermits, but they tend toward fewer social contacts, which yields fewer opportunities to build bases of power.

Interestingly enough, Xian Lung have considerably more influence among the *shen*, particularly with the ghosts of the Yellow Springs. Even outside the deathwalkers of the White Lotus Society, many Dragon Children find their paths regularly intersecting the hauntings and machinations of ancestor spirits. Ghosts "in the know" respect (and, in many cases, fear) the Chosen of the Dragon, whose potent Art can command and banish the dead with equal facility.

ORGANIZATION AND CURRENT ACTIVITIES

Xian Lung serve as the strategists, guardians and historians of the Wu T'ian. While all ultimately answer to the will of the exalted Eight Immortals, the Dragon Children have established a loose hierarchy based on age and wisdom. It's not that the elders give orders, though. Rather, the eldest preside as sages and counselors to their younger disciples. The three largest sects of Xian Lung (the Jade Sentinels, Twilight Scholars and the White Lotus Society) also have their own systems of rank and training, overseen by the watchful eyes of the Eight.

Jade Sentinels can best be described as heaven's bodyguards. Even in the twilight of the Fifth Age, there are still those who have a great destiny to fulfill. Recognizing the potential danger presented by such individuals, the forces of Yomi work diligently to destroy or corrupt their fate. Jade Sentinels are heaven's response. Part guardian, part guide, their twofold mission is to protect their assigned





charges from hell and to nurture them toward discovering and accepting their destiny. Of course, most wards have no idea they carry the spark of greatness in them, and any attempts by their protectors to explain the turning of Ages or the nefarious plots of demons risks stares of disbelief at the very least. More likely, the mortal simply avoids the "raving lunatic" thereafter.

Therefore, Sentinels play a curious game. They either have to remain hidden entirely or stand guard under the cover of friendship, while somehow encouraging the exploration of latent talents. Such problems are only compounded when the wards are children or when the Eight Immortals neglect to explain the details of the charge's destiny (which actually happens more often than not). Many Jade Sentinels wear a tiny jade stud earring in their left ear, although others eschew any such distinguishing marks.

In contrast to the martial path of the Jade Sentinels, the Twilight Scholars largely avoid warfare and relationships altogether. Their mission is to gather the knowledge and culture of the world (particularly the Middle Kingdom) and hide that knowledge in hidden caches so that it survives the destruction of the Demon Age. While the mission of these archivists seems pointless or fatalistic to other Reborn, the Scholars understand that the Sixth Age is not the end of the world. When the Seventh Age comes and the universe begins to right itself, the survivors of the dark times will fare better for having the "lost" lore of their ancestors. Most Scholars generally take one of two approaches: learning everything they can to become living libraries, or actually creating physical troves of knowledge in well-hidden caves or spirit realms.

Lastly, the White Lotus Society acts as heaven's voice and hands in the Yellow Springs. Theirs is perhaps the greatest sacrifice, as they willingly forgo resurrection to accept missions in their spirit form. Ghosts are people, too — or at least they were — and pious Xian Lung revere their ancestors. The Great Typhoon of the underworld rages still, and hordes of malevolent Kuei ride the storm winds. The ghosts need guidance and hope before despair brings them to the jaws of Yomi. The White Lotus Society provides both, wandering the realm of the dead as itinerant monks and sages.

OTHERS?

Until they encountered one another, the mummies of the Andes, Nile and Middle Kingdom each thought they were unique in the world. Yet, for all their differences, the

HELLWALKERS

The most devoted — some would say insane — Wu T'ian take assignments in the Thousand Hells in place of resurrection. Hellwalkers are drawn from both the Xian Lung and Wu Feng. In other words, they aren't really so much a sect as a profession. Though most Wu T'ian look upon Hellwalkers as a sad necessity of the waning Fifth Age, others recall stories of Jizo-Bosatu, the enigmatic wanderer who roams the Hell of Kakuri as a sole beacon of honor in that bleak realm. Whether he is one of the most ancient Celestial Immortals or something else entirely, many Hellwalkers of the Family of Heaven look upon him as their honorary founder.

Of course, working covertly in hell is exceedingly dangerous (even for immortals), as many Yama Kings employ demon overseers with the power to consume souls. Players and Storytellers wishing further information on the Yama Kings and their domains are encouraged to pick up a copy of *The Thousand Hells* for *Kindred of the East*.

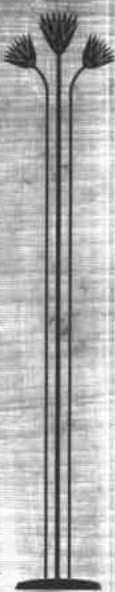
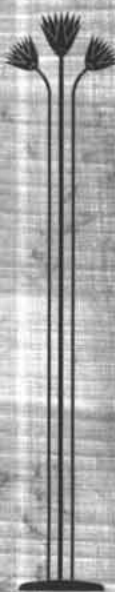
Reborn are fundamentally more alike than they are dissimilar. Immortals use different names and wield different magic to be sure, but in the end, the Chinchorro Spell of Going Westward to the Sunrise is not all that unlike the Egyptian Spell of Life. This uncanny similarity leaves Reborn scholars wondering if there might be other immortals yet undiscovered. Perhaps thinking along these lines, Horus has sent a group of his loyal Shemsu-heru to track down any rumors and legends possibly connected with the Undying. Presumably, elders of the Wu T'ian and Capacocha have done likewise.

If others are found, if one of the Bog Men preserved in peat or some other desiccated corpse turns out to house an ancient spirit, the ramifications could be dramatic. Who knows what — or who — may be buried in the permafrost of the Siberian tundra? And, for that matter, what if the Iceman isn't just a corpse? The thought of a truly ancient Reborn who remembers the last Ice Age is a daunting one. Compared with such a creature, even the eldest of the mallki and the Imkhu would be as children.





trabold



Chapter Four: Life After Death

OH, WIRACocha, THE SUN, THE MOON, THE DAY, THE NIGHT,
THE SEASONS OF RIPENING AND RAIN – THEY ARE NOT FREE:
FROM YOU THEY TAKE THEIR ORDER YOU THEY OBEY.
WHERE AND ON WHOM HAVE YOU BESTOWED YOUR DIVINE POWER?
—PRAYER OF MANCO CAPAC, INCA OF CUZCO

The rules for creating your character as presented in the **Mummy: The Resurrection** core book are perfectly fine, as far as they go. With the addition of the Teomallki and the Wu T'ian as viable character options, and with the expansion of previous concepts and the additions of new ones, the process of character creation has become substantially more open than it was. This chapter, then, sets out to explain and codify all your new options into a cohesive and usable whole. Players, be sure you talk to your Storyteller before creating your character with these new rules. It's possible that she doesn't want a Teomallki or Wu T'ian in her story today.

CHARACTER CREATION

The overall process of character creation remains the same; that is, the player goes through the various stages and steps defined in the core book, completing each one either alone or with the Storyteller until the character has taken shape. The new options presented by the Teomallki and the Wu T'ian, however, require a reexamination of some of the basic precepts and concepts of character generation.

First and foremost, beyond any mechanical distinctions, it is vital for both players and Storytellers to always remember that there is more to differentiate

these “other” Reborn from the Amenti than merely name changes and nifty new toys. There are fundamental differences in culture, purpose and perspective that permeate each and every aspect of these characters. They see the world differently than their Egyptian counterparts, seek their own goals and hold fast to their own beliefs. By and large, a Storyteller or fellow player should be able to tell from a character's concept and back-story whether he is Amenti, Teomallki or Wu T'ian, without ever having to look at the actual names and dots on the character sheet.

THE REBIRTH

Although it has no bearing on game mechanics, some of the earliest decisions you have to make when creating your character relate to the rebirth itself. Neither the Teomallki nor the Wu T'ian enter their Second Lives exactly the same way the Amenti do. The melding with an ancient spirit doesn't fill a void in the Teomallki soul as it does the Amenti. It represents a joining of equals, resulting in a personality that is often much more an amalgamation than that of the Amenti. The Wu T'ian is a mortal soul granted the Elixir of Immortality by the Eight Immortals through a melding with one of the immortals' spiritual agents. This bond is



less pervasive than those of the Teomallki (or even the Amenti), with the spirit serving more as an occasional guide than a partner.

Give these differences some thought, even as you move through the subsequent steps of character creation. How do they impact your character? Does your Teomallki's state as a "dual soul" mean that she is more likely to pursue the goals of a millennia-dead Incan priest than those of a personal injury lawyer? What was it about your character that attracted the Eight Immortals, that made them think that he was the right person to become one of the Wu T'ian?

CHARACTER CONCEPT

The concept is nothing difficult — just a brief descriptive phrase to define your character. Again, however, it requires at least some amount of thought. The concept of a Wu T'ian should be inherently different — especially in the details, if not in the ultimate ends — than that of an Amenti.

TEOMALLKI CONCEPTS

The Teomallki hail from a culture as ancient and as alien to the modern world as that of the Amenti themselves. Additionally, the ancient soul makes up a far larger proportion of a Teomallki's conjoined personality than the equivalent Egyptian soul does in the Amenti. Assuch, many Teomallki have difficulty adapting to the modern world, and the Anachronism Flaw may be appropriate for such characters. This difficulty goes beyond a mere mechanical trait, however. A character can be based largely (or even entirely) around the anachronism concept, and even those Teomallki who adjust well to the 21st century should probably have at least the odd quirk in this direction.

More important than this, however, is the fact that the Teomallki lack a unifying purpose. The battle against Apophis and the struggle to restore Ma'at to the world are defining factors in the lives of every one of the Egyptian Reborn. Even if their only current activity is to ignore that struggle (an attitude that never lasts long in any case), they cannot escape the impact that it has on them. The Teomallki have no such driving goal. These ancient spirits of the Incas, the Maya and other South American civilizations seek a new home in new bodies as a means of survival. Does this mean that a Teomallki cannot have a concept that involves a higher purpose or a struggle against some greater evil? Of course not. Some have even joined the Amenti in their own endless war. It does mean, however, that such a higher calling cannot be assumed for the Teomallki, and that any player who wishes her Teomallki to pursue

such a goal should create a motivation unique to that character.

This doesn't mean that the Teomallki should be utterly without moral codes save for survival. The ancients still respect codes that were practiced thousands of years before the Europeans discovered the New World. What those codes are, however, and how a modern Teomallki might obey them, are questions best left for the player and the Storyteller to work out. As a starting point, consider that the Teomallki come from cultures in which the rule of the priesthood was unquestioned. Whatever else he may be, a Teomallki is likely to be extremely devoted to his religion, perhaps basing his entire life around it. Consider too that the gods required man's devotion in order to keep the sun rising and the rains falling. Teomallki may feel an obligation to follow the religious practices he followed in his First Life — up to and including human sacrifice. To his mind, these practices aren't evil. Rather, they're absolutely essential for the survival of the entire world. What would one of the Reborn with that sort of moral imperative be willing to do? Perhaps more importantly, what *wouldn't* he?

Remember that the deceased mortal chosen to become Teomallki need not have the same "spiritual flaw" that their Amenti brethren possess. Because the Teomallki does not fill a void in the mortal's soul, but instead joins with it equally, there is no need to seek out those who will best "complete" the ancient spirit. This does not mean that your character must be, or even should be, a perfect human being before the Rebirth. That's not only unrealistic, but it's usually pretty dull as well.

Finally, it should be noted that the Teomallki have but recently developed into equals of the Amenti. It is harder for a new Teomallki to find someone capable of casting the Spell of Going Westward than it is for the Amenti to return to the Web of Faith for the Spell of Life. Furthermore, older versions of the Spell of Going Westward were considered weak by Amenti standards. Many Amenti still think of them as inherently inferior, which alienates and angers some Teomallki who might have been potential allies of the Egyptian Reborn. Some Teomallki still believe this as well, and a small but significant portion of all Teomallki possess something of an inferiority complex.

WU T'IAN CONCEPTS

If the spiritual nature of the Teomallki is somewhat foreign to the Amenti, the Wu T'ian are downright alien. They have no memories of old lives or ages past. They aren't really dual beings at all. In some ways, then,





the Wu T'ian are the most human of the Reborn. At the same time, there must have been something about them to make them worthy of becoming Wu T'ian, so even they were not entirely "normal" to begin with.

Wu T'ian, like the Amenti, experience a calling to a higher purpose. They act at least partially at the whim of higher beings. Although not impossible, it is rare indeed for a Wu T'ian to be rebellious or irresponsible, as most are driven and focused by nature, and were so even before their Rebirth. Many of those who would become Wu T'ian are either extremely devout, or else involved in professions or projects to aid their fellows. They tend to be followers rather than leaders (although a sizable minority were indeed leaders of a spiritual sort for their communities), and they often seek knowledge of the old ways that comes naturally to other Reborn by virtue of their dual souls.

Although they do answer to a higher purpose, their objectives are often less concrete even than those of the Amenti. The Eight Immortals often direct their agents to perform activities that, to the eyes of unenlightened mortals (or even Wu T'ian), have no obvious or comprehensible purpose. Therefore, Wu T'ian often (though by no means always) learn to follow without question, adapting a very philosophical viewpoint that everything has a purpose, and that seeking the "why" of a situation is neither helpful nor necessary. Many are content to accept situations as they are and to work within the confines of those circumstances, where others — such as the Amenti or Teomallki — might instead seek to alter those same circumstances.

DYNASTY

The process of choosing a dynasty (formerly an Amenti, when it was a choice limited to the Egyptian Reborn) hasn't changed overmuch. You now have additional options, of course, based on what sort of Reborn (Amenti, Teomallki or Wu T'ian) you're portraying, but everything else remains the same. Your beginning advantages, particularly Hekau, are still partially defined by your dynasty, and most dynasties tend to favor particular personality types (or stereotypes).

Storytellers are encouraged to require that players inform them what sort of Reborn they wish to portray before they select an dynasty, as this helps minimize the "Ooh, the Chaskimallki have cool powers! I think I'll play a Teomallki so I can get 'em!" syndrome.

NATURE/DEMEANOR

None of the previous factors of character creation — concept, type of Reborn, dynasty — are intended to straitjacket the player into portraying a certain "sort" of

character. As such, Nature and Demeanor are wide open, and the player can select any she wishes (including those new ones provided later in this chapter). That said, there are certain tendencies among the Teomallki and the Wu T'ian that differentiate them from the Amenti, and these can often best be portrayed through proper selection of traits such as personality archetypes.

TEOMALLKI

Many of the Teomallki are primarily concerned with their own survival — and many of those who have higher concerns subscribe to codes of behavior that have long since faded from the memory of living mortals. Some of these practices are truly horrific in the eyes of modern "civilized" people. (Human sacrifice, for instance, was a divine duty to the Aztecs, Incas and many other South American civilizations.)

The Teomallki, therefore, are more likely than others to have self-oriented Natures such as Loner or Survivor. Demeanors such as Deviant and Monster and Natures such as Fanatic are not uncommon for those who commit horrific acts in the name of forgotten gods. Also, as discussed in Chapter Three, many Teomallki experience a strange resonance between their two souls which can often increase or exaggerate personality Traits both souls possessed. This too can have a substantial impact on the Nature and Demeanor of the conjoined persona.

One interesting facet of the belief system of many South American civilizations was the belief that the manner in which one died actually had more relevance to one's fate in the afterlife than the manner in which one lived. Two men who both died in bed, for instance, would wind up in the same afterlife, even if one had been a good, devout man and the other a violent, murderous heathen. As such, it would not be inappropriate for a player to choose his Nature and Demeanor at least partially based on the manner of his First or Second Deaths. For instance, a violent and painful death might incline a Teomallki toward a vicious Archetype (perhaps Bravo or Monster) or, alternatively, toward one that invites violence from others (Child or Martyr).

WU T'IAN

The chosen of the Eight Immortals are, to the last, driven to succeed by a power higher than they. Therefore, Fanatic, Follower and other determined yet submissive Natures are not uncommon, and the Wu T'ian have their fair share of Visionaries and Architects as well. Demeanors of almost any sort are possible among the Wu T'ian. The Eight Immortals choose their agents based on inner worth, not outer appearance. The Wu T'ian are



ANIMALS OF THE HEAVENS

Those players who choose to portray Wu T'ian might wish to determine their character's personality traits based partially on the year of their character's birth — and thus, the sign of the Chinese zodiac under which they were born. (You could choose the birth year of either the First Life or the Second, depending on which persona you wish to emphasize.) Doing so is by no means mandatory. You are not required to select a birth sign for your Wu T'ian character, and even if you do (perhaps because of the Companion Background), you aren't required to base your personality on it. The following represents tendencies only, not hard-and-fast rules.

The Chinese zodiac works on a 12-year cycle. What follows is a very brief, even oversimplified version of the Chinese zodiac. Players who wish a more complete notion of what it entails are encouraged to do additional research.

Year of the Rat (1948, 1960, 1972, 1984, 1996)

Hardworking and ambitious, yet easily distracted by the opposite sex. Somewhat temperamental and thrifty, they still usually manage to achieve their ambitions.

Year of the Ox (1949, 1961, 1973, 1985, 1997)

Patient, soft-spoken and inspirational to others. Easily roused to anger, however, and often stubborn and prone to prejudice. They despise failure.

Year of the Tiger (1950, 1962, 1974, 1986, 1998)

Capable of deep thought and great sympathy for others. As with the previous signs, however, they are short-tempered, and frequently come into conflict with authority figures. Suspicious and yet courageous, they occasionally have difficulty making timely decisions.

Year of the Rabbit (1951, 1963, 1975, 1987, 1999)

Articulate and often quite talented. Rabbits are reserved and tactful, slow to anger and, oddly, quite fond of gossip. They have good heads for business and tend to manage their affairs skillfully if a bit conservatively.

Year of the Dragon (1952, 1964, 1976, 1988, 2000)

Very physical, dragons tend to be healthy and energetic, but their excitability often makes them quick to anger. They often inspire others with their bravery and honesty, and they are often surprisingly softhearted.

Year of the Snake (1953, 1965, 1977, 1989, 2001)

Wise and deep thinkers, they rarely say what's on their minds. Often vain and selfish, they can nevertheless be moved to help others in severe plight. They are often overworked, for they rarely trust others to do jobs correctly.

Year of the Horse (1954, 1966, 1978, 1990, 2002)

Cheerful, perceptive and often quite popular, yet they frequently talk too much. They enjoy being entertained, but they are often impatient with anything unrelated to their daily work. They are physically skilled, particularly with their hands — a talent that often serves them well in their frequent encounters with the opposite sex.

Year of the Sheep (1955, 1967, 1979, 1991, 2003)

Very artistic and elegant, yet often shy, given to pessimism and confused by all that life has to offer. Often deeply spiritual and fairly timid, they can be surprisingly passionate when defending their beliefs.

Year of the Monkey (1956, 1968, 1980, 1992, 2004)

Very intelligent and equally creative, they are inventive when it comes to completing tasks and solving problems. They often get discouraged if a project cannot be started or completed swiftly, and tend to jump from interest to interest, leaving tasks incomplete. Strong of will and quick to anger, but just as quick to cool down afterward.

Year of the Rooster (1957, 1969, 1981, 1993, 2005)

Talented and good thinkers, yet they often take on tasks beyond their abilities and are prone to disappointment over failure. They have difficulties in relating to others, particularly because they rarely admit to error. They frequently prefer to work alone and are far more timid than their adventurous demeanor suggests.

Year of the Dog (1958, 1970, 1982, 1994, 2006)

Honest, exceptionally loyal and able to inspire confidence by their ability to keep a secret, yet immovably stubborn and occasionally selfish. Dogs are sharp-tongued and quick to find fault, and often emotionally closed off. They make good leaders, if they can prevent their harsher traits from alienating their followers.

Year of the Pig (1959, 1971, 1983, 1995, 2007)

Gallant and chivalrous, they devote their full abilities to any task they undertake. Always thirsting for knowledge and unwilling to alter a course once set, they make few friends but stand always by those few they have. They are as honest as they are steadfast, and they hate arguments despite their temper.



very forthright and open in their service to heaven, and their Natures and Demeanors often match. Again, the persona of the old soul has less impact on a Wu T'ian than on a Teomallki or even an Amenti. Nevertheless, some melding can occur over time, and the First Life can influence the conjoined persona, if only to grant a few odd quirks.

INHERITANCE

Again, while inheritance has no mechanical impact on the character, it's vital that the player take a moment to think it over. What sort of existence did your character lead in her First Life?

Obviously, the Teomallki are going to have somewhat different experiences than the Amenti. Was your character a Mayan peasant, laboring in the hot fields? An Incan wizard, measuring up magical elixirs for your royal patrons? An Aztec priest, conducting brutal sacrifices atop a pyramid so the sun might rise again the next dawn? As with the Amenti, your inheritance will impact what sorts of information you can recall with the Memory Background.

The Wu T'ian present an entirely different issue. The First Lives of the Wu T'ian were universally spent in contemplation of the ways of Tao. Most of them were philosophers or religious men of some form or another. Although there is still great room for personalization, the First Lives of the Wu T'ian will probably appear more similar to one another than, say, the First Lives of various Amenti, simply because they have certain personality traits they must have in common (whereas the Teomallki or Amenti have no such requirement).

You may also wish to detail just a bit of the Wu T'ian's family history, perhaps even a vaunted ancestor or two. Family is a vital part of Asian culture, and this can grant the character a sense of history and longevity to match the other Reborn.

TRAITS REINCARNATED

While most of the standard Traits of **Mummy** remain unchanged — Stamina is Stamina no matter what sort of character you're creating, and there is no functional difference between the way an Amenti or a Teomallki approaches a stick-shift — the introduction of the new

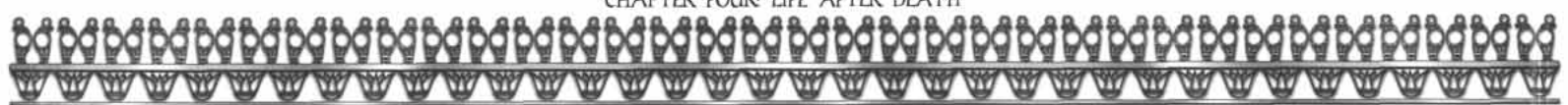
Reborn requires a reexamination of several of the system's primary traits. In specific, a great many Backgrounds must be considered in a whole new light, as must Hekau and those traits, such as Balance, that are both unique and integral to the Reborn.

BACKGROUNDS

Most if not all of the following alterations are entirely cultural. That is, they stem not from any physical differences between the various ethnicities of Reborn, but are due instead to the myriad ways in which they view and interpret the world around them. That said, however, mummies are very spiritual creatures — literally as well as figuratively — and these differences in perception are often enough to cause very real changes in the their methods and abilities.

BA (SAMAPA/ CONTEMPLATION)

As with the Amenti, it is this Trait that determines, among other things, how effective the Reborn are while in the afterlife and — perhaps more importantly — how long it





TERMINOLOGY

The Teomallki and the Wu T'ian see things in different terms than the Amenti. They have different names for many traits — some of which even function differently than their Amenti counterparts.

Amenti Trait	Teomallki Equivalent	Wu T'ian Equivalent
Ba	Samapa	Contemplation
Ka	Illi	Joss
Memory	Memory	Tao
Vessel	Vessel	Jade Talisman
Balance	Direction	Quest
Sekhem	Waka	Chi
Hekau	Immu	Arts

takes them to return to the mortal world. As with the Amenti, each dot also adds 10 years to the 60-year average life-span of the Reborn.

Samapa

The Samapa is “the breath,” the physical life of the Teomallki. It is, in essence, the soul itself, which departs the body at death and travels the afterlife. The trait equates roughly with the Ba rating of the Amenti and serves the same purpose.

The Aztecs, and other cultures as well, kept two calendars. One, meant for mortals, measured a year of 365 days, as the modern calendar does. The other, the calendar of the gods, measured a “ceremonial” year of 260 days. The souls of the Teomallki are bound to a compromise between the two calendars, rather than adhering entirely to one or the other. Therefore, many of them are required to spend less time between resurrections than their Egyptian brethren. Unfortunately, because they have less time to regain their strength, and because their own underworld (the Dark Kingdom of Obsidian) is somewhat harsher than others, the Teomallki find it difficult to return to the living world.

In Aztec belief, the souls of the dead must spend four years with the god Mictlantecuhtli before being allowed to pass on to their final fate in the afterlife called Chicomemictlan. Even the Teomallki must obey this sacred deadline. A Teomallki who is between lives may not choose to spend more than four years in the afterlife. At the setting of the sun on the last day of the fourth year, she must return to her physical form.

- x Your Samapa has much business with Mictlantecuhtli or the other death gods of your culture. You must rest a minimum of one full year between lives.

- You need spend merely half of a “ceremonial” year in the underworld, so you may return after 130 days. You still do not receive any bonus dice to your resurrection roll. Add 10 years to your life span.
- You wax and wane like the moon above, needing only a single month to rejuvenate yourself. One extra resurrection die and 20 years average life span.
- As the common laborer between days of rest, so are you between lives. You need only remain dead for a week. Two extra resurrection dice and 30 years average life span.
- You rise and set like Father Sun. Only a day need pass before you rise once more. Three extra resurrection dice and 40 years average life span.
- Death is but a passing dream. You still require a full day of rest, and the task does not become any easier. You may, however, attempt to escape death’s grasp more frequently than your brethren. If you fail your first resurrection roll, you may make a second attempt immediately, rather than waiting an additional day as is normally required. Should the second attempt fail, however, you must wait a full day like other Reborn. Three extra resurrection dice and 50 years average life span.

Contemplation

The Wu T'ian see their place in the divine order very differently than do either the Amenti or the Teomallki. In their eyes, this trait is Contemplation. It does not represent a “portion” of their being, but rather their souls’ understanding of and connection with both the physical world and the realms of the spirit. It is this understanding, this ability to comprehend the ways of Tao and the universe itself, that influences their spiritual strength in

the Lands of the Dead and their ability to leave those lands behind and return to the Middle Kingdom.

The meditations required to maintain inner peace and to comprehend the worlds around them — to say nothing of the services demanded by the Eight Immortals — require that the Wu T'ian spend longer between reincarnations than the Amenti. Because their spirits are whole, however, and because they tend to more fully understand their own natures, they find it easier to pierce the veil between the Lands of the Dead and the world of the living when they attempt to return.

- x You still lack any true understanding of your place in the divine order, although this ignorance does not prevent you from serving the Immortals to the best of your abilities. You require an entire year to contemplate the world before your return.
- You must observe the turning of the cycle and the change of animals along the zodiac. You still require a full year before you may return, but you find the resurrection itself much easier. Two additional resurrection dice and 10 years average life span.
- You gather insight from watching your next life develop slowly, exactly as your First Life did. Nine months must pass between lives. Three additional resurrection dice and 20 years average life span.
- The world changes and grows, and you know you must change with it. A single season (90 days) must pass before you can be reborn again. Five additional resurrection dice and 30 years average life span.
- You require precious little time to find your new place in the order, taking inspiration from the life and death of the moon as it passes through a single month. Six additional resurrection dice and 40 years average life span.
- At this exalted stage of enlightenment, you simply accept death as a natural part of life. You must only rest a week between lives. Seven additional resurrection dice and 50 years average life span.

A note to Storytellers: We've included these alterations to Samapa and Contemplation to provide some contrast between these "foreign" Reborn and the Amenti. They do, however, require some effort to balance out. While time should be a factor in most Mummy stories, if your particular story has a very tight deadline, the Wu T'ian's excessive underworld sojourn

might render them unable to complete their objectives. If, on the other hand, time isn't a factor, the Wu T'ian's extra resurrection dice grant them a substantial advantage over the Amenti (to say nothing of the poor Teomallki). If you'd rather not worry about keeping it all balanced, you're certainly welcome to ignore the above charts and use the base numbers of the Ba Background for Samapa and Contemplation as well.

COMPANION

A mummy's companion can be her closest ally. Although they exist only in the spirit world and have no physical form, animal companions are often the only true friends the immortal Reborn can count on.

The examples given for each level of Companion on page 65 of **Mummy: The Resurrection** are just that — examples. A character who wishes to have a lion companion as a one-dot Background rather than five may do so, although the animal will, of course, only have the power of a single dot companion. Alternatively, even the humble ibis can be purchased as a five-dot Background, with the corresponding increase in power.

As described in the core book, an animal companion grants a bonus to the dice pool of one specific trait. This bonus is equal to the level of the Background, and it can be applied once per session. It is up to the Storyteller to determine what trait a given animal companion modifies. The companions mentioned in the core book are a good starting place, but there are many possibilities. A rabbit, for instance, might add dice to Athletics rolls. A monkey might add to rolls involving fine manipulation and manual dexterity, or a macaw to rolls involving speaking and linguistics.

One important caveat, however, is that an animal companion *never* adds dice to any Ability directly related to combat. Some can boost traits that are *useful* in battle — the crocodile, as mentioned in the core book, adds to soak, and Athletics can prove invaluable in a fight — but none will ever add directly to Brawl, Melee or any other combat-specific trait.

You may choose to divide the bonus granted by a companion between multiple uses, rather than limiting yourself to a single use per session. For instance, a four-dot hawk companion normally grants you a bonus of four dice to a single Perception roll. But should you so choose, you may instead add one die to four separate Perception rolls, one die to one roll and three to another or any other combination that does not exceed four dice per session.



It is not required that animal companions of the same sort necessarily grant their mummies the same advantages. One Amenti with a cat companion might receive bonus dice to his attempts to learn secrets, as described in the core book; another might instead receive his bonus dice to stealth-related rolls. In either case, the ability granted by a companion must be decided at character creation, and it may not be altered later.

A mummy may choose to devote some of his own energies toward his companion, increasing its capabilities in place of his own. This involves more than merely spending the points to raise a Background (see page 146 of **Mummy: The Resurrection**). In order to do so, the companion itself must have been actively involved in the story leading up to this expenditure. Either the player must have called on the animal's dice pool bonus, or the character must have spent some reasonable amount of time conversing with his companion on relevant matters. (Asking how the weather is on the other side of the Shroud won't cut it.) Alternatively, if the character is currently in the underworld himself, this interaction can be of a much more mundane sort, as companions are corporeal and free to act in the Lands of the Dead.

The Others

Although some of the South American cultures sent animals to accompany their dead into the afterlife — the Aztecs sacrificed a man's dog at his gravesite so it might lead him to Chicomeictlan after his four years with Mictlantecuhtli, and the Incas were often buried with possessions, animals and family members — none of them placed the same value on entombed or mummified animals as did the Egyptians. Nor do the Chinese have a strong tradition for burial or cremation alongside a devoted pet.

This does not, however, mean that the Teomallki and the Wu T'ian cannot buy the Companion Background. Rather, they simply approach the situation from a different religious and philosophical standpoint.

Unless his companion is a dog, a Teomallki probably did not gain his animal by being entombed with it. Many of the South American deities claimed specific animals as their own. Therefore, the companion of the Teomallki is usually the chosen animal of the ancient god who watches over her. A Teomallki who venerated the Mayan sun god Kinich Kakmo might be accompanied by a macaw, whereas the favored of the Aztec god Camazotz might have a bat as his companion.

Animals common to the jungles of South America and to that region's various pantheons — and therefore

appropriate companions for a Teomallki — include (but are hardly limited to) alligators, bats, cats, dogs, iguanas, jaguars, macaws, monkeys and snakes.

In the case of the Wu T'ian, the forces of destiny made their choice of companion long ago. A Wu T'ian who buys any levels of the Companion Background is accompanied by whichever animal sign she was born under (though the player may decide whether it is the birth sign of the First or Second Life that answers her call). This means that a Wu T'ian player who wishes to have a companion must choose her character's birth sign from the list given on p. 102 (although she is still not required to base her character's personality on that sign).

The Wu T'ian are the only sort of Reborn capable of having a "mystical" animal as their companion. A Wu T'ian born under the sign of the dragon may find that he does indeed possess a dragon companion. As with any other companion, the benefits are left entirely in the Storyteller's hands, but should probably be based at least partially on the personality features of the dragon mentioned in the zodiac. The dragon is most assuredly *not* any more (or less) powerful or useful than any other companion, despite its mythical status. Any player who begs to be granted a five-die pool of fire breath because of his dragon should be doomed to the Hell of Being Eaten Alive by Lizards™.

Some Wu T'ian maintain that their First Lives weren't human at all, but rather that they have merged with some spiritual agent of the Celestial Bureaucracy. These Reborn wonder if their companions are not in fact these very spirits, briefly manifesting outside their bodies to aid them in times of need.

KA

All the Reborn, whatever their sort, are paradoxically at their most vulnerable when they're already dead. While the greater part of them wanders through the dark realms of the underworld, their physical body lies helpless — or almost helpless — above. Most Amenti are protected by their ka, the portion of their soul that remains behind to guard their mortal shell. The other Reborn see things just a bit differently.

Illi

Although the ancient cultures of South America did not believe in multi-part souls as the Egyptians did, it is quite clear to the Teomallki that something of themselves remains behind to guard their physical form during their time of rest. They call this part the illi, or "the gleaming." Unlike the Amenti ka, the illi is not considered a part of the Teomallki's soul, but rather a



protective magic that wards the body from outside interference.

Mechanically, the effects of the illi on one who attempts to damage or disturb a Teomallki body are identical to those provided by the standard Ka Background. That is, the level of the trait indicates the number of dice used to resist any action taken against the body. The details of the illi's activities differ from those of the ka, however. An Amenti ka causes coincidental but purely mundane incidents — a careless slip, a falling crossbeam — to thwart the interloper. The illi, on the other hand, generates effects that are far more obviously unnatural. A tomb-robber might suddenly hear chanting and the pounding of drums at just the moment when he must concentrate, or he might feel a sudden burning pain in his chest as he attempts to move the body. None of these effects can directly cause injury, and none but the individual(s) disturbing the corpse will be aware of them.

Joss

The Wu T'ian leave no part of them behind when they journey to the Gates of Heaven. As they go once more to meet with the Eight Immortals and contemplate their purpose in the world and the battle against the demon emperor, no portion of the Wu T'ian remains behind to protect his physical shell.

Fortunately, heaven watches after its own. The Wu T'ian are protected by joss, or luck itself. Like the illi of the Teomallki, this represents an outside, abstract force that causes misfortune for those who would disturb the rest of the Reborn. Any action the interloper attempts against the Wu T'ian's body is met with accidents, as though everything he tries goes wrong. Most of these accidents appear natural, with little or no trace of the mystical about them. In mechanical terms, Joss functions very much like the Amenti's Ka Background — the level of the Background represents the number of dice used to resist actions taken against the body. Only by leaving the vicinity of the body (or the tomb, if the character has that Background) can the invader escape heaven's wrath.

MEMORY

The Teomallki treat this Background exactly as the Amenti do. That is, it represents the degree to which the joined soul can recall the events and details of the First Life. In fact, because the Teomallki soul is divided evenly between old and new, most of them have relatively high levels of Memory. A Teomallki character is no longer technically required to purchase any levels of this Background, but most have at least two or three

dots, and it is the rare Teomallki indeed who does not have any. (High levels of Memory are particularly common among the first Teomallki.)

To the Wu T'ian, however, Memory is a different proposition entirely. Instead of representing a collection of ancient memories, the Memory Background (called "Tao" by the Wu T'ian) measures a character's connection with the flow of the universe itself. By concentrating, they can open their minds to the world around them and allow the direction of reality and destiny to guide their actions.

Once per session, all Reborn can roll Meditation and, if successful, apply their Memory (or Tao) levels to an Ability, even one they do not normally possess. The Amenti and the Teomallki are limited to Abilities they possessed in their First Life. The Wu T'ian are not, as they are not "remembering" the Ability so much as letting fate guide their actions. Therefore, they can apply Tao more broadly than other Reborn, but they can never use Tao to recall specific memories. Note that the other Reborn cannot learn Tao any more than the Wu T'ian can develop Memory; each is mutually exclusive of the other.

Wu T'ian often have particular methods of meditation they use to access their Tao. Incense is a common aid, and many prefer sitting in a particularly propitious corner of the room as defined by the principles of Feng Shui. Such details are not essential, but Storytellers may wish to lower the difficulty of such rolls for players who are particularly fastidious about roleplaying these matters.

Otherwise, the Wu T'ian's Tao functions exactly like any other mummy's Memory.

TOMB

The Tomb Background represents a sanctuary in which one of the Reborn can store his physical form during his periods of death. There is no mechanical difference between cultures. That is, an Amenti with three dots of Tomb enjoys the exact same benefits as a Wu T'ian with the same rating.

But what exactly is your character's tomb? Is it actually a gravesite or a mausoleum somewhere? Is it warded by ancient booby traps that drop stone blocks and spray acid on the unwary, or is it protected by a high-tech security system? Is it a Spartan chamber, occupied only by your resting pallet and the dust of years, or is it a palatial suite filled with the tools and treasures of countless lives before this? And surely the resting-place of a follower of Osiris differs from a servant of Quetzalcoatl or a student of Lao-Tzu?



The actual nature of a tomb is heavily influenced — but not dictated — by the mummy's First Life. The religious beliefs and cultural mores with which the elder soul was raised will likely determine the details of a tomb's construction, though the younger soul can modify or influence those decisions. In other words, the following represent tendencies, not hard-and-fast rules or requirements.

Amenti

Guided by the ways of Ancient Egypt, the Amenti tend to prefer their tombs to be fairly ornate, some would even say ostentatious. This doesn't mean that their sanctuaries are obvious or easy to find, simply that the interiors tend to be far more sumptuous than the exterior façade would suggest. Clearly, not everyone can slumber beneath a pyramid in the Valley of Kings, but this is the ideal to which many Amenti aspire. Therefore, the tomb of an Amenti is filled with tools, personal effects, prized valuables and family heirlooms — everything he might require or wish to have at hand upon his awakening. This is important to all Reborn, of course, as the contents of the tomb may prove of benefit in the underworld. The Amenti often take this behavior to extremes, though, including items of decorative or emotional value that have no practical use.

Even at the time the pyramids were constructed, when they were located amidst thriving cities rather than isolated by the sands as they are today, they were not frequented by the masses. Only priests and the families of the deceased made frequent visits. The Amenti, then, tend to prefer tombs in out-of-the-way, isolated locations, as this both harks back to the way things were and provides a measure of safety against accidental discovery. Again, the pyramid that now lies in the midst of an unforgiving desert is optimal, but infeasible in most cases. Some other viable options (several of which require allies or neteru among the locals) might include the following:

- A chamber within (or beneath) the ruins of an ancient community at the edges of the desert.
- The private home on a farmstead or cattle station.
- A hidden suite in the basement of a mosque (or other holy site) in a small and isolated town.
- A privately owned villa built along the Nile or just inside the North African jungle.
- An actual tomb or mausoleum in an old and infrequently used cemetery.

Of course, not all Amenti prefer geographic isolation. Some favor the privacy of a tomb located in a place

where none would think to look for it. A private penthouse in an office building or an isolated wing of cells in a prison where the staff is beholden to the Reborn are also viable options.

Teomallki

The Inca, the Maya and other South American peoples have a tradition of mummification as rich as that of Egypt, but that hardly makes their practices interchangeable. For all their similarities, the Incas and other South American natives practiced vastly different burial rituals than the Egyptians, and these differences greatly influence Teomallki tomb preferences.

The Teomallki, in fact, tend to drift one of two ways when it comes to the nature and construction of their sanctuaries. The Incas believed in keeping the mummified remains of their dead available to the family, so that their spirits might watch over the living. In fact, the bodies were frequently taken from their resting place and paraded about as part of various religious ceremonies. Some were buried beneath their own houses. Elsewhere, in the Paloma culture, the deceased were often stored in llama-hide sacks in a sanctified portion of the home. Even those who were buried in communal graveyards were kept close to family, as these cemeteries were frequently visited and not far from the living. Emperors and rulers among the Incas and the Maya had no magnificent tombs specially constructed, and many were not buried at all. After mummification, they were simply left in their house or palace with all their riches. Their successors would build their own palaces and accumulate their own riches, rather than inheriting those of their predecessors.

Due to this custom of remaining in the home and in proximity to family, many Teomallki prefer to make their tombs in the midst of a thriving community, hiding in plain sight rather than isolating themselves as the Amenti prefer.

Not all the mummified dead of South America were buried at home, however. Many Incan and Mayan communities preferred to place their dead in natural surroundings. Caves were particularly prized, especially in mountainous areas (as the mountains themselves were often worshipped as spirits or gods). Sacrifices to the gods were entombed in large platforms built high atop those mountains. Some Teomallki, preferring this tradition, make their tombs in isolated caves, deep in caverns hidden from the eyes of mortals.

Given these dual propensities, some tombs favored by the Teomallki might include the following:



- Privately owned home, maintained by neteru or allies, in a village or the suburb of a major city.

- Hidden chamber beneath such a home.

- Family-owned mausoleum.

- Condominium or similar suite of rooms, maintained by neteru or allies.

- Rocky cave high on a South American mountain; this might even be a communal tomb, shared by more than one of the Teomallki.

- Hillside or stilt house, surrounded by acres of private property.

Where possible, some Teomallki prefer to keep their tombs relatively near a hospital or other source of medical aid because of their tendency to arise somewhat less hale than the Amenti or the Wu T'ian.

Wu T'ian

The Taoists have a rich tradition of funerary rites and rituals. The burial of the dead requires substantial ceremony. They do not, however, have a tradition of entombment such as the Egyptians or the Incas. Their dead are simply buried (or, in some cases, cremated).

The Wu T'ian, therefore, have fewer universal tendencies when it comes to their selection of tombs. They prefer, where possible, to be near a site of religious significance, but this is of secondary importance to choosing a location that will be difficult to locate and easy to protect. The principles of Feng Shui are often invoked in choosing the location of a tomb. Feng Shui

practitioners maintain that a hillside is the most auspicious site for a burial — the higher the better — and the Wu T'ian prefer to obey this tradition when circumstances permit.

The sanctuary of a Wu T'ian is frequently substantially smaller and more cramped than that of another Reborn. It is often barely large enough for the body and the few items the mummy feels he may need in his travels to and from the Gates of Heaven and beyond the Middle Kingdom. Less bound by ancient traditions of burial, they are also more likely to rely on modern, high-tech alarm systems for protection, rather than traps and hazards of a more ancient sort.

Some potential Wu T'ian tombs (some of which, again, will require allies) might include the following:

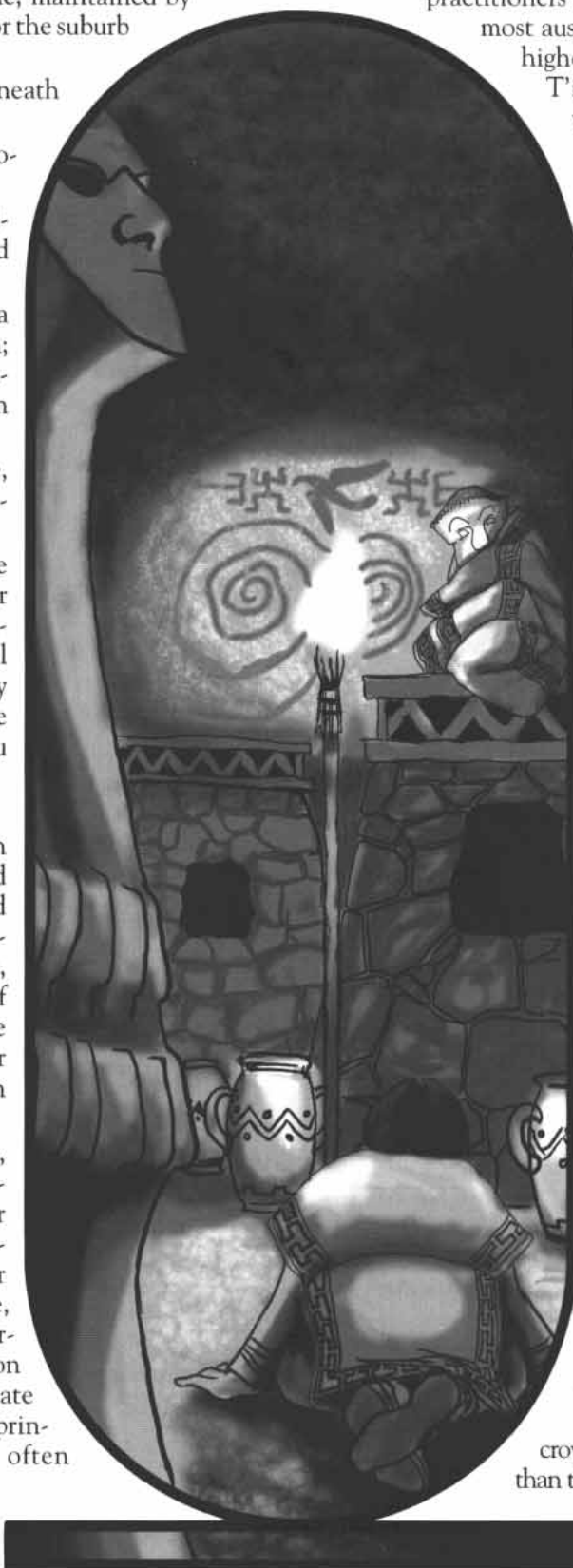
- Hidden niche or small chamber within a Taoist shrine.

- Modest hillside home, protected by the latest security systems.

- Drawer in a hospital morgue managed by an ally or descendant of the Wu T'ian.

- Alongside the various mundane mummies in select monasteries. (The monks of some orders were known to engage in a process of self-starvation so that their bodies would naturally mummify themselves when they died. These holy figures are then wired into a sitting posture and kept to watch over the monastery.)

- Single tiny room in an overcrowded tenement, far better protected than the environment would indicate.





VESSEL

Functionally, the Vessels utilized by the Teomallki and the Wu T'ian are similar to those used by the Amenti — that is, they are relics of a holy or symbolic nature used to store Lifeorce for later use by the character who owns the item. That does not, however, mean that all Vessels are alike in every detail. (A Wu T'ian, for instance, could hardly care less about artifacts of Ancient Egypt.)

The Vessels of the Teomallki are ancient, dating back to the era of Mayan, Incan and Aztec ascendancy over the lands of South and Central America. Unlike the Vessels of the Amenti, which must have remained in the Web of Faith during most of their existence, Teomallki Vessels need not have spent much time in any specific location. Their only requirement is that they were constructed by the people from whom the Teomallki's First Life came. Therefore, if the Teomallki is part Mayan, the Vessel must be of Mayan design. Incan or Paloma artifacts will not suffice.

The Teomallki must keep a small measure of his own blood in (or, in the case of a Vessel with no hollows in it, smeared on) the relic. It need not be a great amount, and it need only be replaced every several days. If the blood is ever removed or cleaned off, however, the Vessel begins to lose its power. For every day that passes until the blood is replaced, the Vessel loses one point of stored Lifeorce. Lost points can be replaced as per normal once the blood is restored.

Those Vessels used by the Wu T'ian have less of a history to them. The items may well date back to the time of Lao-Tzu himself, but it is equally likely that they were manufactured quite recently. There are but two requirements for a Wu T'ian's relic. The first is that the item must have some religious, philosophical or cultural meaning for the character. It might be a Taoist icon (either ancient and expensive or a cheap trinket from Chinatown), a Han Dynasty sculpture or a simple dish that comes from a Taoist monastery.

Second, the item must be constructed of jade. Considered a mystical stone to begin with, jade can be awakened when exposed to Lifeorce. Indeed, most Wu T'ian use the term "jade talisman" or even simply "jade" in place of the term "Vessel" when speaking of these relics of power. Many Wu T'ian incorporate their jade talismans into a shrine of some sort, and many even swear that the potency of a talisman can be increased by regular prayer and allowing it to "breathe" large amounts of incense. There is no factual basis for this belief as yet,

A LONG AND BLOODY HISTORY

Some players and Storytellers may wish to emphasize the violent nature of many of the ancient beliefs of the cultures from which the Teomallki hail. The Incas and the Aztecs both performed human sacrifice as a vital part of their religious beliefs (though for vastly differing reasons in either case). Doing so was not considered evil. The gift of hearts the Aztec priests provided the sun guaranteed that it would continue to rise every dawn and was an essential cog in the working of the universe. Some Teomallki follow these beliefs still, and that belief enables them to draw power from such sacrifices.

For these players (or chronicles), consider the following. The Vessels of the Teomallki need not be ancient relics of bygone cultures. In fact, any item will function regardless of age — from a thousand-year-old wooden goblet to a cracked clay bowl constructed only last month — as long as it was constructed by a South or Central American native using traditional (non-mechanized) methods. This sort of Vessel must actually be a container — for it must be able to hold blood.

The Vessel itself is able to store Lifeorce only as long as it is kept full of the blood of a man or woman sacrificed to the sun or to the native gods of the Teomallki in question. The victim must be sacrificed in the traditional way (often by having the heart cut out with an obsidian blade) in a ceremony dedicated to the Teomallki's gods. Any given sacrifice is good for a month. At the end of that month, the Teomallki must refill it with the lifeblood of a new sacrifice. Should the blood ever be spilled or removed from the Vessel, the Teomallki has but a single day to refill it with blood from a new sacrifice. If either of these conditions is not met, the Vessel loses all power until it is once again refilled. All Lifeorce stored in it at the time is lost.

It must be stressed again that this idea is included as an *optional* variation for players and Storytellers looking for a darker game and a stronger connection to the bloody rites of some of these ancient peoples. It may very well not fit into many chronicles. Discuss it with your Storyteller (and possibly even your fellow players) beforehand, and always assume that the "normal" Vessel is the default for most chronicles.

but it hangs on nonetheless among many of the more pious Wu T'ian.

ASPECTS OF REBIRTH

There are certain traits that belong only to the Reborn. To the Amenti, they are Balance, a measure of the mummy's spiritual understanding of his relationship with Ma'at, and Sekhem, a measure of the power the Reborn holds within. These are traits shared by the Teomallki and the Wu T'ian, proving that, in some sense, all Reborn are brethren to one another. While the others may possess these traits, though, they don't necessarily interpret them in quite the same fashion.

BALANCE

To the Teomallki, this trait is "Direction." It represents their understanding, not of their place in the universe, but of the path the gods have directed them to walk. More than this, it represents their willingness and ability to walk that path. The purpose of life can, of course, differ from Teomallki to Teomallki based on which gods they follow. Therefore, there are few ways for an outsider to tell how firmly "directed" a given Teomallki may be, as two with the same Direction level might behave in completely different fashion to one another.

"Quest" is the name by which the Wu T'ian know this aspect of themselves. Like the Amenti, they seek to understand their place in the grand scheme of things. Like the Teomallki, they base their very identity at least partially on their ability to follow and obey those whom they serve. The higher their Quest rating is, the more aligned they are with the direction and the dictates and the Ten Precepts of Heaven. This usually, but not always, mirrors the Wu T'ian's understanding of the precepts of Tao.

Both Direction and Quest function, in mechanical terms, in the same way as Balance.

LIFEFORCE

If the various mummies ever needed proof that they are in essence brothers and sisters, this is it. Call it Sekhem, Waka, Chi or anything else, the power of life itself flows through the Reborn like a river, carrying through life after life.

The importance of this common link cannot be overstated. Yes, the Reborn often view aspects of their very natures differently from one another. Even Life-force itself is not interpreted the same way; the Amenti and the Teomallki believe that Sekhem and Waka come from external sources such as the gods or the Web of Faith, whereas the Wu T'ian believe that Chi is largely an internal reservoir. These differences, however, are entirely in the eye and the mind of the beholder. Life is life,

regardless of what shape it might take, and the reanimating force that flows through the Reborn, powering their movements and their magics, is the same from one to the next.

If the Amenti are ever to accept the Teomallki and the Wu T'ian as brothers, it will be through an understanding of this simple principle, rather than any religious or theological decision. The Reborn *are* one. It only remains for the vast majority of them to acknowledge it to one another.

WORDS AND WAYS

There are those who would say that immortality is by far the greatest power of all, that no other magic could grant so magnificent a gift. The Reborn might well agree, to a point — but at the same time, they would acknowledge that while an endless succession of lives might indeed grant one the *time* to perform any and all of the tasks before them, it doesn't provide the *means*.

Therefore, the Reborn make use of magic, shaping the power and life that flow through them with words and incantations that were old when civilization itself was young. The Amenti, of course, call it Hekau, and it is by this name that the magics of all the Reborn are most commonly known. To the Teomallki, the power is Immu, which means (roughly) "magic" in the Quechua language. The Wu T'ian pragmatically and simply call all their magical abilities Arts. Some of them, however, refer to their proprietary paths as the "Heavenly Arts" and dismiss the others as "Lesser Arts" or, more poetically, the "Arts of the Ten Thousand Things." Most of the Children of Heaven make no such distinction in

Trait	Cost
New Hekau Path (same culture*)	4
New Hekau Path (cross-culture)	6
New Spell or Ritual (same culture) level	
New Spell or Ritual (cross-culture) level x 2	
Favored Hekau	current rating x 4
Other Hekau (same culture)	current rating x 6
Other Hekau (cross-culture)	current rating x 7

* "Same culture" means that the spell, ritual or path and the character come from the same culture. "Cross-culture" means they do not. Therefore, it costs more for a Teomallki to learn a Wu T'ian Art than it does for her to learn a power associated with her own people.



terminology and consider the point moot. The Eight Immortals have no comment on the matter.

In any case, whatever you call it, it's all the same magic. Mostly.

Those spells and rituals used by the Wu T'ian and the Teomallki are discussed here, with new and more powerful paths of Hekau appearing in the following chapter. Some of these are harder to learn — and thus require more experience — than others, and the process of acquiring new spells and new rituals is rather more complex than simply knocking a few experience points off your sheet and declaring yourself done.

EXPERIENCE COSTS

The following chart expands on the experience costs given on the chart on page 146 of **Mummy: The Resurrection**.

TIME FOR STUDY

Even the simplest tasks require some small amount of time to learn before they can be properly, let alone expertly, performed — and magic is far from simple. It should come as no surprise, then, that the Reborn require time and opportunity to study the new magical techniques that they wish to learn along the way.

NEW PATHS

The Reborn require a moderate amount of time to learn a new path — the philosophical underpinnings and the new and alien means of thinking can be fairly difficult to grasp — but it's a relatively simple matter to advance along a path you already know. Additionally, it is far easier to learn under the tutelage of one who already has the knowledge you seek than it is to puzzle it out for yourself through research and study.

In more specific terms, it requires three full weeks of study to learn a new path from your own culture, and five weeks to learn the first dot of a cross-culture path. Once you have an understanding of the path, however, it grows substantially easier to improve. Raising your level in a path requires only four days per level of the path if it comes from your own culture, and one week per level for cross-culture paths.

The secrets and mysteries of magic are not easy to comprehend, and learning or improving a new path is far harder than learning a specific spell or ritual. At the end of the study period, the player of the Reborn must roll Intelligence + Enigmas (difficulty 6). Success indi-

cates that the character has mastered the new level of the path. Failure means that the character must spend some additional time studying. At the end of this additional time, the roll is attempted again, and this process must be repeated until she succeeds. The additional study time required is three days for a new path of her own culture, one week for a new cross-culture path, one day if raising a path of her own culture and three days if raising a cross-culture path.

All of these guidelines assume that you're spending a reasonable amount of time each day in study — at least six hours — but still spending some of the day in other activities as well. They also assume that you have an instructor who possesses the path you are attempting to learn or raise. This teacher must possess at least three levels of the path if he is trying to teach you the first dot, but he must only possess the level you wish to attain if he is teaching you to raise a path you already possess. If no such instructor is available, but you have access to a library of ancient lore relevant to the path in question, you need twice the given time to learn. Attempting to improve without access to either a teacher or a library is almost impossible — triple the times listed. On the other hand, you can cut your time by as much as half by spending every waking moment (save for meal times and the occasional restroom break) at work, rather than allowing time for any other activities.

NEW SPELLS AND RITUALS

You cannot learn a new spell or ritual without some sort of instruction or source of knowledge. As with paths, the most efficient method is to find another one of the Reborn who can instruct you in the magics you wish to acquire, and the times listed here for spells and rituals assume that you have such a teacher. If you have access to an eldritch library that includes the information you require, you may still learn the spell or ritual, but it requires double the time. You may also cut your time by up to half by devoting every waking moment to the effort.

NEW TRAITS

The following is a list of the new traits that this book introduces into **Mummy: The Resurrection** games. Unless stated otherwise, all Reborn have the ability to access and employ any of the traits presented herein. As always, Storytellers may restrict access to any of these Traits, depending upon the parameters imposed by her specific chronicle.



SPELL AND RITUAL IMPROVEMENT GUIDELINES

Spell Level	Estimated Time To Learn (same culture)	Estimated Time To Learn (cross-culture)
One	One day	Two days
Two	Four days	One week
Three	One week	12 days
Four	Three weeks	Five weeks
Five	Two months	Three months
Ritual Level	Estimated Time To Learn (same culture)	Estimated Time To Learn (cross-culture)
One	One week	12 days
Two	Three weeks	Five weeks
Three	Two months	Three months
Four	Four months	Six months
Five	Nine months	A full year

NEW/MODIFIED SKILL

MARTIAL ARTS

Characters trained in the martial arts may use this Skill to replace the Brawl Talent. In game terms, there is little appreciable difference between the wild haymaker of a barroom bully and a well-executed palm strike delivered by a student of Tae Kwon Do. Both attack forms stand a fairly good chance of knocking an opponent flat if they connect. Storytellers who wish to make Martial Arts "special" in their games are encouraged to look at the system in *Kindred of the East* (p. 83), as well as the variant rules and additional techniques provided in the *Kindred of the East Companion* (p. 131).

- Novice: Beginner
- Practiced: Student
- Competent: Brown Belt
- Expert: Black Belt
- Master: Shaolin Monk, Bruce Lee, etc.

Possessed By: Wu T'ian, The Most Unlikely People

Specialties: Specific Styles (Aikido, Wushu, etc.), Specific Techniques (Joint Locks, Elbow Strikes, etc.)

NEW BACKGROUND

NETERU

The neteru are gathered followers who revere a character as a divine spirit, a saint or even a god. Originally this worship centered on one's tomb. However, as millennia passed, and first Christianity and then Islam came to the lands of the Web of Faith, the old cults declined, went into hiding or disappeared.

Mummies who returned sometimes found a greatly changed worship, with cultists revering them as a Muslim saint, angel or Biblical patriarch. Often, nothing remained at all.

The resurrection of the dead has created a strange situation for the old and new immortals of the Web: the Imkhu, Cabiri and Amenti have varied sets of worshippers, mortal families, and even quasi-cults of scientists and occultists who have gone beyond the edge of reason. (Omm Seti, the Anglo-Saxon mummy mentioned in the basic rulebook, has a large number of neteru who were once her research associates.) Some Amenti have their mortal families from their recent lives as their neteru, and some have the neteru of their tem-akh. Others have New Age cultists, meditation groups, and even gatherings of other supernatural beings attracted to the rebirth of Osiris.

In game terms, the Neteru Background serves as a combination of Allies, Contacts and/or Kinfolk. The Teomallki Background Ayllu is similar, but most often involves the family or tribe of the immortal's own lifetime(s).

In addition to the numerous and sundry advantages of having one's own cult following, this Background is doubly useful in that it can yield Lifeforce from sacrifices performed by the neteru themselves. One must roleplay the interactions, and the neteru must be able to perform all the rituals involved. The Reborn can certainly guide his followers, even teaching them the required elements, but in the end, the neteru themselves must make the ritual offering to provide their patron with the precious life energy. In game terms, the



mummy must be in the presence (physical or spiritual) of the neteru as they perform the rite. If the rite goes smoothly and uninterrupted, the Reborn may roll Balance at a variable difficulty (the default difficulty is 9, adjusted downward based upon the number and devotion level of the neteru involved in the rite) when it ends. Each success grants one point of Lifeforce.

Neteru often live near or even atop your character's tomb (the Egyptian poor of Cairo live inside tombs to save on rent), maintaining the tomb, guarding it and performing rituals in honor of the mummy. Their knowledge of who and what he actually is may be fragmentary. It is important to note that neteru are not slaves, and they won't mindlessly charge into battle for their patron. They may, however, be persuaded to help in whatever way they can. Note also that a mummy who abuses her neteru will soon have none remaining, and she may even find her former worshippers betraying her to hunters or even to the vile brood of Apophis himself.

x You have no neteru.

- A few neteru; ragged beggars or a handful of devoted followers who might provide shelter or an early warning in case of attack.
- An entire family or household of mortals, capable of performing many varied tasks.
- A large group of people; a Bedouin tribe, a local cult, or even an Internet chat group who know and revere the mummy. Depending on local law and resource levels, they may be armed in your character's defense. The elders of such a group may perform sacrifice or worship regularly.
- A sizable area whose folk perform rituals in the mummy's honor. They sacrifice to the mummy when they can, and they know something of the mummy's true nature. There may even be a hedge-wizard or witch to practice magic in the mummy's name.
- The mummy has a large cult with hundreds or perhaps even thousands of devoted (and possibly armed) worshippers, holdings of land, money or political power, and a full-time clergy. There may even be other supernatural beings associated with this neteru. Outsiders notice something strange about this group, and it may even become the subject of uninvited anthropology papers or reports.

NEW MERITS AND FLAWS

Most of the Merits and Flaws in **Mummy: The Resurrection**, even though intended primarily for the

Amenti, are possible for the Teomallki and the Wu T'ian, as well. Nonetheless, the following Merits and Flaws are intended to complement those presented in the core book while giving the Wu T'ian and the Teomallki some traits of their own. Some of these are restricted to the Wu T'ian or Teomallki exclusively, while others may in turn be purchased by the Amenti.

ANDEAN NATIVE (1-PT. MERIT)

Your character's mortal form is a native of the Andes and is able to perform all activities in the cold, thin air without a handicap.

DRAGON NEST (1- TO 5-PT. MERIT)

Your character has been entrusted with a wellspring of Chi, one of the few places of spiritual power left in the Middle Kingdom. At a dragon nest, all attempts to recover Lifeforce with the Blessing of Heaven automatically receive a number of extra successes equal to the value of this Merit. Remember that this wellspring is a priceless treasure. Unscrupulous *shen* may try to steal its power, and demons will certainly want to defile it for their own twisted ends. The Amenti version of this blessing is called "Oasis," while the Capacocha have their own "Wellspring" which functions much the same.

UNCARVED BLOCK (1-PT. MERIT)

Your character is naturally "natural," and can enter the state called "pu" — being "like a block of wood not carved." Anyone seeing him, speaking with him or knowing anything about him will assume that he is simply an ordinary person who is doing ordinary things, such as a common peasant, worker or student. This Merit adds one point to Arcane or to any dice pool intended to convince anyone that he is merely what he seems. Note that this will not work if the character is doing something grotesquely unnatural or inhuman, such as performing Hekau spells or rituals wherein the onlooker can observe him exhibiting skills that no one could possibly have.

DEJA VU

(2-PT. MERIT: 1-PT. MERIT FOR TEOMALLKI)

Whenever your character encounters someone or something connected with a memorable First Life experience, the Storyteller should secretly roll your character's Intelligence + Memory. The difficulty of this roll depends on how vivid or important the experience was, while the number of successes determines the clarity of recall. One success is enough to get a vague sense of familiarity, while five successes triggers a complete five-sense flashback. Obviously, characters without the Memory Background cannot take this Merit.





BLESSING OF RA (3- OR 7-PT. MERIT)

Imbued with holy wrath, your character can turn away the foul minions of Apophis far more easily than other mummies. Reduce by two the difficulty of any Forbiddance attempt (*Mummy*, p. 142). Additionally, creatures successfully banished by your character suffer one level of aggravated damage as your righteousness sears their tainted soul. For seven points, your character also makes reflexive Forbiddance attempts whenever she touches a malign entity. Since this reaction is automatic, it does not require an action. Characters with either form of this Merit have a golden nimbus surrounding their aura.

GIFT OF MA'AT (3-PT. MERIT)

Attuned to the ways of Balance, your character can naturally sense the presence of those who serve or oppose the cosmic order. Whenever anyone with a Balance or Corruption rating enters the range of your character's natural senses, your Storyteller should secretly roll your Balance (difficulty 8). Success reveals the presence of a righteous or unrighteous being somewhere in the area. It is up to your character to determine who — or what — triggered the sense.

MALLKI PRESTIGE (3-PT. MERIT)

Maybe you were a great hero among the Capacocha in your First Life. Maybe you befriended one of the ancients more recently. Whatever the reason, your name is known to the surviving mallki of your suyu — and perhaps beyond. You have powerful friends whom you can call upon for aid, but your reputation will likely attract equally powerful enemies and perhaps a jealous rival or two (assuming it hasn't already). Obviously, only Teomallki may take this Merit.

TWO HEARTS (3-PT. MERIT)

Your character is a witch who has two hearts. Therefore, she can survive a shot or strike that would kill another person. The Storyteller will have to determine when your character's extra heart would be able to save her (e.g., it would not help against strangulation, decapitation or burning to death).

UNITY OF BEING (5-PT. MERIT)

Your character does not distinguish between flesh and soul, existing as a single psychic entity. Although he looks and feels completely human, the character is actually an embodied spirit. If killed, he evaporates and re-materializes at the Gates of Heaven (or in the underworld) at the Incapacitated health level. Any other time the character's spirit must return, his entire being

transports to his relevant celestial realm. The advantage of this state is that one only ever needs a single success on a resurrection roll to materialize in the Lands of the Living. The disadvantage is that resurrection rolls heal no lost health levels, and fate alone dictates where the character re-materializes. Fortunately, whatever agency controls his return ensures he will never appear in front of witnesses.

DIVINE EMISSARY (7-PT. MERIT)

Like Udja-sen, your character is not bound to the Web of Faith. If reduced to zero Lifeforce, he may continue to regain his spiritual power normally without succumbing to semektet. Mummies with this Merit are greatly prized as agents in foreign lands and ambassadors to other Reborn. Wu T'ian and Capacocha can also take this Merit, freeing them from the dragon nests of the Middle Kingdom and the boundaries of the Teomallki's Andean homelands, respectively.

BOUND HEAD (1-PT. FLAW)

Your character's head was artificially flattened in childhood by his own people, giving him a bizarre appearance. This does not affect Mental Attributes, but Appearance counts only for your character's own people. For all others, Appearance will be at least two points lower, although not below 1. In addition, everyone stares at your character everywhere she goes, and anthropologists will likely be bothering for interviews all the time.

CHAINS OF CHI (1-PT. FLAW)

Geomancers (practitioners of Feng Shui) seek and map the rivers of force flowing in the body of the Earth, using south-pointing needles and other mystic tools. Some immortals are cursed by their vulnerability to the Earth's forces and cannot move or act against the flow. You have three fewer dice when you try to move against the natural flow of Chi in any place at any time. This may make you unable to drive a car, even forcing you to remain motionless in times of major Chi activity. The Storyteller may map the flow and patterns of Chi in any given place, but will not reveal the complete scheme of things to you.

KUSNA (1-PT. UCHUMALLKI FLAW)

Your mallki was "made" by smoking over a fire, and it shows. He is a kusna, a "smoked" mummy. In all mortal manifestations, the character has a "burnt" or smoky smell. Everyone notices this odor, and some hunters may even be able to use it for tracking. Also, fire causes one extra health level of damage to the character's form.





THROWBACK (1- TO 5-PT. FLAW)

Your character's tem-akh exerts unusually strong control over his personality. Whenever you wish to take an action that your ancient half finds objectionable (Storyteller's discretion), you must roll Willpower against a difficulty of your Memory + 3. If you fail this roll, you may not carry out the contested action, although you can always try again later. A botch leaves the character unable to perform the action for the remainder of the scene. The value of this Flaw equals your character's Memory rating.

VULNERABLE TO ECLIPSES (1-PT. FLAW)

The life-giving sun or moon endanger life when their power is withdrawn. This flaw means that during a solar or lunar eclipse some of your character's powers will weaken, personal effects will fail, break or even shapeshift into dangerous vermin, and Hekau will be impossible. The Storyteller determines what effects occur when an eclipse strikes, but they should be serious. Legends tell of weapons breaking during battle, tools and furniture becoming snakes or scorpions, while the most powerful spells failed.

CHARACTER CURSE (2- TO 5-PT. FLAW)

You cannot see, hear, speak or write a commonly used Chinese character. This incapacitates you and can be a very annoying problem. To represent this Flaw, the Storyteller will choose a common syllable or short word. Any time your character sees, hears or speaks the word, you will take a number of levels of bashing damage equal to the points of the Flaw. The damage may be soaked with Stamina (difficulty 7), but the character's pain is obvious to anyone around and will continue as long as he is forced to remain in the presence of the word. He will take the damage at the beginning of each new scene, unless he manages to somehow shield himself from the cursed icon's presence.

VENGEFUL ILLI (2-PT. FLAW)

Your character's ancient half still harbors bitterness toward the Spanish invaders and their descendents (or perhaps a more recent group, in the case of Uchumallki). As a result, he automatically assumes the worst about everyone associated with his "enemy" and gladly picks fights over the slightest provocation unless he forces himself to swallow his hate. He must succeed



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on a Willpower roll (difficulty 8) or else spend a Willpower point to resist jumping into conflict with the offending person.

SOUL TAG (3-PT. FLAW)

Your soul is bound into a part of your character's physical self, such as a queue of long hair, a beard, uncut nails, genitalia or even bound feet. If the part of you is removed (haircut, castration, unbinding of feet), you will lose your character's soul and must pass on to another incarnation. The soul can be "summoned" back by powerful Arts, as mentioned in the ancient poem "The Summons of the Soul," but this may not work. If your character's enemies know of this Flaw, you can be in serious trouble.

FORSAKEN OF THOTH (6-PT. FLAW)

Although you possess immortality and the powers of your Balance, you are forever denied the magical heritage of your brethren. You do not begin play with any Hekau paths, and you cannot ever learn any Hekau aside from your primary Hekau path. Those cursed with this Flaw are restricted to the study of one path for their entire existences. In addition, their rating in this one path may never exceed five, regardless of Balance score.

LIMITED RESURRECTION (6-PT. FLAW)

Like the Mallki of old, your character cannot return to life if his body is destroyed. Although the new Spell of Going Westward still shields the corpse from decay, he can never again resurrect if his body suffers damage beyond the Crushed/ Burned level. If this occurs, he must wait in the underworld until his spirit is once again summoned from someone in the living lands to join his earthly form.

KARCHAKKA (7-PT. FLAW)

Your character's sexual partner is a relative (sibling or cousin), or this was true of her parents. The mummy is a damned creature, a karchakka, or "were-llama." Whether or not your character is aware of this, it has cursed her. She will at times become a beast of some kind: llama, ox or moose are all possible. It is important to note that karchakka are not true shapeshifters, so they can't change voluntarily. The change can happen at any inconvenient time, usually at night. Your character's enemies will try to catch her in beast form, either to kill her or to expose her as a pervert, and the mummy will do anything to keep this secret safe. Should it become known, everyone will shun the character and even former friends and loved ones may wish him harm.

ALITU

The Uchumallki are denizens of the Amazon rainforest and their Immu comes from this realm of rain and fire. Theirs are the powers of smoke, ash and hallucinogenic plants; they also know the spirits of rain, river and cloud, and in their Immu are the echoes of all these things. Called "Smoke Dancers" by the other Teomallki, they are famous for their long-ago quests and betrayals, as well as their friendship with shapeshifting giant cats and dragon-like swamp monsters.

Unless otherwise noted in the description, each Alitu ritual takes 10 minutes per level to perform.

LEVEL ONE ALITU

BRING THE TRUE WATER

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Rituals + Alitu

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 5

The goddesses of river, lakes and rain liked to be worshipped and to receive sacrifice. Their favorite sacrifice was sea shells, reminding them of Mamacocha, the world-ocean. In this rite, the character brings an offering of perfectly formed shells to the spring, lake or place requiring rain and prayers.

The number of successes is the number of days of rain or increased flow in the watercourse. A botch results in drought for as many weeks as there are 1s.

FOLLOW THE SMOKE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Alitu

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 1

The spirits of tobacco are famous for their ability to find lost objects. Part of this is due to the fact that tobacco aids human concentration, but the spirits also help. In this spell, the character smokes or chews sacred tobacco (commercial cigarettes will not work) and asks the spirit for help. If she knows the true name of the person or object to be found, the difficulty is 6. She then spits or blows the smoke (this spell will not work if the tobacco is in food or enema form) and follows the patterns made. For each success, one scene's worth of direction is gained. As smoking is no longer allowed in most indoor areas, the Teomallki may find this spell inconvenient: Attempting it with soap bubble pipes has resulted only in failure.





NAME OF THE FOUNTAIN

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Area Knowledge + Alitu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: None

Even the high desert of Peru has its sources of water. The character can use the secret names of water to find a spring, soak or sip-well for drinking. After the roll, the Teomallki searches the area: Enough water for one person for one day will turn up through this spell. Some Teomallki have used this spell even in cities to find water uncontaminated by pollution or filth.

NEUTRAL SCENT

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Alitu

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: None

The Uchumallki come of jungle hunters who rubbed themselves with dirt and herbs to disguise their human scent, or walked in streams to throw off invaders' huge lion-dogs. This spell blends the character and any followers into the scentscape that surrounds them.

The Teomallki rubs some earth on his hands and feet and does the same to any friends. The effects last for one scene or one hour (whichever is longer). During this time, no one can find the group or track them by smell, nor will they leave a scent trail of any kind.

PAINT THE FOREST

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Expression + Alitu

Difficulty: 6 in jungle, 8 in other natural setting, 9 in cities

Lifeforce: 1

The character can use the native genipap fruit to paint himself in camouflage patterns, making himself almost invisible in the jungle. He prepares the paint, then applies it to himself or some other person. The number of success is the number of additional dice for any roll involving concealment or stealth. The rite's effects last until the paint is washed off or until the next sunrise.

PLANTS OF POWER

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Herbalism + Alitu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1 per die of effect

The native plants of South America are wide-ranging and powerful. Birth-control herbs, powerful hallucinogens, deadly poisons and cancer-fighting drugs all grow

naturally in the rainforests. The character can enlist these plants to aid him in surviving posthumous murder. The plants are burned as smoking-spices (for Uchumallki) or stuffed into a corpse (for Pachamallki). The character can then use the power of the plants from the spirit world, as they are "with him." This can be done only once per use of the spell. A mummy can thus smoke his corpse with tobacco to ward off evil, or pack it with poisonous weeds to poison any who disturb his burial. Each Lifeforce point spent provides one die of protection to the ensorcelled body. The rite is useless while the mummy is awake.

SARNA PASTE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Herbalism + Alitu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 5

The dreaded sarna, or mange (scabies), afflicts both humans and animals, but it can be treated with sarna paste. This is a concoction of tobacco and herbs which also treats both skin disease and the ailments of the character. For each success on this ritual, one person or animal can be cured of a skin illness, or one health level of physical damage may be restored to a Capacocha. A pot of sarna paste, once made, will last a surprisingly long time. Clever characters may even stow one in the tomb.

LEVEL TWO ALITU

FIRE BLESSING

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Expression + Alitu

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1

Fire is famous for its ability to burn out evil and darkness. In this magic, the character carries a torch around a building, farm or even a person while dancing a dance of blessing. The dance causes any evil in, around or beneath the property to have its dice pool lowered by three. The evil spirit may resist by accumulating more successes on a Willpower roll (difficulty 6) than did the character's player during casting.

GAZE INTO THE BOWL

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Perception + Alitu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

The native tea called guayusa is famous for enhancing the powers of the mind. Adepts can use it to induce



clairvoyance. The plant involved, a form of South American holly, is found in many places, mostly where aboriginal tribes or groups live. To access this power, the user must brew the tea, which takes about half an hour of steady boiling. Then she must drink it, blowing over its surface and thanking the plant for its aid. She may gaze into the dark surface of the tea, into the steam as it rises and dances on the liquid and into the dregs left in the cup after the tea is finished. She must tell the Storyteller what she is looking for or at. (This may be as general as "anyone who threatens my ayllu," or a specific person may be named.) She then makes a roll and the Storyteller will tell her what she sees.

INCENSE WARD

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Alitu

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 2 per level

Sacred tobacco, which can carry the prayers of the righteous up to the gods, can also keep away evil things. When the character burns sacred tobacco in a pipe or censer and blows the smoke through an area such as a room or clearing, one level of warding is created for each two points of Lifeforce spent. The ward lasts for one scene per success achieved.

PITCHER OF ILLAPA

Type: Spell

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 2

Illapa, or Lord Thunder, was the third of the great gods of the Incas, after Inti (Lord Sun) and

Pachamama (Earth). His pitcher broke to make thunder and rain. The character takes a simple pitcher of earthenware or glass and breaks it: Thunder and lightning will result for as many minutes as she has successes, then as many hours of rain. The caster remains immune to the effects of this weather. If she botches, however, lightning will strike her and a torrential flood will briefly ravage the surrounding land.

VISION VINE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Herbalism + Alitu

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1 per word or simple image

This ritual allows the communication of ideas through the use of the Vine of the Dead, also called ayahuasca. The character prepares a strange beverage (which looks like machine oil) from the vine's bark and the participants drink it, rolling Expression + Alitu. For each success, they may send one word or simple image to any person desired, almost telepathically. The recipient does not have to be using the plant at the time, although the difficulty is higher by one if they have never used ayahuasca. (Most Amazon natives and many Portuguese and African Brazilians have used it.)

LEVEL THREE ALITU

BURN THE BUNDLE

Type: Ritual





Dice Pool: Crafts + Alitu

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 3

A *pago* is a burnt offering to the spirits of earth and fire. The character makes *pago* bundles before attempting any task involving the body of Pachamama. She assembles miniature models of objects, tobacco, coca and even an unborn llama if available, bundling them in native cloth on the site of the work. She then recites spirit-prayers and burns the bundle, smoking and spitting alcohol. The *pago* will increase the dice pool of the undertaking by as many dice as the player gains successes.

CAT'S ANOINTING

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Animal Ken + Alitu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 2

The shapeshifter cat-folk of the upper Amazon have fought savagely to save their homeland. Over time they have condescended (for cats are always a bit superior, even to immortal magicians) to share some of their powers. This spell requires some blood, musk or dung from a were-jaguar (Balaam). The character anoints himself with the stuff and calls the cats to aid him. For each success, he gets one die's worth of one of the following werecat powers (player's choice): supernaturally acute smell dice pool, dice to take an additional action during every round or even the claws of the great jaguar. The latter application causes black claws to manifest instantly at the tips of the character's fingers, allowing the player to roll his spell successes in dice for damage (after a Dexterity + Brawl roll, difficulty 7), with each success inflicting one aggravated wound. Only one power can be called upon at any one time. Effects last for one scene.

FIRE SWAY

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Science + Alitu

Difficulty: Varies

Lifeforce: 1

The Smoke Dancers are warriors, and they love the power of flame to transform all that it touches. Using this magic, a Smoke Dancer can ride fire like a conquistador's horse, vastly increasing her destructive powers in the process.

The Teomallki lights a fire and utters the secret names of fire. The flame will obey her as follows: difficulty 6 for a small fire, 7 for a large (house) fire and

9 for a gigantic fire (bonfire, apartment building aflame, etc). Difficulty rises by one if the fire is chemical or petroleum-based. She cannot command the fire to hunt anyone down or to do something impossible or silly (such as "jump across the river and set those two houses alight"), but she can ask it to do anything it would do naturally. Note that she must attempt to control the fire until it burns out, or the moment she abandons it, it will spread and burn all it can. The larger the fire is, the harder this is to do. Some have cast this spell and then had difficulty resurrecting their own charred skeletons....

THE WALKING HEALER

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Medicine + Alitu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: Varies

The character can call on the spirits who aid the kalawayo, the wandering healers of the Andean world. He lays hands on the afflicted person and calls the spirits. The spirits will heal two health levels of bashing or lethal damage, or one level of aggravated damage per point of Lifeforce spent.

LEVEL FOUR ALITU

BURNING YOUR WAY HOME

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Alitu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 4

This ritual is similar to Trace the Veins (p. 125), but the character must find something from Tawantinsuyu that will burn: wooden furniture from the Amazon, a bolt of native cloth, even the body of a pop singer's pet llama. He then burns it as sacrifice and makes the roll. This entire process can and often does generate unwelcome attention.

RITE OF THE TOAD

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Alitu

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 4

This bizarre ritual is a means of purging a sick person of serious illness or sin. The afflicted person is brought into a room or cave that has been scrubbed with black cornmeal, which is then burned; this procedure is then repeated with white cornmeal. The character puts the patient to sleep or hypnotizes her in the room,





then he cuts her body open to find the evil spirits or sickness-spirits inside, which take the form of toads, snakes or insects. The Teomallki removes and crushes these spirits (or may keep them to serve as familiars), then closes the wound. The patient awakens with her illness cured or free of spiritual taint.

STRADDLE THE WAVE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Alitu

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1 per hour of travel

The ocean and streams carry their cargo gladly, so they can be easily induced to carry other things. The character stands with her feet in water and calls on Mamacocha. She and her colleagues then climb into a boat or raft, or simply jump into the water. The ocean will carry them anywhere at the speed of a flooding river. They may even go up rivers as massive tides roar in from the sea.

LEVEL FIVE ALITU

HUNT OF THE SUN

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Enigmas + Alitu

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 5

The *chaku*, the royal hunt of the sun, pleased both gods and humans with excellent sport. On some occasions, over 30,000 hunters would join in this huge ritual. The character may hunt beasts, monsters or humans by calling *chaku*.

Once it is called, the quarry will not escape. The Teomallki will catch the quarry in a certain number of scenes. The number of successes is her number of extra dice to use in the scene wherein she catches the quarry. Note that catching something or someone does not equate to killing him or even to getting what you want from him, and many characters have regretted calling the royal hunt on too powerful a foe.

NAME OF THE FORGOTTEN

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Enigmas + Alitu

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 25

The Creator, Wiracocha, came from the ocean and was both male and female. The character can call on the lost names of the Creator to summon legends from the past.

The Teomallki must use Lore to know the secret names of monsters, ancient heroes, gods or spirits. He then faces into a void, such as the ocean, the sky or the desert, and calls on the lost ancients. For each success, the creature called will manifest in such a form as to aid the Teomallki for one scene. Note that the ancients can take almost any form. A sea monster might manifest as a plumber with uncanny powers, or a star-god might show up as a band of drug-cartel mercenaries with laser-guided weapons. The ancients will not do anything vile or obviously suicidal, but they will at least try to help their summoner. Once the scenes are over, the legend will depart.

URCUCHELLAY (HOOVES OF HEAVEN)

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Alitu

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 10

This horrific spell causes the Celestial Llama to rain fire and destruction on any place that the caster describes. It was said of lost cities that they "burned with llamas from heaven." The caster must persuade the great llama of the evil that the inhabitants of the place have done. Whether the llama sends herds of monstrous animals to stampede the region, firestorms, meteors, volcanic lava or something even more destructive is up to the Storyteller. This spell causes the utter devastation of anything in the named area. Damage to individuals within is dependent upon the method of destruction.

SARANDU

The ancient Chinchorro mummies had magic related to the earth of which they were composed, the desert wilderness that was their home, and the spirits with which they dealt. The Stone Pillars — the Teomallki of the earth — likewise focus on aiding humanity at large and on "stopping the world." This is the purpose and the calling of Sarandu, the primary path of the Pachamallki.

Unless otherwise noted in the description, each Sarandu ritual takes 10 minutes per level to perform.

LEVEL ONE SARANDU

FODDER OF HUNIN PACHA

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Sarandu

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1 per person





According to Incan mythology, the dead in hell (Hunin Pacha, a part of Ukhu Pacha) ate only stones. The character can feed stones more productively to her followers on Kay Pacha (earth). She must take up stones, lay them out as if they were a meal (on plates, in pots, etc.) and then bless them in the name of Pachamama (earth). They will become a meal for as many people as desired. The meal will be whatever that area of land usually produces (rice in China, potatoes and llama meat in Peru, etc.), and the meal will satisfy each of the gifted individuals for one day.

PLANT THE SOUL

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Stamina + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 2

The native warriors of the Americas were famous for “staking themselves out.” The warrior would tie himself to a pole and refuse to leave the battlefield until he died or until the enemy fell. The Children of the Seal planted their mallki upright to watch over their people. When a Teomallki performs this spell, his feet may not leave the spot where he stands. He may block a door, remain steady on the deck of a plunging ship, or even hang upside down from a plane’s wing. He may not leave the area he has grown rooted to (though he may turn and pivot freely) until he decides to terminate the spell altogether. Needless to say, death on the caster’s part immediately ends the spell.

POLISHING THE STONE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 3

The stones, pieces of Pachamama’s body, grant answers to those who know how to ask. The Teomallki must first seek a proper, smooth stone from a place that is strong in Lifeforce. Then, when approached for divination, he will listen to the questions asked, rubbing the magic stone all over the body of the person consulting him. The Reborn then “hears the silent stone” to divine a proper course of action. For each success gained on the Occult + Sarandu roll, the stone will grant a short phrase of advice which the caster may then relate to the one in need of advice. Each phrase will certainly be of some interest to the asker, though the extent of their utility to the person is often a subjective matter (Storyteller discretion). Note that some stones are more truthful or imaginative than

others, and finding a good one to be the focus of this ritual is a very personal matter. Such stones are usually glassy smooth from being rubbed and handled endlessly, and are often used by the Pachamallki as “worry stones.”

POWDER OF PURIFICATION

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Meditation + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1 per person

Snow from the sacred mountains purifies the sinner who bathes or is baptized in it. Likewise, a mixture of clay and corn called llampu can free the sufferer from sin. To make llampu, a sinner must rub himself all over with a mixture of white pipeclay and white maize meal (for Pachamallki or Intimallki), ash from a sacred sacrificial fire (for the Uchumallki) or with new snow from a mountain (used by Chaskimallki and their followers).

Both mortals and Reborn can benefit from this rite (when baptizing a mortal, the Reborn merely makes the roll and expends the Lifeforce). Llampu must not be wiped or washed away, or else the ritual will fail. This is rarely a concern, however, as the entire body must be so cleansed for this to occur. The ritual itself gives the sinner an extra dot of Direction or Humanity for the duration of evening. The rite’s effects last for an hour.

Alternatively, this rite can ensure that one sinful act on the part of the subject is pardoned by both men and gods for the duration of the rite’s effects. After this time, sense and reason return, and any true wrongdoing will likely continue being pursued and brought to justice.

PUMAPUNCU

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 10

The door called Pumapuncu (the Lion Gate) stood before an Inca sanctuary, and no one who had not confessed his sins could enter. The Pachamallki rite of Pumapuncu creates a door or entrance of any sort (sliding glass, stone arch, iron gate, etc). The architect states one condition which is to be barred (the unchaste, the left-handed, all mortals, etc.) at the time of casting, and the barred person or persons will not be able to enter the portal from that point onward, nor can anyone but the caster choose to let them in. Note that the magic of the rite only pertains to the portal so ensorcelled. The denied creature(s) may certainly enter the protected area through other means.



**WARD OF THE THREE SISTERS****Type:** Ritual**Dice Pool:** Crafts + Sarandu**Difficulty:** 6**Lifeforce:** 5

The amawtas of old prevented theft of maize or potatoes by fastening the leaves of the plant in question to trees or posts near the garden. The curse which they attached to the plants would rest on any who stole them (save the starving: this was not a crime). The Teomallki may post up anything, including intellectual property (such as posting a page from a book) as a way of preventing crimes. He must state which specific crime he seeks to prevent. The number of successes is the number of dice permanently subtracted from the thief's dice pools until the stolen item is returned to the place of posting.

WRAP THE MANTLE**Type:** Spell**Dice Pool:** Expression + Sarandu**Difficulty:** 7**Lifeforce:** None

The Stone Pillars, more than any other immortals, blend well into human society, and this spell is a good example of why. By symbolically wrapping a mantle around herself, the Teomallki may blend in wherever she goes.

The Pachamallki places herself in a particular situation (as a bus driver, factory worker, monk, llama driver, etc.) and meditates silently, touching the earth for advice. She will not change her appearance, but people looking at her or

even talking to her will not notice that she is something anomalous. Moreover, success on the roll translates to an illusory dot of whatever skill is necessary to complete the illusion. The effects last for one scene.

**LEVEL TWO
SARANDU****DRINKING THE DUST****Type:** Spell**Dice Pool:** Manipulation + Sarandu**Difficulty:** 7**Lifeforce:** 2

Mother Ocean lives in all life, and any mortal deprived of water will surely die. The Pachamallki can use this to their advantage when pressed to do so. The caster of the spell first indicates a living opponent, then utters the curse, "May you drink dust!" After the caster rolls Manipulation + Sarandu, the target must contest the caster's roll with a Willpower roll of his own (difficult 7). If the target fails to acquire as many successes as the caster, he begins to dehydrate painfully, taking one health level of unsoakable lethal damage per scene until the spell ends or until death occurs. The target's Attributes also deteriorate because of the dehydration, likewise falling one point per scene. The dehydration persists for one scene per net success acquired above the target's successes. Note that this spell has no effect on those who require no body water.





FEED THE CAVE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Security + Sarandu

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 5

The Reborn can call on Pachamama to protect him within her body. In order to do so, he must first hide himself in a cave or other dark hole. He then plasters chewed maize and coca on the inside of the cave to “feed” it. The hiding place and everyone within will then remain secret (invisible to most mundane and magical locating means) until the passing of the next full day. This protection can be maintained daily at a cost of three additional Lifeforce, thus extending the duration of the rite’s effects. In addition to its concealment benefits, this ritual enables all inside the protected cave to breathe freely and to sleep soundly at all times.

RAISE THE ROOFBEAM

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts (Engineering) + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 3

This useful little ritual establishes the spiritual foundations of a home by summoning the powerful spirits of Queen Woman and Beer Woman, who are then declared to be sisters in a ceremonial feast of chili-laden stew and beer. As long as the house stands (and is not desecrated by sin), the owner gets one extra die on any dice pool involving defense of the protected home. A given house can only be under the effects of one Raise the Roofbeam casting at any one time. Subsequent castings merely “re-attune” the home.

THE SEAL’S BREATH

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Stamina + Sarandu

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1

The Teomallki can become like her ancient patron, the Seal, in that she can dive and swim beneath the ocean. She simply calls on the Seal and dives in. She will be able to hold her breath for one scene per success, and swim with a seal’s speed (equal to the character’s normal running speed on land) for a like duration.

SUNAY

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Charisma + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 3

Life in the Andes is hard. The rite of suñay, or the gift sacrifice, makes it just a little easier. At a feast, festival or even at a chance meeting, the Teomallki may give away some of her wealth, be it in the form of animals, money or equipment. The Storyteller must determine how much the Reborn must give for it to be a real sacrifice. The rich must give great gifts, while some Teomallki can barely afford to give away a sack of potatoes, lest their ayllu starve. After the gift amount is determined, the caster makes a short speech and donates the specified goods to a friend, kin or stranger. The Teomallki will then see a one-point rise in all Social Attributes for the remainder of the story. Such a gift, however, must be permanent. The caster cannot accept the return of any items so gifted. Doing so immediately negates the mystical benefits of this rite, quite likely angering the Teomallki’s ancestors in the process. The effects of this ritual are not cumulative.

LEVEL THREE SARANDU

CIST OF THE OFFERINGS

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 10

The Incas would often bury offerings in small stone-lined chambers, called cists. The ceremonial burial of an offering can please the gods greatly. When performing this rite, the Pachamallki makes any offering as usual, then builds a cist and buries the material. While the cist remains intact, the gods consider the offering to be fresh and the Teomallki can act as if the offering was just made. In other words, the Reborn can “call in the favor” anytime. If the cist collapses or is looted, the magic is gone.

KENTIPUNCU

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Sarandu

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 15

The sacred door Kentipuncu, or “bird door,” opened into a sacred Incan shrine. It was covered with the precious feathers of hummingbirds, and a devout sun priest guarded it, advising any who entered to go about their worship devoutly.

The ritual makes a door that the Pachamallki must cover with the most precious substance available, be it gold, tussah silk or even powdered cocaine (circumstances permitting). The Capacocha then blesses it





with a quality which will bestow itself upon all who pass through the ensorcelled portal. This may be something simple, such as acquiring one temporary dot of Linguistics (the Quechua language) or something very specific (a sudden craving for “llama-kidney stew served with hot chilis”). No more than one point or dot of any given trait may be passed along this in this manner, and the effects of multiple Kentipuncu castings do not “stack.” In any event, all bestowed effects disappear as soon as the entrant leaves the connected building.

MOLD THE BODY

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Medicine + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 2 per health level

The Pachamallki are creatures of earth and clay, and they were preserved for eternity with faces and body parts molded of clay. The Pachamallki can use this same magic to aid others. He must mold a body part to replace a lost one, using reeds and native clay, then attach it where a body part is currently missing. This can be done for a wounded person to save his life, as long as the wound is not immediately fatal. (Molding a new head, for example, will not work, but a punctured abdominal cavity can be fixed by means of this spell.) The body part must resemble what was lost. This spell does not enable the creation of monsters or sex changes. The effects are permanent.

PLATFORM OF DESTINY

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Expression + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 20

This rite builds an ushnu, a ceremonial platform for making speeches, issuing orders and casting spells. The ushnu may be made of wood, earth or stone. The builder must spend the Lifeforce, then roll Expression + Sarandu. The number of successes is the number of times the ushnu may be used without collapsing. Anyone making a proclamation, casting a spell or giving orders gets three additional dice for their dice pool each time they use the ushnu. Once the platform’s power is used up, it must be rebuilt with more Lifeforce, or else it will collapse.

RAIN WARD

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Stamina + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 30

This spell prevents rain from falling indefinitely in an area that the Pachamallki circumnavigates while casting the spell. He must chant while pacing the perimeter of the area, but he cannot keep this up for more hours than he has points of Stamina. The effects last for as long as the mummy chants, and for the same amount of time again once the chant is broken. This spell alone has allowed many Pachamallki’s fragile clay bodies to endure for eons, as well as ruining the lands of the Pachamallki’s rivals.

STONECUTTER’S DEFENSE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts (Engineering) + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 5 (minimum)

This ritual enables the construction of a wall or building whose stones fit together perfectly without the need for mortar. For the spell to work, however, a certain amount of Lifeforce must be bound into the stones. The caster may invest life energy (in “blocks” of five Lifeforce) into the construction; up to one block for every success obtained on the roll. If the face of the resulting wall or structure is marred or separated by any natural or artificial means, its component stones will mysteriously fall back together, expending five of the wall’s stored Lifeforce to do so. Even dynamite will not destroy such a structure permanently, as long as it has Lifeforce remaining with which to reanimate itself. Many Teomallki choose such buildings as their resting places or treasuries.

If the building or its occupants are attacked, stones may (Storyteller’s discretion) fall or roll from the walls and ceiling, crushing the attackers. This act expends 10 of the building’s stored Lifeforce and inflicts five health levels of lethal damage on each attacker in range of the falling stones. Once all the stored Lifeforce is expended, the building will begin to age and collapse naturally.

TRACE THE VEINS

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Research + Sarandu

Difficulty: Varies

Lifeforce: 1

The Blessing of the Gods, called Osiris’s Blessing by Amenti, means that the mummies of each region have great difficulty regaining Lifeforce outside their home ground. The Pachamallki in particular have developed a way to take advantage of the fact that Pachamama has one body, made up of many parts. By this magic,





Pachamallki anywhere can try to trace the veins and sinews on the Mother's form (be it an ancient continental fragment, spilled dirt from a truck or even a region of minerals similar to local holy clay) to find some connection which will enable some regaining of Lifeforce. The difficulty for the roll is 8 in North America and in allied areas such as the Caribbean, 9 in a place which has some similarity to Tawantinsuyu (such as Tibet), and 10 in areas totally unlike South America (or those under the sway of a hostile power, such as China, New Zealand or North Korea). For each success on the roll, the caster regains one point of personal Lifeforce. A botch brutally strips the caster of all remaining Lifeforce. Even with all the built-in geographic specificity, this ritual is never taught to non-Pachamallki.

LEVEL FOUR SARANDU

CALL THE COLD SEA

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 3

The Pachamallki may invoke the powers of the Seal, calling the ocean to wash over her and everything around her. The caster must be within a day's walk of salt water. If this condition is met, the sea will rise from the ground itself, rushing over the area in which the caster is located and covering it to a depth of three feet per success. Needless to say, the caster must be able to float or swim; others may be drowned or smashed to death as the roaring sea floods the land. The waters mystically recede at the end of the scene.

GEOGLYPH

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Sarandu

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 10

This immense rite requires the cooperation of large numbers of people, tools and a huge area of land. The caster directs his people in the scraping and clearing of a patterned area of earth or sand to create a huge spirit image, similar to the famous Nazca Lines. The Pachamallki rolls Crafts + Sarandu. The number of successes is the number of prayers, uttered at that site, which the spirit who is portrayed will hear. The spirit will decide for itself what answer to give, but an answer will almost always come. Because some North Americans seem to connect the geoglyphs incorrectly with belief in UFOs or extraterrestrials, the Storyteller is free to have the "saucer people" respond as well.

MEMORY OF WATER

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1 per scene per person

The Capacocha are many things indeed, but one thing they are for certain is creatures of memory. They can remember many lives on Earth and many sojourns in Ukhu Pacha or even in far-flung Hanak Pacha. This powerful rite allows the Reborn to enter the past, at least in seeming.



As part of the ritual, the caster must partake of certain hallucinogenic plants and give the same dose to any who wish to accompany her. She must then chant of the time and place to which she wishes to return. For each additional success, another may share in the caster's dreamlike vision of the past. This spell is primarily used to gain insight into past events or places, and/or as a game-enhancing story device for Storytellers. It is neither time travel nor ancestral memory, but the power of the mummy herself from which is drawn the ability to re-collect the past.

WITHIN THE RIVER

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 30

The land of the Andes is divided vertically into many climate zones. *Kichwa*, where gardens and villages are known, lies below *sallqa*, the wild land, where only llama-herders can eke out a living; and *sallqa* (the tundra) itself is below the *urqu*, airless heights where spirits live and where many Chaskimallki lie frozen in eternal hate. Lowest of all are the lands *ukumayu* — “within the river” — where rich crops grow. This spell serves to make any land rich and fertile, as if by a tropical riverbank, for one growing season. The Capacocha can enchant as much land as he can hoe in one day; usually the size of a small garden plot.

LEVEL FIVE SARANDU

LORD LANDSLIDE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Performance + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 10

According to folklore, the great earth spirit Amaru punishes the wicked with landslides. If a talented Pachamallki makes an offering to Amaru, he too may draw upon this ability. After sacrificing one health level worth of blood, a few precious coins, a bottle of fine alcohol or any one of a number of other appropriate offerings, the Reborn may then effect a horrible landslide in the area: Avalanches of snow, rockslides and mudslides are all possible. The slide will level buildings and destroy crops and land over a large area (up to an entire square kilometer). The landslide will not automatically kill everyone in its path.

Some may hear or otherwise presage the event and make their timely escape.

PILLCOPUNCU

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 20

The holiest of doors before an Andean shrine was the Door of Hope, Pillcopuncu. Covered in shimmering green feathers, it supposedly led to the presence of the gods themselves inside the temple.

This rite creates a door that takes anyone who steps through it to be judged. For an Amenti, this will take her, living or dead, to the Judges of Ma'at. The Teomallki and other South Americans find themselves before their own gods. Cabiri may encounter Minos or some other figure they believe worthy of judging them. An ordinary mortal will find that the door will not open for him at all — unless, of course, his judgment happens to be at hand, in which case he will likely never be seen again...

SWALLOWED BY THE MOTHER

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 10 per person

The Earth Mother would swallow those who approached her shrines wrongly or impurely. The Pachamallki can use this tendency to their advantage. The caster must indicate certain persons whom he wishes the earth to swallow and then make the roll. For each success, one person disappears into the earth, reappearing only after a predetermined course of events transpires. The caster decided upon this determining factor at the time of casting, and it must be specific and reasonable enough to likely occur at some point. A botch on the caster's roll brings down a shower of earth and stones upon the caster. The person underground will not be aware of time passing while they are buried. Some Teomallki have used this to preserve their loyal yanacunas and ayllu, burying them alive for centuries. Various failures of this spell have resulted in some rather bizarre archaeological finds.

Note that the spirits who live inside the Mother's body may allow the buried ones to return to the surface, based upon their mood and attitude toward the entombed.



WARRIORS OF STONE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Charisma + Sarandu

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 3 per warrior

This spell recalls the glorious victory of the Incas when "even the rocks turned to warriors" on the field of battle. The Pachamallki may call upon nearby stones to fight for him. He calls out the true names of the stones, ordering them to do his bidding with a Charisma + Sarandu roll. If successful, nearby stones rise from the ground, appearing as ancient Incan warriors armed with stone clubs and shields. They can use any technologically advanced weapons that the spellcaster himself knows how to use, but must be separately supplied post-summoning with any such artillery. They have as many health levels as ordinary humans, suffer no wound penalties, are immune to mind and emotion-altering effects, and will remain in the service of their summoner until the end of the current scene or battle. Once "killed," these stone warriors crumble to gravel.

SAUDADE

Inti, the Lord Sun, is the supreme god and ancestor of the Inca. His magic is that of wind, sky and the sacred names of things. His immortals, the Intimallki, or "Sun Spears," invoke these same magics in his honor and in his memory. The rites of Saudade hark back to the earliest days of the mallki ancestors, when the world was still young and magic was more plentiful than air. They invoke potent aspects of spirit, worship and sacrifice, as well as an underlying longing for renewal, regrowth and rebirth.

Unless otherwise noted in the description, each Saudade ritual takes 10 minutes per level to perform.

LEVEL ONE SAUDADE

CHASE POWDER

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Rituals + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

The bones of human beings are powerful magic. By mixing powdered bones with maize meal, the character uses the person's soul to confuse his pursuers. He will order the spirit to lead the chase astray, then blow the powder toward his pursuers. The number of successes acquired on the roll is added to his dice pool for evading any kind of pursuit.

COYLLUR RITI (STAR OF THE SNOW)

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Stamina + Saudade

Difficulty: Variable

Lifeforce: 2

The conquistadors destroyed temples and toppled images of the gods, but to the natives of Tawantinsuyu, the mountains themselves were gods. To this day, the ancient mountain pilgrimages remain central to the spiritual lives of native peoples of the Andes. To gain the mountain god's favor, the devotee must climb the mountain unaided by modern technology, on the god's feast day, and then pray at the top.

This trial is best played as a series of physical challenges in a story. The god, if it favors the worshipper, will then grant a boon such as a few points of Lifeforce or some insight into the mysteries that he seeks. Note that different mountain gods know and like different things, and that their concerns are usually provincial.

CROP THE MANE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Enigmas + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

The gods love an obedient worshipper. This sacrifice lets a worshipper show his devotion by cropping the tips of animals' tails or by shaving a human devotee. The hair removed thus — often called a chupa — is presented as an offering to the great ones: Sun or Thunder (or to the local spirits who serve them).

The character crops the animals' tails or shaves the heads of human worshippers. (This will, of course, attract some attention in most cases.) For one to 10 cuttings, the character receives a total of one Lifeforce back from the gods. For 10-99 chupas she earns two Lifeforce. One hundred or more chupas offered at once will net her three Lifeforce.

CURSE OF THE FALSE EUNUCH

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Saudade

Difficulty: Target's Willpower

Lifeforce: 1

Some are born eunuchs, some become eunuchs, and some have that life thrust upon them. The *urwi*, a sterile llama bull, is an unfortunate creature indeed, even though not gelded. The Teomallki can call on the spirit of the *urwi* (or *qomy*: a barren llama-ewe) to afflict



her foes. She spits out the curse and makes the appropriate roll. For as many turns as she has successes, her foe will be unable to succeed at anything useful or pleasant. During this time, every action attempted by the unfortunate subject that would somehow help him is automatically issued a single 1 on the roll in place of one of his dice, thus reducing his chances of success.

GALLOWS OF THE SUN

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 5

The sun, worshipped as god by the Incas, granted great powers to his followers. At his solstices and equinoxes, the Teomallki can tap into his divine force. He must construct a marker (a "gallows" in Quechua) for the sun's solstice or equinox or both. This marker may be a simple set of poles or earthen mounds or something as elaborate as Stonehenge. When the proper moment comes (sunrise, noon, sunset, etc. on the appointed date), the character will suddenly double the usual pool of Lifeforce from which he may draw (at the time). Note that enemies may well be aware of the character's actions, and some may try to seize the sacred place for themselves.

This rite may also be performed with the moon, often by women.

GARLANDS OF SACRIFICE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Expression + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

The waytukay are llamas decorated with flowers for rituals or sacrifices (though the character can decorate other sacrifices as well). A table can be strewn with flowers and herbs, while a human sacrifice can wear flowers as they go forth to meet the gods. When waytukay is observed before any sacrifice, the difficulty of that ritual drops by one for each success rolled on the decoration (maximum reduction of three), thus ensuring that the sacrifice will please the gods.

GOURD OF THE CAPACUCHA

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Saudade

Difficulty: variable

Lifeforce: 2

The blood of animal and human sacrifices is precious, and in Incan times, was carried over the whole of Tawantinsuyu for ritual purposes. In this rite, the character pours sacrificial blood into a gourd and begins to run (or hands it to another to carry). As long as the messenger neither spills a drop of blood nor stops, the blood will not clot, spoil or cool. Any physical and magical powers the blood retains will remain the same.

SLINGSHOTS OF THE MOON'S FEAST

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1 per weapon

The feast of Coya Raymi, the great celebration of the moon, was the occasion for the Incas to drive out illness and bad spirits. The people did this by arming and forming companies for battle in their towns, then slinging stones and throwing torches into the sky. As they do this, they shout the names of spirits and sicknesses, then wash the houses and streets thoroughly.

The Teomallki and his followers must fire weapons as if in battle: Any spirits present will probably flee. If they do not, they will be subject to damage as per spirit combat, even though the stones, rifle shots and so on are material. (See **Axis Mundi: The Book of Spirits** for details on spirits.) Any sick people in the area may share as many dice for recovery as there have been individual weapons fired, and for which the caster has spent matching Lifeforce. For example, if 12 different weapons are being used in the ritual, and if the caster spends a total of 12 Lifeforce, a pool of 12 dice is created from which the sickly may draw to speed up recovery. Anyone with an incurable illness, such as cancer or AIDS, will at least enter a lasting period of remission thanks to this rite.

STRENGTH OF THE AYNO

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Stamina + Saudade

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1 per scene

The ayno, or lead bull, is the master of all animals in his herd. The Teomallki can call on the powers of the ayno for his own benefit. He whispers the name of the ayno and the player makes the roll. He will have as many extra dice for leadership or intimidation-based rolls as he gets successes, for the scene. This spell can (and often is) also used for stimulating one's sexual prowess.



**UNSIGHT****Type:** Spell**Dice Pool:** Perception + Saudade**Difficulty:** 6**Lifeforce:** 1

In the underground caverns where the Intimallki fled, Lord Sun was not present. However, the gifted don't always require his light to see. This spell enables the mummy and anyone touching her to see without light.

The mummy spends a point of Lifeforce and makes the roll: For each success, she can see clearly, as though standing in a brightly lit room, for one scene.

LEVEL TWO SAUDADE**EGGS OF CURSING****Type:** Spell**Dice Pool:** Expression + Saudade**Difficulty:** 7**Lifeforce:** 1 per sentence

The ancient mages of the Andes bewitched their foes by throwing eggs and rotten fruit at them. The curse is a complex and powerful one. The mage makes a statement or sentence, then throws the missiles at the person or their home. At the mage's behest, the accursed will speak the mage's words instead of his own. Instead of telling the truth about a crime, a policeman would have to say that someone else did it; a priest might utter pagan hymns to the ocean instead of the Ave Maria. The accursed person will utter the curse's sentence as many times as the caster has successes.

FOLLOW THE HOOFBEATS**Type:** Ritual**Dice Pool:** Lore + Saudade**Difficulty:** 7**Lifeforce:** 5

The Intimallki swear vengeance upon the Spanish conquistadors and all their descendents (it is said, indeed, that not all of these were human mortals...), and this rite can aid the great quest. A character uses a mirror of metal, a gold ring or any other reflecting item to divine the ancestry of a person.

The user looks at the person in the reflection of the item, and the player makes the roll. He will know soon thereafter whether the person is a descendent of the invaders, and in what degree this is true.

LITTER OF THE SUN**Type:** Ritual**Dice Pool:** Expression + Saudade**Difficulty:** 7**Lifeforce:** 15

The Great Inca was carried by nobles on a litter wherever he went. His holy feet need never touch the earth. The character may create a litter or another type of vehicle (even a Lincoln Town Car will work) by consecrating it with the names of Lord Sun. Anyone riding in this vehicle will have one extra point on all Attributes, Abilities and Advantages, including having one extra health level. The benefits last for one story, but they apply only while the person is in the vehicle itself.

PUSANGA (LITANY OF LOVE)**Type:** Ritual**Dice Pool:** Occult + Saudade**Difficulty:** 6**Lifeforce:** 5

The natives of Loreto in Peru are famous for their pusanga love magic, which creates and maintains loving relationships. While pusanga does not make the beloved a mind-controlled slave, it can increase interest in various ways. One is to look at the beloved through the hollow bone of a bird's leg; another is to wash the beloved's clothing in a solution of the congonillo plant, a fragrant herb. Yet another involves the shimi-pampana paste, which is chewed, mixed with perfume and applied to one's own body when the beloved is near. The number of successes is the number of scenes during which the beloved will show much interest in the spellcaster. After that, things must take their course. If the spellcaster is fasting, allow one extra automatic success.

SNARE THE NAME**Type:** Spell**Dice Pool:** Rituals + Saudade**Difficulty:** 7**Lifeforce:** 10

The character can trap a foe with a snare of black and white woolen yarn twisted together and laid across her path. The Teomallki must make a snare of thread, uttering the victim's name, and a specific misfortune that will befall her (fire, loss of wealth, the flu, etc). He then places the snare for the victim to step into (or not; the person can miss the trap, of course). The number of successes is the number of scenes that the misfortune will occur. Note that extreme misfortunes (such as an avalanche) will not last so long,





while some (a broken leg) will happen and then the person may be sick for a long time. In some cases, the misfortune may be so unlikely that it cannot happen at all ("assaulted by Turkish soldiers" is a good example). This is up to the Storyteller.

TELLBREAD

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Rituals + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1 per person

The Teomallki have many ways of ensuring the loyalty of their followers. Tellbread is one of the more innocuous. The character sacrifices a llama, then mixes its congealed blood with flour. The resulting bread is blessed, held up to the mummy's ear, then given to followers. For the next year, any disloyalty uttered by or in the presence of the follower (that she knows about; this doesn't apply to words that she can't hear or understand) will be heard by the Teomallki. The followers may not know that the bread they eat will do this.

THROW THE POWER

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Athletics

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

"Sun will be our spear," said the Intimallki as they fought the conquistadors. This spell lets a user "throw" any power to an enemy or friend. The friend may get the Teomallki's abilities, while a foe may get a nasty surprise.

The character must successfully use his power (making hit and damage rolls, casting a spell, and so on) and then use this spell to "throw" the magic to someone else. For each success, one die of the magic's damage or effects may transfer successfully. The person must be close enough for an actually thrown object to be able to hit him.

LEVEL THREE SAUDADE

CHICHA OF THE MIGHTY ONES

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Herbalism + Saudade

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 5 per point of Attribute

Chicha, the maize ale of the Incas, was constantly consumed at rituals as well as being an everyday beverage. The wise could brew all sorts of things into their chicha. This ritual creates chicha that increases one's Attributes. For each five points of Lifeforce spent, the

chicha will increase the Attributes of the drinker by one. Chicha does not keep for long, but it should remain good for a few days.

ICAROS (GREAT BLESSING)

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Expression + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 10

Icaros is a blessing that can aid any person. The character must know the true name of the person whom she intends to bless. She makes a speech on behalf of this person, praising him and ending with the statement that a certain type of harm (financial ruin, death by fire, divorce, illness) will not come to him. The Storyteller may ask that the character's player make the speech in character. The player then makes the roll. The number of successes scored is the number of dice of countermagic or "luck" that the person has to defend against the named problem. This bonus does not help against other problems. How long the blessing lasts is up to the Storyteller, but it should be for at least one story.

LESSER CURSE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 10

Cursing is a prominent part of ancient South American sorcery. The character obtains the hair of the person or creature to be accursed. She then burns it, mixes it with maize meal and blows on it. As many dice of "misfortune" are focused on the victim as there are successes. Therefore, five successes could lead to a drop of five in the victim's dice pool or an attack by an enemy with a dice pool of five. A botch curses the user instead.

RITE OF THE SACRED MARRIAGE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Expression + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 10

The powers of nature govern all aspects of life in the high Andes, and the ancient peoples of these lands are very down-to-earth about what is necessary to survive. This ritual is performed during planting time or while crops (including windowsill pots of chili peppers, chia grass or even marijuana) are growing. It involves sex acts, so the Spanish suppressed it. Only a few remote areas continue in the old way at the present.





At planting time, the sex must be heterosexual, while during growing times, same-sex unions were common (or infertile opposite-sex pairs; the union could not produce a child). The Storyteller can make interesting stories of this rite: What if a potential partner is unwilling or there isn't a suitable place? If the ritual is successful, the crop will be greatly increased, even doubled.

RITE OF THE TABLE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 20

This ritual from the lands of the Intimallki allows the Teomallki to "set the table" to summon ancient and often lost spirits: spirits of nature, of the desert, of the dead, even from Hunin Pacha or Hatun Pacha. These spirits may come from the present day or from as far back as the time of the Seal People. The character must first obtain hallucinogenic plants, mystic stones, ancient relics from the time that the spirit and its people first existed, sticks or wands of native wood and other sacred objects. The table can also include alcohol, tobacco, coca leaf and candles. He then lays them in geometrical patterns on the table atop a sacred decorated cloth and prepares the hallucinogens for use. When the character and his followers use the plants, the player makes the roll, and the spirits may respond to the call. Note that many spirits who will ignore a present-day summons will respond to the Rite of the Table. Note also that museums take the "borrowing" of their ancient relics very seriously (even if he who borrows them is their original owner!)

SUCKING THE CHONTA

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Expression + Saudade

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 20

The evil spirits of the world often afflict people by burrowing into them or by possessing them outright. Even mundane-seeming illnesses can be caused by witchcraft or evil spirits. The native American "sucking doctors" can extract these spirits by sucking them from the patient's body, but the activity is a dangerous one.

The character first summons a spirit, which must stay in her mouth or throat to guard her. This may be any spirit she knows and trusts, such as an ancestor-spirit or a nature spirit. She then puts the patient into a trance

by dancing, chanting and drumming. (The patient will have identified the afflicted area beforehand). He then sucks the spirit out (as if sucking poison from a wound) and spits the evil spirit into a jar or bowl prepared for the purpose by magic. Note that the number of successes is the number of dice by which the dice pool of the spirit decreases when it is spit out. If this penalty reduces the spirit's dice pool to 0, the spirit dissolves. No successes means that the spirit stays in the sick person but is now aware of the character and very angry. A botch means that the spirit will attempt to possess the Teomallki and has a turn to attempt to do so unopposed.

VESSELS OF KNOWING

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Enigmas + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 20

This divination ritual involves sacrifice (llama, guinea pig or human), after which the lungs of the victim are cut out and the character blows into a vein on the lung. The markings on the Vessel as it inflates tell the user the future: for each success, one phrase or picture may be suggested by the Storyteller. The answers may be as cryptic or as clear as the Storyteller wishes.

LEVEL FOUR SAUDADE

CHANGE OF THE GUARD

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Enigmas + Saudade

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 5

The Incas practiced *mitimaes*, or relocation of conquered peoples. The Intimallki can perform a more subtle relocation: moving a soul.

The rite may be used in a number of ways. A soul trapped in a prison realm or spirit trap may be returned to its own body. The soul of a dead follower or friend may be put into a living form, or a living person may be robbed of her soul.

The user grasps the soul that she is moving and brings it to the body, or grasps the soul and pulls it from the body. If the character resettles a soul into a body that already has one, either the new soul must know the **Wraith** Arcanos of Puppetry or the two must undergo the Rite of the Marriage of Souls. Otherwise, the two souls fight for the body and chaos will ensue. If the body is already soulless, then there won't be any trouble. A





human who has died on the operating table and been revived, for example, may or may not retain her soul.

DRINK OF THE MOCHE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 5 per draught

The Moché kingdom of South America were ruled by warrior priest-lords whose power came from drinking the blood of war captives. These priests were not vampires, but performers of sacrificial Necromancy. They could drink not only blood, but the life force of their captives and grow more powerful thereby. Note that a vampire might regard these actions with great favor.

The priest drinks one or more health levels of blood and states what Attribute or Ability of the captive he seeks to acquire. He must drink as many health levels of blood as he wishes to gain dots in the Attribute or Ability (note that drinking enough of someone's blood will almost certainly kill them). For each success, the priest can gain one point of the characteristic. This action is repulsive to almost all other beings besides vampires.

GHOST POT

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 20

The character can call the ghosts of time by a magic ritual to learn the future. She must burn fat, maize, coca, gold and silver in a new stewpot, burning and charring the contents until the ghosts appear inside. The Storyteller should determine where in time the ghosts come from: the distant past, some historical period, recent deaths or even the future. This distinction determines the amount of knowledge that the ghosts have. They will answer questions about the course of events, about magic and about the spirit world. They obviously cannot tell much about subjects on which they are ignorant. They may be untruthful, though, especially if provoked.

GREATER CURSE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 10

This is a more powerful curse, and unlike a lesser curse, it can and will affect associates of the accursed as well as the person himself. The system is the same as for a lesser curse.

WALKING THE LIGHT

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

The sun gives the Intimallki their power and is their spear, but in its absence, Teomallki must make do. Since all forms of artificial light come from the sun originally (even nuclear power plants burn uranium, which was formed in supernovas more than six billion years ago), the character can call the sun from any source of light.

The Teomallki whispers sun's silent names and lights a candle, campfire or other light source. The number of successes is the number of scenes that the character may act as if the sun truly were shining. He may see as though it were a brightly lit day or tell a creature from the shadow it casts (only to his eyes, naturally). Although this effect does not cause the sun to actually shine, it does keep vampires (and other creatures to whom the sun is baneful) at bay. No such creature may venture anywhere near the radiant Capacocha's source of light for the duration of the spell.

WARD OF SKY-METAL

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Crafts + Saudade

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 2

This spell makes the mummy or anyone he touches immune to steel weapons for one scene. The attackers' weapons make contact as normal, but they do no damage. To cast this spell, the user must know the true name of steel. Other versions of this spell shield one against silver, flint and so on.

LEVEL FIVE SAUDADE

APU (MIGHTY ONE)

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 20

This rite creates an additional head for the mummy, which she can use in the material world, and potentially in the spirit world also.

The extra head may be made of wood, ceramic or metal and attached to the mallki's bundle. It can serve her as a Vessel by drinking the blood of offerings. When





the mummy is in human (living) form on Kay Pacha, her appearance is normal, but the powers of her second head remain with her. Some characters wear a charm, pin or tattoo to symbolize their second head while they are in human form. If the mummy is attacked by spells affecting her mind, the extra head can defend her — assume that its Mental Attributes are the same as those of the mummy's actual head. If it is "killed," it cannot help her further, but another can be made in time. If she is decapitated while alive, the Reborn will not die as long as her second head remains intact. The "second head" of a mummy does not have a distinct personality.

COMMAND THE LORD'S FIRE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Saudade

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 2

The Lord Inti bestows many blessings on his faithful, not the least of which is his readiness to hear their prayers. Using this magic, the character can call on Inti to aid him. The amount of aid he sends (in the form of sunlight) depends on the number of successes:

One success: The sun can shine through dark clouds or forest cover.

Three successes: The sun can shine at any time of day with noon's brilliance.

Five successes: The sun can shine at night or underground.

Seven successes: The sun's fire will strike the character's foes, doing as many dice of aggravated damage as the caster has levels of Saudade.

QAYA (GREAT SUMMONING)

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Expression + Saudade

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 50

This is the summoning to call the illi back from the Land of the Dead. Some amawtas as well as mummies know the magic song that summons the spirit. When this is performed, the spirit will hear, no matter where she is, and will return to the burial place in one day. The spirit will regain a total amount of Illi and Samapa equal to the amount of Lifeforce used to summon her. This will usually enable her to return.

RESPIRO

The way of purification has always been the divine purview of the Chaskimallki, but due to the fragility of their physical forms, few of the ancient secrets once

practiced by these undying priests have survived to the modern day. Gathered together over the last millennia as an art known as Respiro — the "cleansing breath" — the magical heritage of the Chaskimallki cleanses the flesh of the worthy, soothes the mind of the afflicted and chills the soul of the corrupt. While ancient Chaskimallki find Respiro to be a poor reflection of what they consider their true traditions, those of the newer (and less world-weary) breed have found its versatile and intuitive ways indispensable to their goals.

Unless otherwise noted in the description, each Respiro ritual takes 10 minutes per level to perform.

LEVEL ONE RESPIRO

CLEANSING TOUCH

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Medicine + Respiro

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: None

By merely touching a toxic object or an afflicted person, the ice priest may neutralize the toxin that burns within it. This spell reduces the toxin rating of poison and/or disease in any touched object or person, with the number of successes gained on the spell roll reducing the toxin rating by an equal amount.

CLIMB THE SKY

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Respiro

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: Varies

The high mountains of Tawantinsuyu are perilous for outsiders, with altitude sickness being a major problem for anyone not native to the region. This spell enables the Chaskimallki to afflict people with altitude sickness simply by snapping his fingers and pointing at them. For each success, one target may be so afflicted. The target resists by rolling Stamina (difficulty 7). If he accumulates as many successes on this roll as the caster spent Lifeforce, he overcomes the spell's effects altogether. Otherwise, the effects last until the person recovers from the sickness naturally.

SHELTER OF THE CHOSEN

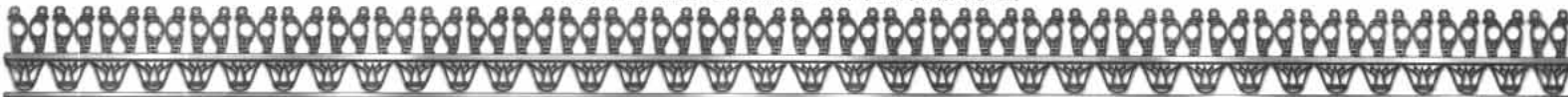
Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Survival + Respiro

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1

This simple incantation forms an area of temperate weather within 30 feet of the caster and protects those nearby from the harsh environs the Chaskimallki often





call home. All living beings within the area of this spell's effect are protected from the harmful influence of a cold environment and receive an additional soak die versus more directly injurious cold effects. The benefits of this spell last as long as the caster remains within its area. The area of temperate weather may be moved with the caster, but its duration is then reduced to a number of hours equal to the caster's Direction rating.

VISION OF WINTER

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Perception + Respiro

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: None

With a quick intake of breath, the mummy becomes mystically aware of all living things in his immediate area. Although most mundane obstacles are incapable of blocking the character's supernatural senses, this power cannot reveal those hidden by even the weakest magic. Since this power relies upon the heat generated by living beings to discern their location, it is most effective in colder climates and operates unimpaired despite any obstacles to normal vision (such as blindness, walls, ceilings or darkness).

WINTER RESPITE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Thanatology + Respiro

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 2

This short ritual prepares a body for rest before death. By packing the ritual's target in simple ice or by submerging him in properly chilled water, his physical form is better able to withstand the rigors of time. A Chaskimallki that is properly interred in cold reduces the difficulty of her resurrection rolls by three. Non-Chaskimallki casters of this ritual (and their numbers are rare, indeed) receive only a minor benefit from this ritual. Their resurrection roll difficulties decrease by only one.

LEVEL TWO RESPIRO

CALL UPON THE SERVANTS OF SNOW

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Charisma + Respiro

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 2 + (1 per extra servant)

Through extended contemplation, the character may form his very breath into minor incarnations of the spirits of winter, the avatars of purification. Summoning these ice automatons takes 10 minutes per servant summoned. Servants serve for three hours after the

completion of the ritual, though they may leave earlier if the natural conditions are not to their liking (i.e., a desert). Each servant resembles a man-shaped jumble of packed snow and sharp icicles standing barely two feet off the ground. Although they are not particularly intelligent, they can be commanded to convey what they see, their whispering voices carried on a chill wind that can only be heard by their summoner. The servants of snow can communicate only in this manner if they are within a mile of the mummy, and the caster may respond to their whispers in kind.

Servant of Snow Traits: 3 in all Physical Attributes; 2 in Brawl and Stealth; three health levels (they suffer no wound penalties); cannot soak fire damage; lethal damage with hand attacks; living creatures wounded by a snow servant have their Dexterity reduced by one because of the numbing cold (this penalty is not cumulative); can soak lethal damage.

CLEANSED OF IMPURITY

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Respiro

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

As surely as it rots their bodies in death and scorches them in life, heat is the harbinger of corruption to the Chaskimallki. This spell was perfected millennia ago to protect those Chaskimallki still loyal to the divine order from the mad priest Huatli's quest to literally burn them from existence. (Many, in fact, were put to the torch while they slumbered in the underworld before Huatli was finally brought low.) This spell turns all aggravated damage caused by fire into lethal damage and reduces the soak difficulty against fire by three. Any fire the caster touches, up to the size of a bonfire, that fails to cause him damage is extinguished. This ability lasts until the end of the scene.

WHISPERS FROM THE MOUNTAIN

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Charisma + Respiro

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

With a short chant, the Chaskimallki may freeze a message on the wind. This frozen missive is then quickly carried to a person known to the caster. This spell was used in ancient times to coordinate and govern the realms of the god-priests. Although this spell does not allow for two-way communication, it is often used for the quick notification of a Chaskimallki's compatriots. The message's potential range is dependent upon the caster's Respiro rating, as detailed by the following chart:





Respiro Rating	Message Range
2	1 mile
3	8 miles
4	64 miles
5	512 miles

WINTER CHARM

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Respiro

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 14

This ritual allows the caster to generate from ordinary water a mystical icicle that may be worn like an amulet. This icicle amulet protects the wearer against poison, disease (reduces toxin ratings by three) and insanity (the wearer receives a ward rating of 3 versus effects that cause madness or dementia). As a secondary effect, the wearer of the charm is unharmed by environmental cold that does not exceed -10 degrees Fahrenheit. A winter charm takes at least two days to create, but its creation can be stretched out to take as long as the caster desires, as long as there is a water source available. If need be, the creator may use his own condensing breath to form the icicle. Note that the charm is indeed an actual icicle (albeit a mystically generated one), and will begin to slowly lose its consistency if taken into warmer climes.

LEVEL THREE RESPIRO

AURA OF PURITY

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Respiro

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 2

By chilling the air in the immediate vicinity and filling it with a pure essence, a character may impede the corruptive effects of heat and flame. He generates a protective ward around himself that shields him and others from the harmful effects of fire and makes the use of flame-based powers more difficult. Everyone within 10 yards, friend or foe, gains an extra amount of soak dice equal to his Respiro rating versus fire. The difficulty to use fire-based powers in the warded area increases by three.

DUST OF TOMORROW

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Respiro

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 20

This ritual of creation makes a fine grayish dust that prepares a subject for the next life by freezing him solid. Being sprinkled with the Dust of Tomorrow has the same effect as the level-one Respiro ritual Winter Respite, except that the recipient is no longer chilled after seven days and an unwilling subject is allowed a Willpower roll against a difficulty of 6 to resist the dust's effects. The Dust of Tomorrow takes at least three days to create and retains its potency for only a month. The character may make only one application of dust per ritual casting. Although not usually effective in combat, the dust maybe wholly thrown at a target by making a Dexterity + Athletics roll against a base difficulty of 7.

ENDLESS SLUMBER

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Thanatology + Respiro

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 25

Immortal or not, the trials of time press hard on those who would lead a virtuous life, and the refuge of sleep may be the surest solace for not only the mind, but also the body. The caster of this ritual may place herself or a single willing target into a deep deathlike slumber. The ritual recipient cannot be woken from the depths of this sleep for a number of days equal to 21 minus the recipient's Balance rating. Upon awakening, the sleeper is healed of all physical damage and any temporary Attribute loss, regardless of the original source. Even wounds caused by the unmaking of flesh and bone are healed; health levels and Attribute points that were thought permanently lost now return.

Only living beings are affected by this magic, and the recipient's body is under no special protection from physical harm due to this ritual's effects. If the ritual recipient dies or his spirit otherwise leaves his body before the allocated time of slumber is completed, the ritual ceases to function. While under the effects of this ritual, the recipient is utterly unaware of his surroundings. Even if he has extra-sensory powers or is able to loose his spirit from his body, the player must succeed at a Willpower roll versus a difficulty of 7 or be unable to use these powers.

FREEING THE SHADOWS OF MADNESS

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Medicine + Respiro

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 2 + target's Willpower rating

Unlike the majority of Respiro rituals, this one calls for a grueling process bereft of the usual intuitive incantations and quick exhalations. A multi-part two-hour ritual that often requires the prolonged restraint of the ritual's subject and culminates with his trepanation, this magic is not for the faint of heart.



The careful use of bygone surgical tools allows the Chaskimallki to ease the madness that plagues the victim's mind. Like smoke, insanity seeps from the subject's perforated cranium.

While the failed casting of this ritual can seriously harm the subject, not to mention the horrible results of a botch, the rewards of a successful casting are often worth the many risks. A mentally unstable being that is successfully subjected to this ritual is temporarily healed of all phobias, derangements and inner psychic turmoil. This peace of mind lasts a number of months equal to the successes rolled by the ritual caster on the casting check. An unwilling or hostile being targeted by this ritual must make a Willpower roll versus a difficulty equal to the caster's Respirating + 3, subtract the victim's successes on this roll from the caster's casting check. A botch on this Willpower roll causes the usually permanent Willpower loss and may cause additional mental scarring at the Storyteller's discretion.

PILGRIM'S REST

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Charisma + Respiri

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 2

The sacred pilgrimage to Lake Titicaca brought together peoples from all over Tawantinsuyu, and the Incas made the trek as convenient as possible by building pilgrims' hostleries and shelters all over the empire. Using this ritual, the Chaskimallki can convince the local spirits that she is a pilgrim and, thus, sacrosanct. (Note that she does not actually have to be on route to Lake Titicaca for this to work.)

The Chaskimallki will pass her hands over the windows and doors of the place where she stays, and there recite a pilgrim's chant. For the duration of her stay, local spirits and most supernatural beings will not willingly harm her, although they can be coerced into doing so, given proper inducement. The effects last for one day per point of Direction.

LEVEL FOUR RESPIRO

CROWN OF LUCOCHULPEC

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Respiri

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 3

This dread incantation creates a halo of icicles above the caster's head — one icicle per success gained on the casting roll. These mystical shards circle above the mummy until directed to strike at nearby foes within sight. Icicles may be directed at as many foes as the caster wishes, though they shatter upon impacting or missing a target. The caster rolls Perception + Respiri

to successfully target a victim. Anyone struck by an ice shard receives a +1 difficulty penalty to all Dexterity rolls and sustains one level of lethal damage. The penalty and damage are cumulative for each icicle that strikes the same target. Any unused icicles dissipate into nothingness at the end of the scene.

CURSE OF THE SOUTH

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Medicine + Respiri

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 3

With but a word, the caster of this spell freezes and cracks an enemy's very heart in two. This rarely practiced spell is thought to be an abomination to the principles in which the originators of Respiri believed. Those cursed by the power of this spell take three levels of aggravated damage, and those who can soak such damage must roll against a difficulty of 8.

SUMMON FORTH THE FRIGID SOUL

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Thanatology + Respiri

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: variable

The essence of winter roils within the heart of the Chaskimallki. This spell allows the caster to call upon this inner power for a variety of purposes. The simplest use of this power forms a solid wall of ice before the Chaskimallki. This version of the spell costs two Lifeforce. The wall has four dice to soak and 10 health levels. In addition, the wall cannot soak fire damage, and it causes one level of lethal cold damage to those who touch it.

The second version of this spell is yet another protective ward. The caster may cool and harden his flesh, adding a variable number of extra soak dice to his soak rolls and lowering his soak difficulties to 5. This power costs one Lifeforce plus an additional point of Lifeforce per extra soak die, to a maximum of five extra soak dice. He may use the soak dice provided by this power to soak aggravated damage, but at the normal difficulty.

The third and only offensive use of this spell allows the Chaskimallki to breathe forth a 30-foot cone of biting cold. The caster's chilling breath inflicts an amount of lethal damage equal to his Respiri rating upon all those in its area.

VOYAGE WITHOUT END

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Thanatology + Respiri

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 2 + (1 per willing subject)



This ritual has the same effects as the level-three Respiro ritual Endless Slumber, except that it affects any number of willing subjects, and the time of awakening is set by the caster. There is no upper limit, but the minimum time is one month. The caster may also specify an event that triggers the awakening. Unlike Endless Slumber, the subjects of this ritual are reduced to their base salts, each one taking up no more space than a handful of sand. Upon awakening, their bodies are fully reconstituted. Those subjected to this ritual are unable to separate their spirits from their "bodies," nor are they capable of viewing their surroundings by any means.

LEVEL FIVE RESPIRO

ENTOMBMENT

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Respiro

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 3 + (1 per target to be entombed)

With a sudden gesture of the hand, the Reborn may encase his enemies in ice. Only those fast enough to avoid the crystallizing prisons have a hope of escape. Victims of this spell must succeed in a Dexterity + Dodge roll versus a difficulty of 9, or else be trapped in a tomb of pure ice. These ice prisons last until they melt naturally or until destroyed by physical means. Those encased in the ice are incapable of movement of any kind, or even of discerning the environ-

ment outside of the tomb itself. Mortals who are so encased and are not quickly freed risk death due to the ice's numbing cold.

FLESH OF PURITY

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Respiro

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 5

The ritual's caster becomes immune to the harmful effects of all diseases, poisons and drugs (regardless of their toxicity rating) and receives a ward rating of 5 versus any effect that would rot her flesh. This ritual's effects last a number of days equal to the caster's Respiro rating.

FREEZING THE ESSENCE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Respiro

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1 + level of effect frozen

This potent and mystifying incantation allows the Reborn to remove something from out of its host environment and then freeze it into a perfect ice gem. Almost anything, including magical properties or even concepts, may be so removed and preserved. One could freeze a virulent poison outside of its host's body, an extended magical effect, a living flame or even the effects of an Attribute-boosting potion. Whatever the substance to be frozen is, it no longer



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affects the person it was affecting, and it is now contained within the ice gem. Crushing the resultant sculpture returns the energy contained to its original form and location. The caster cannot freeze an effect that was generated from a power or ritual of a higher level than his own Respiro rating.

SHATTERING THE SHELL OF IMPURITY

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Respiro

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 4

The character may freeze and shatter a victim or an object with but a touch. Victims may roll Stamina versus a difficulty of 7 to subtract successes from the casting roll. If the number of successes on the casting roll is equal to or higher than the victim's current health levels, he bursts apart into so many ice shards. Otherwise, this spell has no effect. Objects or portions of an object weighing up to 10 pounds per success achieved on the casting roll are similarly destroyed, regardless of their composition.

FENG TAN

Roughly translated as "Phoenix Alchemy" or "Phoenix Magic," the Art of Feng Tan grants mastery of yang to those who embrace and submit to it. This statement defies paradox in its inescapable truth. Those who would understand and influence passion must feel passion. Those would heal must live. Yang acts. Yang does. Yang imbues life and virility, initiates ecstasy and warmth. Disciples of yang shine from within, their power and joy commingled in every breath. Masters of yang *act* even when they are simply being.

As they begin their journey up the path of the phoenix, Wu Feng healers learn to direct their energies toward limited aid and invigorating the weary, while warriors quicken their strikes to the speed of a flicking snake's tongue. In time, mastery of the lightened body allows Phoenix Children to leap and dance in treetops and move with the flicker of wind. The greatest among them can restore vitality to the aged or ignite their auras with the power of the divine. It is rumored that the accursed Wu Kuei slaves of the Yama Kings retain a perversion of this Art for spreading disease, inflaming souls with murderous rage and commanding unrighteous Bane-spirits. To these rumors, the Eight Immortals merely shake their heads sadly and say nothing.

Like Necromancy, each Feng Tan ritual requires 10 minutes per level of the ritual unless otherwise indicated.

LEVEL ONE FENG TAN

BODY-MENDING TECHNIQUE

Type: Cascade Ritual

Dice Pool: Medicine + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: Special

Actually a catchall series of healing rituals available at all levels, Body-Mending Technique allows an immortal to heal damage caused by injury or sickness. While methods vary from caster to caster (everything from acupuncture and massage to aromatherapy and the preparation of medicinal teas), the effects remain the same. At the conclusion of the ritual (which takes 30 minutes per level), the subject heals a number of levels of bashing and/ or lethal damage equal to the ritual's level plus the number of successes rolled. The Lifeforce cost of each Body-Mending Technique equals the ritual's level divided by two (rounded down). If the caster is using the ritual to heal someone other than himself, the intended patient must remain present for the full duration of the casting. Note that all levels of Body-Mending Technique require only a single success to function, unlike most rituals.

LINGERING AID OF THE CAREGIVER

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Medicine + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 5

Lifeforce: 1

Although all mummies can share the benefits of their strong life energy with injured mortals by tending their injuries, an immortal with this ritual can transfer enough energy to keep his patient healing at an accelerated rate even if he leaves her side. The ritual takes one hour to cast, although the majority of this time is spent physically caring for the subject and speaking with her to establish a mystical link.

Successes that the immortal's player scores on this ritual translate into days of effect. As long as the ritual lasts, the target mortal heals lethal damage from any source as though it were one level less severe (**Mummy**, p. 136). Any further injury on the part of the subject ends the ritual prematurely. As an added benefit, mortals under the effects of this ritual sleep peacefully and suffer no nightmares unless such dreams are of supernatural origin.





A WORD ON FORMAT

The Hekau chapter from **Mummy** lists closely related spells as separate entries (such as the Simple Tonic, Complex Tonic and Potent Tonic progression of the Alchemypath). Rather than follow that system, however, all connected Wu T'ian spells and rituals in this chapter receive only a single entry explaining how progressive effects vary by level. These rituals are considered to be "Cascade" type rituals. Additionally, many Lung Tan spells have Feng Tan variations and vice versa, as noted in their respective entries. Such spells are considered "Shared." It is possible for spells to belong to both categories. Although more cumbersome, this condensed format allows for more emphasis on what is actually important: The spells and rituals themselves.

SEE THE LANDS OF THE SPIRIT

Type: Shared Spell

Dice Pool: Perception + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: None

This version of See the Lands of the Spirit replaces the spell of the same name featured in **Mummy** (p. 226), allowing its caster to see into the Yang Realm (known to western scholars as the Umbra) and observe its inhabitants. The immortal loses three dice on all Perception rolls applying to the physical world while looking into the spirit lands. Unless the caster chooses to end the effect prematurely, the spell lasts until the end of the scene. Lung Tan also features a version of this spell that allows peering into the Yin Realm (Shadowlands). Its effects are otherwise identical.

SENSE LUCK'S FLOW

Type: Shared Spell

Dice Pool: Divination + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: None

The world is full of chance and possibility flowing through all events and people. Some individuals are born lucky — or unlucky — enough that their presence creates ripples of joss wherever they go. Similarly, the curses and blessings of *shen* can bend the designs of fate

from their natural path. Wu T'ian with this spell can sense these distortions, discerning the good or bad luck surrounding people, places and events.

The number of successes rolled determines how much information the immortal gleans regarding the joss of his target. One success reveals the presence of supernatural tampering and gauges the overall intensity and "polarity" of the target's luck (strong, weak, good, bad). Five successes allows the caster to pick out the specific nature of a curse and even identify how it might be reversed. Sense Luck's Flow can also be learned as a Lung Tan spell.

SNAKE-FIST STRIKE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Martial Arts + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1

Many demons can shrug off minor wounds and impacts with ease, making normal hand-to-hand attacks ineffective against them. To combat such opponents, Wu T'ian can use this spell to mystically quicken their strikes and transform their bodies into deadly weapons.

While under the effects of this spell, an immortal can add his Feng Tan score to the damage dice pool of any successful martial arts attack or choose to inflict lethal damage instead of bashing damage. The immortal can decide which of these benefits to apply to each attack, but he must choose before rolling damage. Snake-Fist Strike lasts one turn per success rolled.

SWEET DREAM'S CARESS

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Medicine + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 4

Lifeforce: 1

Counteracting exhaustion with the uplifting vitality of pure Yang energy, Sweet Dream's Caress allows an immortal to banish his own or another's fatigue by lightly pressing his fingers on major acupuncture points.

Each success on this spell causes the subject to feel as though she had slept soundly for two hours. If four or more successes are scored, the subject can also recover a single point of Willpower. Successive castings of this spell on a given subject add one to their difficulty for every attempt beyond the first until the subject has actually slept undisturbed for a full night's rest. Only living subjects can benefit from this spell.





LEVEL TWO FENG TAN

CALL THE SPIRITS

Type: Shared Cascade Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

This spell allows an immortal to summon elemental and nature spirits according to the same rules as the Necromancy ritual *Summon the Dead* (**Mummy**, p. 117). Each type of spirit requires its own separate ritual. While basic rules for spirits can be found on pp. 207-208 of **Mummy**, Storytellers are encouraged to create additional powers for their spirits as befits their nature (such as wood elementals speaking through rustling tree leaves or earth elementals opening sinkholes). Wu T'ian cannot summon jing shen or other celestial spirits with this Art. Such beings require their own level-four summoning ritual named *Call the Heavenly Spirits* (which functions exactly like *Call the Spirits*, apart from its level and the fact that it can be learned as either a Feng Tan or Lung Tan ritual).

DRUNKEN MONKEY DANCE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Martial Arts + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: None

Swaying and bobbing as though completely inebriated, a Wu T'ian under the effects of this spell somehow avoids fists, bullets and other violence leveled against him with an ease that baffles and frustrates his opponents. To observers, the immortal doesn't seem particularly skilled or coordinated or even especially aware of his surroundings — just phenomenally lucky. In a way, such observations are correct, as Wu T'ian using *Drunken Monkey Dance* allow joss to guide their movements instead of actively trying to evade attacks.

While in this state, immortals can roll their full Dexterity + Dodge to avoid any attack directly targeting them (whether or not they are aware of the attack) without suffering multiple action penalties. *Drunken Monkey Dance* ends immediately if the caster takes any offensive action. Otherwise, the spell lasts for one scene. Although the spell requires no Lifeforce to cast, immortals abusing the magic's protection (by engaging in violence) lose a point of Lifeforce as their dance abruptly ends.

LEAPING TIGER POUNCE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Strength + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 4

Lifeforce: None

Charging his muscles with energy, a Wu T'ian with this spell can leap amazing distances. Each success allows the immortal to immediately jump eight feet straight up or twice that distance horizontally. As an added benefit, the immortal can choose exactly how far he wants to jump (to prevent overshooting his target) and can land safely, regardless of the distance traversed. Note that each superhuman leap requires a separate use of this spell and the caster cannot employ *Leaping Tiger Pounce* more times in a given scene than his Feng Tan rating.

SPIRIT LANTERN

Type: Shared Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 5

Lifeforce: 1

As the chosen of heaven know, many demons fear light as they fear little else. With a gesture, a Wu T'ian with *Spirit Lantern* can form a ball of ghost-flame in the palm of his hand, illuminating a radius in yards equal to his Quest rating with soft golden light. This fire gives off no heat and cannot inflict damage, but demons afraid of sunlight (such as vampires) must roll normally to determine if they flee the light. A *Spirit Lantern* persists for one scene and functions equally well in both the physical and spirit worlds. A Lung Tan version of this spell also exists. Despite conjuring an orb of silver ghost-flame, the Art otherwise operates identically to its Feng Tan counterpart.

STORMWIND PRANA

Type: Cascade Spell

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: Special

Drawing on the principle of motion that embodies the essence of Yang, Wu T'ian employ this family of spells to dramatically increase their speed. Every success grants one extra action, up to the limit of the spell's level. Lifeforce cost equals one half the spell's level (rounded up). The caster must take his extra actions on the same turn as he invokes *Stormwind Prana*. This spell can be bought at any level except the first.



LEVEL THREE FENG TAN

BIND THE DEMON'S SERVANT

Type: Shared Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Feng Tan

Difficulty: Special

Lifeforce: Special

This spell allows an immortal to banish or bind lesser spirits and demons — but not ghosts and yin spirits — according to the same rules, Lifeforce cost and difficulty as the Necromancy spells Banish the Dead and Bind the Dead (*Mummy*, pp. 117-118). Note that the definition of “lesser spirit” is left deliberately vague. As a general rule of thumb, any spirit that successfully resists this spell is probably not a lesser spirit. A Lung Tan version of this spell also exists to banish/ bind ghosts and demons, but that spell cannot affect yang spirits.

THE CLEARING OF THE WAY

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

The Clearing of the Way replaces the ritual of the same name featured in *Mummy* (p. 227), lowering the Shroud rating in the immediate area by one for each success rolled until the end of the scene. This ritual thins all spiritual barriers (Yin and Yang), so both ghosts and elementals attempting to affect the material world benefit from the magic. The Clearing of the Way cannot reduce the Shroud rating below 2.

ELEGANT CRANE DEFTNESS

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Athletics + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1

Buoyed by their yang Chi, Wu T'ian with this art become preternaturally light and agile, capable of balancing effortlessly on the narrowest of ledges, running across unstable surfaces like water and quicksand or using the leaves of a tree to support their weight for climbing. While still subject to gravity, immortals affected by this art fall more slowly and take only half damage. Additionally, Elegant Crane Deftness reduces the difficulty of all Stealth rolls by one, as the immortal's nimble movements make virtually no sound. This spell lasts only one turn per success if used in a stressful environment (such as combat). Otherwise the spell lasts for one scene.

FLAME-HAND STRIKE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Martial Arts + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

His hands wreathed in an aura of burning Chi, an immortal with this spell inflicts aggravated damage with all hand-to-hand strikes for a number of turns equal to the successes rolled. Alternatively, the Wu T'ian can use Flame-Hand Strike to throw a single blast of fire at a target in his line of sight. In this case, the spell functions as a ranged attack with base damage equal to its creator's permanent Lifeforce. Flames created by this spell inflict aggravated damage and can set flammable objects ablaze.

OPENING THE THIRD EYE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Awareness + Feng Tan

Difficulty: Target's Willpower

Lifeforce: Special

Most mortals go about their entire lives blissfully unaware of the demons and spirits in their midst. With this spell, a Wu T'ian can pierce the Veil and awaken mortals to the hidden world of the *shen*. Such magic is not without peril, though — some revelations were not meant for the eyes of men. Opening the Third Eye is generally administered for one of three purposes: empowering the righteous, testing candidates for immortality or dissuading the foolishly curious. These purposes often overlap.

Only mortals (including wizards) and the Reborn can receive the blessing — or, some would say, the curse — of this spell. Each success grants the target one point of Awareness, though the target's Awareness cannot exceed the caster's own rating. This effect lasts one day per point of temporary Lifeforce invested in the spell. While the caster only needs to see his target to cast Opening the Third Eye, the spell's difficulty drops by two if the immortal touches his target's forehead during casting.

For Awakened targets, Awareness dots bestowed by this spell operate normally. Very few mortals, on the other hand, can consciously control their newfound mystic senses. Unless they already have an Awareness rating or some sort of supernatural training, such individuals can only make Awareness checks reflexively. As an added benefit, mortals enchanted by this spell can ignore the effects of the Veil. Unfortunately, the human mind has difficulty coping with the existence of the supernatural. Ordinary mortals automatically gain a derangement if their invested Awareness exceeds their permanent Willpower or they botch an Awareness roll.





LEVEL FOUR FENG TAN

MANTLE OF DIVINE AUTHORITY

Type: Shared Spell

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 4

Calling on the mandate of the August Personage of Jade and the faithful stewardship of the Eight Immortals, a Wu T'ian who dares to speak the celestial words of power at the core of this spell invokes the authority and righteous power of the Jade Throne. His mien grows suddenly beautiful and terrible as a soft golden light ignites in his eyes and smolders through his skin. For each success rolled, the caster adds one die to all Social Attribute rolls for the remainder of the scene. The caster can also inflict the Veil on anyone or everyone around him at will — even upon supernatural beings. Kuei-jin witnessing the Mantle of Divine Authority must immediately check for wave soul — the fallen Wan Xian cannot bear to look upon the majesty that once belonged to them.

The Eight Immortals look upon any abuse of this spell as a serious breach of the precept of Humble Mind. Mantle of Divine Authority can also be learned as a Lung Tan spell.

PLAGUE-CURING METHOD

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Medicine + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 2

With tools ranging from medicinal teas and purifying incense to ceremonial chanting and laying on hands, the focus of this spell varies widely from caster to caster. All Plague-Curing Method spells, however, require at least 15 minutes of preparation and ultimately perform the same effect: transferring Lifeforce to combat illness. Each success on this spell reduces the toxin level of a single target disease by one. If it is reduced to a rating of 0, the illness is cured. In cases where a single casting only weakens a disease, multiple treatments of this spell may be needed to bring about a complete recovery. Patients can benefit from this spell only once a day, though.

TEN PACES STRIKE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Martial Arts + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

Bypassing the usual need for physical contact, a Wu T'ian with this spell can invisibly project the force of a single martial arts attack across an intervening distance by the power of his focused Chi. Although the dice pool differs, this spell is resolved like an ordinary close combat attack — the caster adds successes to his Strength dice pool to determine damage. Although the target may attempt to dodge the strike, the difficulty of such evasion increases by two. Furthermore, targets that are successfully struck must succeed on a reflexive Dexterity + Athletics roll (difficulty 8) or be knocked to the ground by the mystically augmented blow (unable to effectively act until they spend an action rising to their feet). Even if they succeed in keeping their balance, however, victims lose two from their initiative on the following turn due to disorientation. Despite its name, Ten Paces Strike is not limited to 10 paces. The caster can attack any target in his line of sight.

WALK THE BARRIERS

Type: Shared Cascade Ritual

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Feng Tan

Difficulty: Shroud rating

Lifeforce: 4

Walk the Barriers allows an immortal to transfer his physical form into the Yang Realm. In this state, a Wu T'ian exists as a single psychic entity and materializes in body and spirit at the Gate of Heaven if slain. Resurrecting from such a death transports the immortal's entire being to the location in the Yang Realm where he crossed over from the living world. This art is subject to no time limit. Returning to the physical world simply requires the Wu T'ian to enact the ritual a second time.

Other versions of Walk the Barriers exist to transport an immortal to the Gates of Heaven or the Thousand Hells (although Wu T'ian must learn a separate ritual for each hell they wish access to). These specialized rituals can be enacted in the physical world or the spirit world, but only if the immortal's entire being is present. Transporting from one spirit realm to another carries a minimum difficulty of 7. Fortunately, resurrecting after death in Yomi does not return a Wu T'ian to hell. Instead, the immortal appears wherever he originally left the physical world in that location's reflection in the Yang Realm.

Masters of Lung Tan have their own version of Walk the Barriers to cross over into the Yin Realm of the dead. Likewise, variant Lung Tan rituals exist to transport into





Yomi or heaven. In all other ways, these rituals function exactly like their Feng Tan counterparts.

LEVEL FIVE FENG TAN

GENTLE TYPHOON'S PASSING

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Martial Arts + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 5

Invoked during combat, Gentle Typhoon's Passing transforms a Feng Tan master into an eye of perfect calm at the heart of a furious whirlwind. Each success during casting provides one extra action per turn or a number of extra dice of damage for one successful hand-to-hand attack during a turn equal to the immortal's Quest rating. The Wu T'ian can reallocate successes each turn during declaration. Most importantly, the immortal can precisely limit the amount of damage he actually inflicts after each target's soak roll to ensure that he leaves his enemies incapacitated but effectively uninjured. This restraint is particularly important since Gentle Typhoon's Passing immediately ends if the caster kills or seriously wounds anyone (Storyteller's discretion as to what qualifies as a serious wound). Assuming the caster exercises appropriate self-control, the spell lasts until the end of the battle during which it was invoked.

GODBODY OF THE CELESTIAL EMPEROR

Type: Shared Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 8

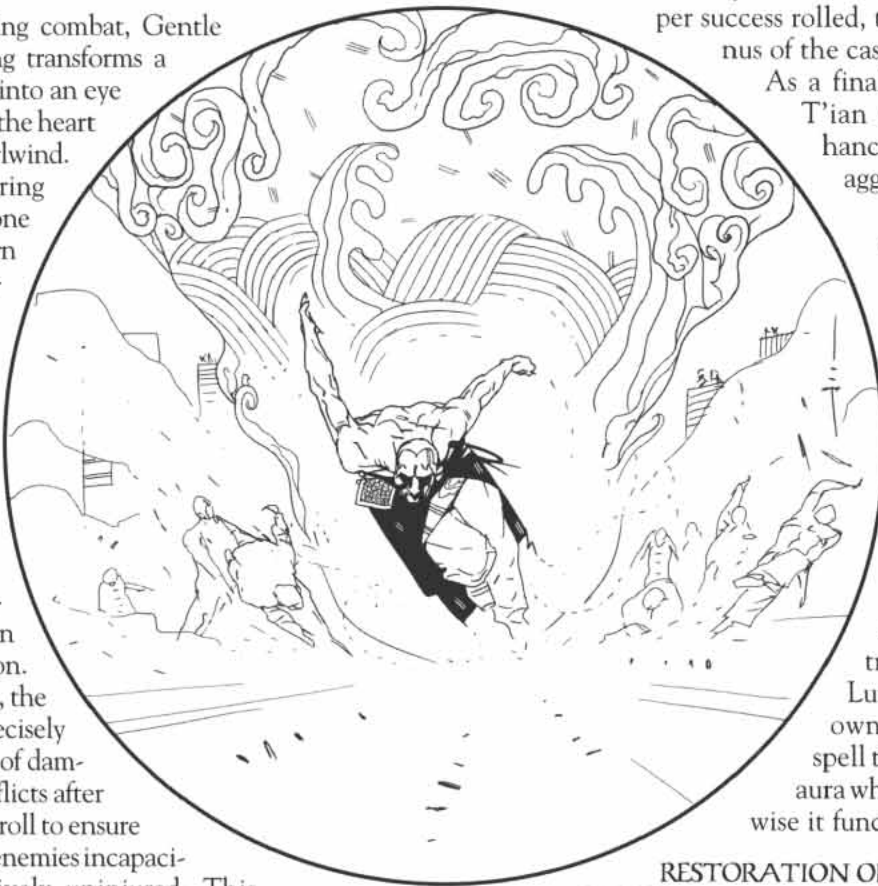
Lifeforce: 5

Recalling the majesty of the Wan Xian before their fall from grace, Godbody of the Celestial Emperor surrounds its caster in a nimbus of golden fire that illuminates a number of yards equal to the immortal's Quest rating. Besides causing the effects of the Veil in mortals, this aura forces all tainted creatures it touches to roll Willpower (difficulty equal to the caster's Quest rating + 2) or flee as if driven away by a successful Forbiddance attempt. This spell also increases all of the immortal's Physical Attributes by one point

per success rolled, to a maximum bonus of the caster's Quest rating.

As a final benefit, the Wu T'ian can roll his enhanced Stamina to soak aggravated damage.

Godbody of the Celestial Emperor lasts one scene, after which the aura fades and all the caster's Physical Attributes drop to a rating of one. Each day spent in complete rest restores one point to all his diminished Attributes. Masters of Lung Tan have their own version of this spell that evokes a silver aura when cast, but otherwise it functions identically.



RESTORATION OF YOUTH'S VIGOR

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Medicine + Feng Tan

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 100 + patient's true age

When a phoenix dies, he emerges reborn from his own ashes. Masters of Feng Tan can perform this miracle to undo the ravages of time and renew the vitality of a mortal's youth. Wu T'ian might use Restoration of Youth's Vigor to preserve a wise sage for future generations or grant a penitent sinner a chance to atone for his karmic debt. Only the most gifted healers (i.e., those with Medicine 5 or higher) understand the human body well enough to

successfully enact this ritual, and only adult mortals can derive benefit from such magic.

Before attempting this ritual, the caster and patient must first purify their bodies and souls with a month-long regimen of meditation, fasting and exercise. During this time, neither participant can engage in any other activity not directly related to their purification process and must abstain entirely from alcohol, sex and all other indulgences of the flesh. If the patient suffers from supernatural taints of body or spirit, these must also be excised (possibly with other magic) before the ritual can begin.

Once the caster and patient have fully purified themselves, the immortal can begin slowly investing his subject with the phenomenal amount of Life force needed to reverse the aging process. Both parties must continue their ascetic lifestyle and stay close to one another until the ritual's end. After spending all the necessary Life force, the caster then spends one permanent Willpower and rolls once (and only once) to determine the ritual's effectiveness: each success instantly reverses the effects of one decade of aging. Note that Restoration of Youth's Vigor supersedes the normal rules for rituals: Since only one roll is allowed, even a single success indicates that the ritual as a whole succeeds. Furthermore, this ritual cannot reduce a patient's physical age below the point at which she entered puberty. Apart from this limitation, all successes are applied regardless of the caster's intent. An 85-year old woman restored by a ritual garnering seven successes would find herself in the body of a 15 year-old, even if she only wanted to return to her mid-30s.

TRANSCENDENT LIVING FLAME

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Medicine + Feng Tan

Difficulty: Special

Life force: 1 permanent

Although Wu T'ian do not fear death, they recognize that their role as protectors of the Middle Kingdom sometimes requires them to survive and overcome the forces of hell at any cost. To this end, the master healers of the Wu Feng developed Transcendent Living Flame as a spell of last resort.

Upon successful casting, the Wu T'ian instantly returns to full health. All injuries — no matter how severe — vanish without a trace in a burst of white light. The difficulty to enact this spell depends on the caster's need and upon the will of heaven. Healing oneself in combat against a terrible demon might require no roll at all, while using this miracle to heal the

NECROMANCY AND THE WU T'IAN

Astute readers might notice that a number of Feng Tan and Lung Tan spells either duplicate or allow similar effects as spells from Necromancy. As far as the Amenti are concerned, the two Heavenly Arts of the Wu T'ian are Necromancy, albeit bizarre and esoteric forms. After all, both paths provide mastery over spirits and their respective realms. Of course, from a Wu T'ian perspective, Necromancy is simply a limited form of Lung Tan that explores death without examining the other facets and qualities of yin.

In actuality, both the Amenti and the Wu T'ian are correct. Spirit magic is spirit magic, whether it concerns ghosts and the underworld or manipulation of Chi throughout the realms of the Ten Thousand Things. Whether by cosmic design or serendipity, the Reborn are far more alike than they realize, even in their magic.

In game terms, the similarities between Necromancy and the Wu T'ian Arts make it possible to adapt many spells and rituals from one path to another. Such "swiping" requires Storyteller approval, of course, and should never be an excuse for more "cool powers." The sai duel from *The Mummy Returns* aside, martial arts spells probably don't belong in an Egyptian chronicle. Likewise, Wu T'ian do not channel Oblivion or animate corpses or bind mortals into soul pacts — such unrighteous acts ill suit the Family of Heaven. When in doubt, simply rely on discretion, common sense and, as stated, Storyteller approval.

For the record, Wu T'ian have their own Feng Tan and Lung Tan counterparts for the following Necromancy spells and rituals (*Mummy*, p. 115-124): Judge the Soul (Heaven's Piercing Gaze), Stormwalk (Celestial Compass), Sense the Dead (Sense the Spirit), Storm Shield (Soul Ward), Manifestation (Embodiment), Shadow Portal (Spirit Gate), Amenti's Grace (Righteous Sanctuary), Entrap the Ba (Ensnare the Demon) and Reshape the Lost Soul (Spirit Sculpting). Obviously, each Art focuses only on its own spirit realm, so the Feng Tan variant of Celestial Compass won't help in the underworld. Additionally, Lung Tan has versions of Summon the Dead (Call the Ancestor), Khaibit's Embrace (Prison of the P'o) and Call the Khaibit (Call the Kuei).

inconvenience of a broken arm might be difficulty 8 or higher. Healing mortals or other Reborn with Transcendent Living Flame is also possible, but requires physical contact and a point of Willpower. Healing others (or using this spell more than once in a scene) also completely exhausts the caster's life energy, killing him instantly at the conclusion of the scene or battle.

LUNG TAN

Despite its name, the path of Dragon Alchemy — also translated more loosely as Dragon Magic — has far more in common with Necromancy than the Amenti Hekau of Alchemy. Like Necromancy, Lung Tan concerns itself with the underworld and its ghosts, but death is not the only aspect of yin. Contemplative, reserved, cold, passive, defensive — these attributes apply equally to the magic of Lung Tan as well as its practitioners. Disciples of yin are resilient and centered, their inner calm at once eerie and reassuring. Masters just *are*. No words can express their sense of presence and resplendent certainty.

Novices along the dragon's path can harden their flesh and pass unnoticed through crowds. With time and study, Xian Lung learn to shield themselves with joss and move as ghosts. Masters can kill with a touch or extend their inward calm to banish storms or trap the souls of demons in prisons of jade. If the stories of the elusive Wu Kuei are to be believed as anything more than distorted accounts of vampires and foul Namebreakers pledged to the Yama Kings, a corrupt form of Lung Tan could raise flesh-eating zombies, command spectres, deaden hearts or perform any number of other hideous feats undreamed of by righteous scholars.

Each Lung Tan ritual requires 10 minutes per level of the ritual unless otherwise indicated.

LEVEL ONE LUNG TAN

HUNDRED SHADOW CLOUD

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1

With this spell, a Wu T'ian can cause a thick cloud of spectral darkness to billow from his shadow like black fog. The cloud absorbs light and distorts sound, causing visual and auditory difficulties for all in its area (including the caster) and fills a 10-foot cube of space for each success rolled. In direct sunlight, the cloud lasts a number of turns equal to twice the caster's permanent Lifeforce rating;

otherwise, the fog dissipates at the same rate as thick smoke. Note that immortals must be able to cast a shadow to perform this spell (which is not an issue unless their shadow has been sent away by other magic).

IRON BODY MEDITATION

Type: Cascade Ritual

Dice Pool: Stamina + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: Special

Encompassing a family of similar rituals (one for each level), Iron Body Meditation allows a Wu T'ian to channel yin energy through her flesh, fortifying her body against injury. These rituals require a number of Lifeforce points equal to half their level (rounded down) and take at least one hour to perform, during which time the caster must meditate and focus her will. Some immortals prefer to sit motionless in lotus position, while others employ the graceful movements of Tai Chi Chuan or yoga, but the meditation practice employed must facilitate a sense of calm and well-being. Performing Iron Body Meditation amidst loud noise or other significant distraction raises the difficulty by two. Each success scored in this ritual provides one extra soak die against bashing or lethal damage, one extra bruised health level or one hour of duration. Immortals cannot allocate more successes to either soak dice or health levels, however, than their Stamina rating or the ritual's level (whichever is lower). Note that any damage retained in extra health levels remains once the ritual's duration ends.

Example: A Wu T'ian with Stamina 2 scores four successes on the level-three version of Iron Body Technique. She could give herself one extra bruised health level and an extra soak die for two hours, or one extra soak die for three hours or any other combination within the ritual's limits. The caster could not give herself three extra soak dice (or health levels) for one hour, however, because her Stamina limits her to a maximum bonus of 2 in either category.

LESSER SPIRIT PROJECTION

Type: Shared Cascade Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

Since Wu T'ian do not roam the underworld during their death cycle, they depend on their Arts for exploring the Yin Realm. Lesser Spirit Projection is the first and most common of these spells, functionally identical to the Necromancy spell *Separate Ka* (Mummy, p. 116). Wu T'ian also have a level-three variant of this



spell called Greater Spirit Projection that duplicates the effects and reduced difficulty of Separate Ba (*Mummy*, p. 120). Players should note, however, that Wu T'ian employing Greater Spirit Projection still return to the Gate of Heaven as normal if killed or disrupted during their underworld sojourn.

Feng Tan has its own versions of both Lesser and Greater Spirit Projection for exploring the Yang Realm. Apart from their cosmological destination, the Feng Tan spells otherwise operate exactly as their Lung Tan counterparts.

STILL THE FLUTTERING WING

Type: Cascade Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Lung Tan

Difficulty: target's Willpower

Lifeforce: Special

Many demons have powers granting them preternatural speed. This spell — or rather, family of spells — evens the playing field by countering such advantages. Targets affected by Still the Fluttering Wing suffer brief paralysis and can do nothing until they have “burned” the spell’s successes by declaring an equal number of actions. Note that targets cannot actually perform the actions they declare while paralyzed; such declaration serves only to represent their struggle to regain control. Although supernatural targets can use powers granting extra actions to end their paralysis faster (this is the only kind of action paralyzed targets can actually take), targets without such powers cannot split their dice pools to reduce the spell’s duration. Still the Fluttering Wing requires physical contact with the target, demanding a reflexive attack roll in combat. The paralysis inflicted by this spell inhibits voluntary action only. It cannot stop a living target’s heart or otherwise cause any injury. Paralyzed targets also retain full use of their senses, though their eyes remain locked in the direction they faced when the spell took effect.

Each version of this spell generates near-identical results differentiated only by power, since the caster cannot spend more successes on canceling actions than the spell’s level. Lifeforce cost equals half the spell’s level (rounded down) plus one if the caster chooses to project the spell at range. Still the Fluttering Heart can be learned for any level of Lung Tan.

UNSEEN PASSAGE

Type: Cascade Spell

Dice Pool: Stealth + Lung Tan

Difficulty: Special

Lifeforce: Special

The best fight is the fight avoided. Based on this principle, Wu T'ian scholars developed this spell to help them stay unnoticed. Unseen Passage is actually a series of spells — one for each level — with nearly identical effects. Each adds its level to the caster’s Arcane rating for one hour per success (or grants a temporary Arcane score if the immortal lacks that Background), with a casting difficulty of the spell’s level + 3. Lifeforce cost equals half the spell’s level (rounded down). The mystic anonymity afforded by Unseen Passage is exactly like that provided by “normal” Arcane (*Mummy*, p. 64).

THE WAY OF THE CALM SOUL

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Empathy + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 5

Lifeforce: None

The Way of the Calm Soul allows a Wu T'ian to ease states of panic or anxiety in one individual. This immortal must speak soothingly to her target, although calming body language is sufficient for the task in the event of a language barrier. Supernatural targets resisting frenzy or some similar state reduce their difficulty by two for the remainder of the scene (or add two to the their difficulty in the case of Rage rolls). This spell can also be used to pull targets out of frenzy, although doing so raises the difficulty to 7. If successful, the target must roll again (with appropriate modifiers) to determine if he remains frenzied. Shapeshifter targets of this spell lose one point of Rage for each success beyond the first, but they may attempt to “soak” this loss with a Rage roll (difficulty 6).

LEVEL TWO LUNG TAN

EBON BONDS

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1

With a word and a gesture, an immortal can conjure mystical black ribbons out of a target’s own shadow to ensnare him in bonds as soft as silk and strong as steel. (Strength and soak ratings each equal the number of successes rolled plus one.) Unless broken, the ribbons last a number of minutes equal to their creator’s permanent Lifeforce before dissolving into wisps of shadow. This spell can target any being in the caster’s line of sight, and may be dodged normally.





ICE-HAND STRIKE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Martial Arts + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1

Enveloping her hands in a blue nimbus of freezing yin, a Wu T'ian under the effects of this spell leaves behind numbing cold with every strike. Each time the caster successfully inflicts damage in hand-to-hand combat, the target acquires a one-die penalty to all actions from growing numbness and muscle stiffness. These penalties, which accumulate with successive strikes, impede actions exactly like normal wound penalties and fade only as the target's injuries heal (and thaw). Used in this manner, Ice-Hand Strike lasts one turn per success rolled.

Alternately, the Wu T'ian can discharge the frozen yin energy conjured by the spell in a single blast of energy. In this case, treat the spell's successes as an attempt to fire a ranged attack with a base damage equal to the caster's Quest rating. Apply any appropriate modifiers (for shooting blind, targeting, etc.) and resolve the attack normally. Frozen yin bolts inflict bashing damage and apply dice penalties like hand-to-hand attacks empowered by this spell; one die penalty for every two levels of damage inflicted.

KNOW THE WANDERING SOUL

Type: Shared Ritual

Dice Pool: Divination + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: None

Know the Wandering Soul functions exactly as it does on page 227 of **Mummy**, except for its translation to Lung Tan. Practitioners of Feng Tan also have their own variant of this ritual which functions identically apart from its required dice pool.

NO MIND KATA

Type: Cascade Spell

Dice Pool: Meditation + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: None

By clearing her mind and allowing the serenity of the Tao to wash over her, a Wu T'ian with this spell can exert her will to perform truly superhuman feats. Use of No Mind Kata requires one point of Willpower and a full turn of concentration. The immortal must also declare the specific action she wishes the spell to aid. Each success rolled in casting adds one automatic

success to the declared action (to a maximum bonus of the spell's level). If the caster does not perform her declared action on the turn after casting this spell, the magic fails and she loses her Willpower to no effect. Versions of No Mind Kata can be purchased for any level of Lung Tan above the first.

LEVEL THREE LUNG TAN

BRAMBLES ON THE ROAD

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 1

This spell allows an immortal to raise the local Shroud rating until the end of the scene by one for each success rolled. Spirits and ghosts in an area with a Shroud rating of 10 must roll Willpower (difficulty 6) or flee the vicinity. Those who remain find the spiritually warded region extremely uncomfortable and suffer a +1 difficulty to all actions. This ritual cannot raise the local Shroud rating above 10.

GHOST WALKING METHOD

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Stealth + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 3

As ghosts walk undetected past the eyes of the living, so too does an immortal with this spell escape the notice of those around her. Each success allows the caster to become undetectable to a single sense for one scene. Therefore, it takes five successes to become completely undetectable to humans. This invisibility otherwise functions like the effects of a Greater Veil of Amaunet (**Mummy**, pp. 95-96) with regards to which creatures can and cannot penetrate the spell's concealment.

PROJECTION OF INWARD BEING

Type: Cascade Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Lung Tan

Difficulty: target's Willpower

Lifeforce: 3

Many demons conceal themselves artfully among the masses of humanity. With this spell, a Wu T'ian can unmask such ruses by infusing a target's shadow with Chi so that it assumes the form of its owner's true self. Immortals can invoke this spell on anyone they can see. Against mortal targets, the spell shapes their shadows into caricatures of their Nature. A callous businessman with a Bravo Nature might cast the shadow of a hulking,





ogriish brute, while a desperately lonely college student's outline might shrink to the diminutive proportions of his inner Child. A Perception + Empathy roll may be required to discern a target's Nature from studying his true shadow, particularly in more subtle cases.

Against supernatural beings, Projection of Inward Being changes the target's shadow into a representation of the creature's true form and soul. Shapeshifters and *hsien* project their breed and *wani* form respectively, while vampires cast bestial silhouettes with monstrosity in direct proportion to the strength of their Beast or P'o. Mummies show the image of their *tem-akh* (except other Wu T'ian). This spell lasts one day per success. Spending a permanent Willpower on a roll that garners six or more successes, however, can make the effects permanent. Any Wu T'ian capable of casting this spell can also try to remove it at the same difficulties and costs.

A level-four version of this spell, Reflection of Inward Being, takes the curse one step further. Not only does the target's shadow change, but his reflection also reveals his true form. In the case of Reborn targets, this effect duplicates the Flaw: Soul's Reflection (**Mummy**, p. 70). Note that creatures without shadows or reflections are immune to the appropriate versions of this spell.

SHIELD OF FORTUNE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Divination + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

Bending joss around them as a mystic shield, Wu T'ian with this spell can unleash terrible bad luck against their enemies. Each success provides one die of protection. When invoked as a defensive action (in place of dodging, for example), each die of bad luck channeled against an aggressor subtracts one success from his attack roll. Botches incurred as a result of a Shield of Fortune are nearly always catastrophic.

Protection dice can also be deployed passively to intercept the next successful attack against the caster. While perfect for foiling ambushes, the shield only stops the first incoming attack — not the most dangerous — so its utility is limited. Only one Shield of Fortune can protect a given individual at any given time. This spell can also be cast to protect mortals, but only in its passive form.

LEVEL FOUR LUNG TAN

BLUR THE MIND

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Lung Tan

Difficulty: Target's Willpower

Lifeforce: 1

In situations where a stealthy Wu T'ian finds herself suddenly and unexpectedly discovered, this spell can fix the problem before the target raises an alarm — without hurting anyone. Each success erases one turn of memory associated with the caster from the target's mind. Therefore, a security guard who discovered a Wu T'ian in a restricted area three turns ago could be made to forget the whole experience if the caster scored three or more successes. As an added benefit, targets that completely forget encountering the caster do not notice her again for a number of minutes equal to the immortal's Quest rating (unless she draws attention to herself). Targets befuddled in such a manner stand in place and stare blankly until the effect wears off. Note that Blur the Mind requires line of sight and functions less effectively against Awakened targets (adding two to the spell's difficulty).

PROTECT AGAINST THE DEMON

Type: Shared Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 2

This ritual functions exactly like its original version (see **Mummy** p. 227) with the following semantic distinction: Since the Wu T'ian do not acknowledge the primal force of corruption and evil as Apophis, the ritual wards against those who serve the interests of Yomi. This ritual can also be learned as part of Feng Tan.

SCROLL OF THE MIND'S EYE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Special

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: Special

Conceived by the sages of the Twilight Scholars in their quest to preserve and hide the lore of humankind, Scroll of the Mind's Eye allows a Wu T'ian to record memories in prepared talismans of jade. Once enchanted, these baubles retain their knowledge for anyone with the right password to unlock it.

Creation of a memory talisman requires extensive painstaking labor. Once the caster finds a suitable Vessel of gem-quality jade, she must invest the entire Lifeforce cost of the ritual into the stone (equaling five times the maximum desired Knowledge capacity of the talisman). Only after fully energizing the jade can the process of memory imprinting begin. The caster rolls



once each day using a dice pool of the Knowledge she wishes to record plus her Lung Tan score. Each dot of Knowledge requires five successes to imprint. A botch at any point during the ritual shatters the jade into useless fragments. Obviously, the caster cannot record more dots of any Knowledge than she herself possesses, although she can record multiple different Knowledges in a single stone (as many as desired — each new dot is another chance to botch and ruin everything, after all). When the caster decides that her talisman is complete, she spends a point of Willpower to seal the magic and set its password. Once sealed, a talisman's Lifeforce pool drops to equal the total number of Knowledge dice it stores, and it can never again receive new information.

Mummies and other supernatural beings can use completed memory talismans as "ordinary" Vessels, although such devices cannot recharge and they lose one dot of stored Knowledge for every point of Lifeforce taken from them. Twilight Scholars view such theft as unforgivable. To use a talisman for its intended purpose, a sentient being must touch the jade and speak the correct password. The stone telepathically conveys any or all of its information as desired until the user breaks contact. Through repeated use,

memory talismans can even teach the Knowledges they store like a living tutor, although improving Abilities this way requires twice the usual training time. Use of this ritual requires explicit Storyteller permission.

WHISPERING STONES

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Linguistics + Lung Tan

Difficulty: Special

Lifeforce: 1

As all ghosts know, the underworld is full of lost memories floating in wisps through the infinite sea of the Tempest. With this ritual, a Wu T'ian can call these wisps from their spectral ocean to translate inscriptions written in languages unknown to her — or perhaps unknown to any living being for thousands of years. The age of the target writing sample and the complexity of its message determines the difficulty of the ritual. Deciphering a day-old note scrawled in a modern language might carry a difficulty as low as 3, while translating an epic poem from a Third Age stone tablet might be as high as difficulty 10. If successful, the caster feels a sudden chill at the conclusion of the ritual and a sonorous disembodied voice speaks a translation of the text overlaid with a whispering chorus intoning the inscription as it sounded in its original language. Each use of this ritual provides one spoken translation for a single piece of writing, although the sample can theoretically be of any length.





LEVEL FIVE LUNG TAN

DEATH TOUCH

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Medicine + Lung Tan

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 5

Reserved only for the most terrible demons, the legendary *dim mak* enables masters of Lung Tan to catastrophically disrupt the Chi flow of a single target, crippling or killing with but a touch. Preparing the Death Touch requires one turn of complete concentration and a number of successes equal to the potential target's Stamina, as the immortal gathers his Chi and enacts the spell, followed immediately on the next turn by a flawless martial arts strike against the target (one in which three or more successes are rolled). Although the strike itself only serves as a conduit for the spell's power and inflicts no injury, a successful attack allows the caster to inflict up to 10 levels of unsoakable damage on the target. This damage can be aggravated, lethal, bashing or any combination thereof, but any target that actually survives a Death Touch is considered stunned and unable to act for a number of turns equal to the total successes rolled. Because of the spiritual trauma inflicted by this spell, Reborn victims killed by a Death Touch also lose a point of Ba (or its equivalent). With the exception of a minor bruise at the point of impact, victims of this spell show no physical signs of injury. Creatures with Chi sight (or similar senses) can see the truth. Glittering motes of the victim's shattered aura linger in the area around a Death Touch casting for days after the event.

EYE OF THE TEMPEST

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Meditation + Lung Tan

Difficulty: Special

Lifeforce: Special

Lesser immortals give peace to spirits — masters of Lung Tan quell typhoons with their inner calm. Invoking Eye of the Tempest requires only a turn of concentration, representing the immortal reaching into her soul and letting go of all fear and doubt. If used to banish storms (including those created by other magic),

this ritual has a difficulty and Lifeforce cost equal to the associated difficulty and Lifeforce cost using the Celestial table on page 100 of *Mummy*. Partial success only weakens the storm; complete success dissipates the tempest completely within minutes. Cast in the spirit world against a Yin Maelstrom (or Wyldstorm, if used in the Yang world), the ritual's difficulty is at least 9 and requires the expenditure of one to five Lifeforce, depending on the storm's intensity. Only localized storms can be truly overcome with this spell. If quelled, the Great Typhoon of the Yin Realm will exert itself in the protected area as soon as the magic ends.

Instead of trying to dissipate a storm, an immortal can instead create a region of sanctuary around her that repels even the fiercest winds. This use of Eye of the Tempest is difficulty 9 and requires four points of Lifeforce. If successful, a "bubble" of calm extends outward 10 yards for every point of the immortal's Quest. This refuge moves with the caster and lasts one scene per success rolled.

TREAD THE DRAGON TRACKS

Type: Shared Ritual

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Lung Tan

Difficulty: Shroud rating

Lifeforce: 4

Dragon lines weave across the Middle Kingdom like dew-speckled webs, invisible channels of energy connecting and conducting the flow of Chi between places of power. For those who can attune their personal Chi to these rivers, network of currents offers transport at the speed of thought from one dragon nest to another. Skilled dragon-walkers can even "skip" like well-tossed stones along connected junctions to destinations across a nation.

After meditating for an hour at a dragon nest or along the path of a dragon line to harmonize her Chi, the caster may attempt to teleport to her destination using the same guidelines and restrictions for transport as the Necromancy spell Shadow Portal (*Mummy*, p. 120). Note that the destination must be in a dragon nest or along a dragon line. Tread the Dragon Tracks can also be learned in its exact form as a Feng Tan spell. For obvious reasons, this ritual is of no use outside the Middle Kingdom.





trahbold



Chapter Five: Greater Hekau

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS THOSE BODIES RESTED GORGEOUSLY ENCASED AND STARING GLASSILY UPWARD WHEN NOT VISITED BY THE KA. AWAITING THE DAY WHEN OSIRIS SHOULD RESTORE BOTH KA AND SOUL AND LEAD FORTH THE STIFFENED LEGIONS OF THE DEAD FROM THE SUNKEN HOUSES OF SLEEP. IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN A GLORIOUS REBIRTH – BUT NOT ALL SOULS WERE APPROVED. NOR WERE ALL TOMBS INVIOLETE..

—H.P. LOVECRAFT, "IMPRISONED WITH THE PHARAOHS"

Hekau literally means "words of power," and indeed the very words of the Reborn resonate with potency. As they negotiate the trackless sands of the Lands of Faith and seek greater understanding, the younger Amenti discover that the Hekau wielded by their elders, particularly among the Imkhu, are puissant beyond belief and sometimes incomprehensible in design. Those mummies who cannot rise above the fallacies of their own nature remain confused or envious of the power of their forebears. Those who finally comprehend the divine wisdom of the gods gain incredible insight into the underpinnings of the universe and into the various methods of manipulating them toward their ultimate intended purpose.

Students and outsiders often mistake advances in Hekau for mere knowledge or practice. As one of the Reborn progresses in her study of Hekau, however, she soon realizes that commanding the universe ultimately

depends upon gaining authority over it. For mummies who follow the teachings of Ma'at, this means trying to comprehend the divine will of the Creator and those gods who enforce its will. In particular the Amenti pay attention to the teachings of Osiris, Anubis, the Judges of Ma'at and the goddess who embodies Ma'at, thereby gaining righteous command over the Creator's works. Apepnu, especially Bane mummies, increase their destructive sway over Creation through vile service to the serpent Apophis.

To find examples of the importance of mystic authority in combination with knowledge in the performance of Hekau rituals and spells, one need only look to those who fall from grace. Amenti who lose Balance retain their knowledge of spells and rituals they have learned, yet find themselves unable to enact them. Even Apepnu can suffer loss of power due to violating the precepts of their own spiritual patron, Apophis. The Bane mummy Saatet-ta,



Darkener of the Earth, apparently has earned the displeasure of Apophis so many times that she is incapable of invoking her greatest spells.

Mummy: The Resurrection provides numerous spells and rituals introducing Hekau of relatively sensible levels of power. This section endeavors to present Storytellers with the mighty feats invoked by truly powerful practitioners and to inspire players to learn the will of the gods. Specifically it gives examples of Hekau of levels six, seven and eight—which of course require an equivalent mastery of the principles of Ma'at. For Amenti, this means that they must possess a Balance rating equal to the level of Hekau they hope to learn. Some Amenti claim that a handful of human sorcerers, especially those among the Cult of Isis, have also gained power of this magnitude.

Storytellers may wish to review the guidelines for such advanced degrees of Balance, both within this book and inside the core **Mummy** text. Balance represents far more than magical power. It is a deep understanding and adherence to the divine purpose. Most human beings live and die without gaining more than a vague smattering of an idea of just what the creator meant for them. Faced with proof of life after death, and with the spiritual pain inherent in the world, the Amenti usually aspire to greater levels of understanding than most mortals ever could hope to achieve.

It should be noted that even more powerful Hekau exist than those examined herein, but they are so exceedingly rare that as of this time only Anubis, Osiris, the Judges and incredibly powerful unearthly servants of Ma'at or Apophis have ever been witnessed performing these feats of near-omnipotence. Storytellers should consider extremely carefully the responsibility and power already given to players before granting the advanced Balance ratings required for the performance of such magics, as they are the key to the greatest Hekau of all.

RITUAL CASTING

As Hekau grow in puissance, the difficulty of performing them rises significantly as well. For spells, this most typically means a tremendously increased cost in Lifeforce and a higher degree of personal difficulty. Rituals grow more and more demanding, which translates in game terms to requiring more and more successes in order to obtain the greatest effects, as well as a greater quantity of total Lifeforce to empower them.

At higher levels, the lines between spells and rituals begin to blur. Indeed, certain spells can tap into the magical energy generated by chanting rituals, while certain rituals can even be enacted to empower future spells.

GAMING RELIGION AND MATURITY

Some may simply imagine the heights of Balance as a cartoon ideal of "good," subject to the transparent trickery of cardboard "evil" villains. This couldn't be further from the truth. The Balance rating represents wisdom, understanding, divine cognizance, responsibility, empathy, inspiration, genius, deeper morality and any other descriptors that might serve to portray the creator's purpose in a positive light. Balance is not standing on the sidelines, paralyzed by moral indecisions, while the world moves onward without you. It is an active behavior that encourages the universe to follow the pathway most closely related to what the Amenti believe are the intended designs of its creator.

Unfortunately, few can even pretend to understand the divine purpose, or even know for sure whether there is one, but Balance most certainly does not represent an agnostic passivity. Even historical "saints" such as Gandhi did not preach blind acceptance of one's fate—indeed he led a revolution of peace that changed the future of the second most populous nation on Earth. Certainly within your chronicles it is up to you to decide what the greater purpose might be, if any, and what actions might defy it. Whatever that purpose might be, roleplaying games demand a certain level of excitement in order to remain entertaining, and some people may feel that concepts such as righteous justice or divine punishment could easily represent such things.

Whatever you determine, two very important things should remain in the forefront of your considerations and chronicles. First of all, please remember that this is just a game, no matter how much time you and troupe might devote to playing it. Don't offend your other players just for the sake of a quick thrill, and absolutely do not turn the game into a mockery of any truly heartfelt religious or spiritual beliefs they may hold dear. Secondly, don't allow the philosophies you explore to be trivialized. One of the themes of **Mummy** is the idea that there is indeed an ultimate purpose for mankind, and it is pretty obvious that this purpose does not include abusing others just for the sake of a night's entertainment.

As the power of ritual becomes more and more important to the success of Hekau, the mummies who enact them become increasingly interested in the methods themselves that empower their rituals. Obviously, the simplest solution is to gather more of their brethren to aid them, thus ensuring a larger supply of both power and Lifeforce, but Amenti are rare and this is often not viable.

Wise Amenti begin to realize that even mortals can possess levels of Balance and the ability to store Lifeforce. Sorcerers from the Cult of Isis may be incapable of returning to life when slain, but they still practice the beliefs that create Balance and the methods that allow them to gain Lifeforce. Even normal human beings usually bear some natural command over Lifeforce, even though they simply do not recognize it as such. For game purposes, only the most corrupt scum of the earth are likely to lack the equivalent of one point of Balance and one point of Lifeforce. Indeed this is why most mortals can at least use one Amulet or Effigy at a time, should it be properly attuned to them. Of course normal people cannot increase their mystic power without first "becoming" something else. Storytellers using **Sorcerer Revised Edition** may wish to treat levels of the Background Mana as an increase in Lifeforce and Balance for Egyptian-minded sorcerers, though they should bear in mind that tying one's magical power to a moral code endangers that power whenever one breaks said code.

As per **Mummy: The Resurrection** rules, the leader of a ritual must contribute no less than three-quarters of the total Lifeforce required, but each participant adds her own successes to the group's in the hopes of obtaining a greater degree of success. Some Greater Hekau bend even these rules as they empower their casters to command the universe with the authority of Ma'at. It should be noted that even those who do not completely understand the ritual being performed (i.e., those who don't know that particular ritual) may assist as long as the leader first teaches them the basics of the ritual. Assistants, those with an incomplete understanding of the ritual being performed, suffer at least a +1 penalty to the difficulty roll. Storytellers may rule that poor understanding or badly explained requests lead to even greater penalties, whether it be a further increased difficulty or a simple inability to assist at all.

Mortals and sorcerers contribute to mummy Hekau rituals in different ways. A typical Hekau ritual combines an Ability or Attribute and a Hekau path. A sorcerer who understands Egyptian magic can use her own Ability or Attribute and substitute an appropriate linear sorcerer path for the Hekau needed. For example, a Cult of Isis

magician skilled in Enchantment, which allows sorcerers to create mystic items, might apply her Enchantment 3 rating and her Occult 3 rating when assisting an Amenti seeking to create an Amulet of Cloud Walking. Similarly, if she possessed the Mana Background from **Sorcerer Revised Edition**, she might contribute points of Mana as though it were Lifeforce (which, in essence, it is).

A normal mortal cultist could still contribute to a ritual, albeit in a much smaller fashion. The ancient priests did not use thousands of workers merely for their muscles. Mortals without knowledge of Hekau paths can only contribute their appropriate Ability or Attribute. In the previous example, a cultist lacking the true knowledge of Amulets Hekau could roll only his Occult rating of 3 to contribute successes to the effort. Also the entirety of mystic energy he could possibly offer would be one Lifeforce point, naturally contained within his being. Certainly the sorcerer in this example is a more suitable helper, but the efforts of a crowd of faithful adherents can easily prove vastly more helpful than the aid of a single sorcerer. Wise Amenti cultivate both.

GREATER ATTRIBUTE ENDOWMENTS

Lesser Hekau preparations designed to grant increases to one's Attributes do so only in a limited fashion. For example one who drinks a Potent Elixir of Tireless Running (Stamina) might gain three Stamina points, but this bonus would only apply to use of the legs. A Lesser Talisman of Scholar's Mind might grant the additional point of Intelligence, but such increased acuity would only apply to scholarly pursuits. Greater Hekau allow one to overcome those limitations. Each point of Attributes gained through Greater Hekau adds to all possible uses of that Attribute. All other benefits and limitations regarding Hekau and Attributes (**Mummy**, pp. 79-81) still apply, including the fact that even Greater Hekau endowments beyond 5 also grant special powers beyond simple dice pools, as per the Attribute Endowments charts on pages 80-81 of **Mummy**. Therefore, a recipient of the level-seven Kingly Elixir of Tireless Running would gain two points of Stamina, useful for all Stamina-based rolls. When the elixir raised her 4 Stamina from 4 to 6, she would also gain some other supernatural reflection of the supernaturally advanced Attribute, per those same rules.



It is worth noting that mortal and sorcerer assistants bring one additional benefit to the table. Their pool of magical energy replenishes without help from the Amenti. Sorcerers might gain power from the very same magical centers that mummies find within the Web of Faith, but they can sometimes benefit from similar locations in other parts of the world. Normal mortals generally recover their single point of Lifeforce within a single day, regardless of their location as long as they gain a decent night's rest. Many Amenti magicians think of this as Ra's blessing coming to all that live by his will. More importantly, this power is a byproduct of their nature rather than the source of their life force. Sorcerers and mortals do not normally suffer damage or semektet due to expenditure of Lifeforce, though certain supernatural attacks may steal too much and thereby cause harm.

LEVEL SIX ALCHEMY

DISTILL THE WISDOM OF MA'AT

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Balance + Alchemy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 4

This ritual creates an extremely potent potion that heals or harms those who partake of it, depending on their relationship with Ma'at. Those with a Balance rating of one or higher find the concoction to be a soothing remedy that heals them a number of lethal health levels equal to their Balance rating. Beings of unwholesome temperament and vile thought discover nothing but pain as the liquid turns into a deadly poison upon touching their lips. Those with a Corruption rating of one or higher are affected as if by a lethal poison with a toxin rating equal to their Corruption rating (*Mummy*, p. 136). By spending four additional Lifeforce during this ritual's preparation, the alchemist can transform the elixir into one that heals or inflicts aggravated damage instead. This power functions in all other regards exactly as the level-one Alchemy powers Mild Poison and Simple Tonic.

DRAUGHT OF PERFECT MEMORY

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Medicine + Alchemy

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 4

This ancient elixir repairs mystical or mundane damage done to the mind's ability to remember. Mundane

mental blocks, such as amnesia stemming from physical trauma, are instantly and permanently removed, as are mystical mental blocks caused by any power or ability of level five or lower. Even mystical mental blocks caused by a power of level six or higher are suppressed for the duration of the scene, allowing the target to remember the modified and/or forgotten events clearly during that time. As a secondary effect, the difficulty of all Knowledge rolls decreases by one if they are made immediately after imbibing this potion.

PERSONAL POISON

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Poisons + Alchemy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 3

One of the great dangers of poison is that it will strike the wrong target. Although this spell finds more favor with the Bane mummies than with agents of Balance, it has, on rare occasion, been used against enemies of Ma'at. This preparation requires the addition of something closely connected to the intended victim, be it a strand of hair, drop of spittle or tattered bit of soiled clothing. Success creates a poison equal to that rendered by the Deadly Poison ritual (*Mummy*, p. 89). The primary advantage to this ritual is that only the intended victim can be harmed by the resultant concoction. Botches, however, are dangerous as they often turn such a poison against its manufacturer or against one who assisted her. Similar to the Deadly Poison ritual, for a further three points of Lifeforce spent during preparation, the alchemist can transform the deadly poison into one that inflicts aggravated damage upon its intended victim. The Judges of Ma'at are likely to deal harshly with any Reborn who abuses this ritual.

PRINCELY ELIXIR

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Alchemy

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

The Princely Elixir is a more powerful and universally useful formula for the level-one ritual Simple Elixir (*Mummy*, p. 84). Each specific Princely Elixir boosts its appropriate Attribute by a single point, and each formula must be learned as a separate ritual. All other benefits and limitations apply as per the Greater Attribute Endowments sidebar (p. 155).



**PRINCELY QUIDDITY****Type:** Spell**Dice Pool:** Occult + Alchemy**Difficulty:** 7**Lifeforce:** 1

Very powerful magicians can tap deeply into the mythic essence of the world around them. This Greater Hekau spell operates similarly to the spell Lesser Quiddity (*Mummy*, p. 86), except that it grants one automatic success related to the magical or logical properties of the substance used.

PRINCELY TONIC**Type:** Ritual**Dice Pool:** Medicine + Alchemy**Difficulty:** 8**Lifeforce:** 3

Also known as the “honey of Khem” and once thought to be a key component of the original Spell of Life, few alchemical solutions of this magnitude are as greatly praised or as widely spoken of. Unfortunately, the ritual’s great fame has brought even greater woe to those who know of its secrets. During a period in the late 1600s known as the Years of the Averted Gaze, dozens of priestesses of Isis were abducted and brutally tortured by the minions of Apophis in hopes of wringing this formula from their screaming throats. Whether the secret of the Princely Tonic is a secret still, only the silent eye of Apophis knows. The Princely Tonic heals up to six health levels of bashing or lethal damage. Otherwise, it operates according to the same rules as the level-one Alchemy power Simple Tonic (*Mummy*, p. 85).

RENEWAL OF THE HOURS**Type:** Spell**Dice Pool:** Science + Alchemy**Difficulty:** same as original Hekau ritual +1**Lifeforce:** same as original Hekau ritual +1

Once the work has gone into creating a formula of alchemy, the magic powers sought by the alchemist simply require proper release, though eventually such power is expended. This potent and useful spell allows a magician to forestall the inevitable end to the magic of potions and other preparations of Alchemy. Success extends the duration of another active Alchemy effect that has not yet worn away. The limitation upon Alchemy’s extension of duration is the same as its original duration period, whether a turn, scene or tori (season of the day equal to 4 hours).

This spell cannot increase a potion beyond one tori’s length, though of course the original duration holds if it exceeds one tori.

WATER OF LIFE**Type:** Spell**Dice Pool:** Survival + Alchemy**Difficulty:** 7**Lifeforce:** 1 per health level

The wondrous properties of water have been taught by every society from the ancient Egyptians to modern nutritionists. Water is known as the simplest of all purification methods and as a source of life. This spell revels in the simplistic healing properties of water, and allows the Reborn to instantly empower any water to act as a healing substance. The source of water must be relatively pure. (Most tap water is acceptable, but soda or milk is not.) The caster gains one dose of life-preserving water per success obtained, but she must spend one Lifeforce per dose or leave excess doses unenchanted. The Water of Life must be used fairly quickly, as its magical powers disappear at the end of the scene. Each dose heals one health level of bashing or lethal damage, regardless of its source. Anyone drinking at least one dose of Water of Life gains a -1 difficulty bonus to all resistance rolls against any sort of poisons until the following sunrise.

LEVEL SEVEN ALCHEMY**ELIXIR OF THOTH’S APTITUDE****Type:** Ritual**Dice Pool:** Special + Alchemy**Difficulty:** 8**Lifeforce:** 1 per dose

It is said that the *Book of Thoth* records all knowledge. This collection of formulas attempts to instill the wisdom of Thoth via a direct infusion. For the elixir’s duration, the user gains a single dot in the Ability to which the formula is attuned. More than once dose may be consumed, though it is important to remember that no more than three dots may be added to a single Ability through Hekau at any one time. When the alchemist begins her process, she must declare the amount of Lifeforce being invested. Any Lifeforce beyond the number of successes received is wasted, and any doses created for which Lifeforce had not been set aside are rendered useless. Each Talent, Skill or Knowledge requires a different formula and must be learned independently. If the Abilities are different, a user may benefit from more than three doses, as long as no single Ability gains





more than three dots total from Hekau. Unlike most spells, which use a specific trait and path rating in their casting, the Elixir of Thoth's Aptitude requires the alchemist to use her rating in the same Talent, Skill or Knowledge that the formula provides in conjunction with her path. Therefore, the player of an alchemist who wants to craft a potion that imbues its drinker with the Firearms Skill must roll Firearms + Alchemy to craft the elixir. If she possesses no rating in the relevant Ability, then only her Alchemy path rating applies. It is still possible to tap into the Book of Thoth without understanding the basics, but it is certainly a far more difficult prospect.

KINGLY ELIXIR

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Alchemy

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 2

The Kingly Elixir is a more powerful and universally useful formula of the level-two Simple Elixir (*Mummy*, p. 84). Each Kingly Elixir is brewed to imbue its recipient with two extra points to any of his Attributes. For example, one specific formula might add one point to Charisma and one point to Strength. Each formula must be learned as a separate ritual. All other benefits and limitations apply as per the Greater Attribute Endowments sidebar (p. 155).

KINGLY QUIDDITY

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Alchemy

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

Very powerful magicians can tap deeply into the mythic essence of the world around them. This Greater Hekau operates similarly to the spell Lesser Quiddity (*Mummy*, p. 86), except that it grants three automatic successes related to the magical or logical properties of the substance used.

KINGLY TONIC

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Medicine + Alchemy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 4

Each dose of the Kingly Tonic heals up to seven health levels of bashing or lethal damage from sickness or from injury or three health levels of aggravated damage. If the tonic restores any aggravated damage it does not also

heal any lethal or bashing damage. The tonic may take the form of a potion or salve.

PHILTRE OF BLACKENED SAND

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Thanatology + Alchemy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 5

This ritual creates chalky red incense that smells powerfully of almonds and the shavings of burnt cedar. When lit, the incense gives off an abundance of enchanted fumes that quickly fill a room with a cloying, bruise-colored haze that causes all peaceful sleepers who breathe in the odor to leave their bodies and enter the realm of the spirits. Although such dreamers are only in the living lands when they first leave their bodies, an experienced traveler may guide them throughout the spirit world until the sun rises or until they touch their sleeping bodies. No more than seven sleepers may ever be affected by a single dose of this incense, and supernatural creatures must succeed in a Willpower roll versus a difficulty of 7 to remain in their bodies for the evening.

LEVEL EIGHT ALCHEMY

DIVINE ELIXIR

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Alchemy

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 3

The Divine Elixir is a more powerful and universally useful formula of the level-two Simple Elixir (*Mummy*, p. 84). Each Divine Elixir is brewed to imbue its recipient with three extra points to any or all of his Attributes. For example, one specific formula might add three points to Dexterity, while another preparation added one point to Wits and two points to Perception. Each formula must be learned as a separate ritual. All other benefits and limitations apply as per the Greater Attribute Endowments sidebar (p. 155).

DIVINE QUIDDITY

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Alchemy

Difficulty: 6

Lifeforce: 1

Very powerful magicians can tap deeply into the mythic essence of the world around them. This Greater Hekau operates similarly to the spell Lesser Quiddity





(Mummy, p. 86), except that it grants five automatic successes related to the magical or logical properties of the substance used.

DIVINE TONIC

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Medicine + Alchemy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 5

Each dose of the Divine Tonic heals up to eight health levels of bashing or lethal damage from sickness or injury, which makes it powerful enough even to bring someone back from the edge of death as long as the elixir is applied while the body is still warm. Alternatively, the tonic may heal five levels of aggravated damage. If the tonic restores any aggravated damage, it does not also heal any bashing or lethal damage. The tonic may take the form of a potion or salve.

DRAUGHT OF THE STALWART AB

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Meditation + Alchemy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 1 per point of Willpower

This formula inspires incredible mental fortitude and resilience in its user. A single draught may restore a bit of lost will, while a number of doses are likely to turn the user into a veritable mental fortress. During the brewing of this elixir, the alchemist's player must determine how much Lifeforce she will spend before rolling for success. One dose is created per success through the alchemy procedure, although the Lifeforce invested limits the total successes. Further doses simply remain unenchanted and useless. Each effective dose consumed gifts the imbiber with a single temporary Willpower point. The Amenti's temporary pool may even exceed her permanent rating for the duration of the potion's effectiveness. Upon the potion's expiration, however, any remaining points beyond the Amenti's permanent Willpower rating disappear immediately.

LEVEL SIX AMULETS

KINGLY WARD

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 100

Only a fool thinks himself immune to the wiles and machinations of Apophis, and many of the more powerful

servants of Ma'at have found solace in the greater fortification of their minds and bodies.

Each Kingly Ward is identical to its Simple Ward (Mummy, p. 92) counterparts, except that it has a ward rating of six.

LESSER SEAL OF MA'AT

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 110 + Lifeforce cost of embedded ritual

Developed by a cabal of Near Eastern mystics highly versed in the teachings of Ma'at, the codex of rituals known as the Seals of Ma'at allow the artisan to trace the symbolic essence of a lesser Amulet ritual on his own skin in the form of a tattoo. This ritual allows the duplication of any level-one or -two Amulet ritual effect as a permanent tattoo. If the embedded ritual is one that augments a Physical Attribute, the character receives the benefits for the increased Attribute only when using the limb or body part that has been tattooed. If the embedded ritual is a ward, it must be placed somewhere on the character's body that is significantly related to its type of protection. Embedded rituals whose effects are continuous and are activated by use, such as the Amulet of Cloud Walking (see Mummy p. 93), require the tattoo to be touched and the appropriate roll and/or amount of Lifeforce to be spent. Due to the powerful magics involved in the creation of a Seal, they mark the soul as well as the flesh. Their effects continue to benefit those who travel in the underworld. A Seal requires no maintenance, but it cannot be removed by any means short of magic.

NYARASHAHIM'S BANISHING SIGN

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Amulets

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 2

Although the name of Nyarashahim is now but a whispered rumor among ancient mages and paranoid mystics, his legacy of powerful incantations and sigils that pushed the boundaries of Ma'at remain. Accredited with the authorship of the rare Mesopotamian treatise of arcane power *Hidden from the Sight of Men and Gods*, many of Nyarashahim's most powerful spells dealt with the investigation and destruction of creatures beyond the ability of a mortal mind to fathom. The Banishing Sign is one of the few surviving spells attributed to the long missing Shemsuheru, but a powerful one nonetheless. By forming a complicated gesture of the hands, the caster may force





beings not of this earth back to the incomprehensible realms that spawned them. After successfully completing the spell, the caster's player rolls his Balance rating against a difficulty of the creature's current Willpower. If the caster gets as many successes as the creature has current Willpower, the target is instantly removed from the realm of man. If a targeted creature has no Willpower rating, use its current health level rating instead. The caster's player may spend permanent Willpower points on a one-for-one basis for extra successes on his Balance roll. Note that the Storyteller is the final arbiter of what types of creatures are considered "otherworldly."

NYARASHAHIM'S SCREAMING SCARAB

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Amulets

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 40

During the height of his power, the Shemsu-heru sorcerer Nyarashahim was plagued by those who wished to learn the secrets of his supernatural might, and it would often be his own brethren who would conspire to steal his painstakingly researched knowledge. More out of spite than necessity, Nyarashahim developed this amulet to dissuade those who came where they were not wanted. Carefully fashioned from a single gem, the scarab's fragile form hides a shocking power that may be unleashed by simply holding it forth. Once activated, this amulet lets loose a piercing screech in a 50-foot radius and does the creator's Amulets rating in lethal damage



dice to all beings in the area. Victims incapable of soaking lethal damage who take any damage are permanently deafened. Other amulets and fragile materials in the area take damage normally. If the player rolls four or more levels of damage, the screaming scarab is destroyed as well.

PIERCING EYE OF THOTH

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Awareness + Amulets

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 90

This ritual creates a simple-looking amulet composed of pure silver and blue translucent glass. Yet, despite its innocuous appearance, the great powers of perception granted by this small bauble have served those who would protect Ma'at well.

When the Piercing Eye is worn, the wearer automatically recognizes illusions and other false sensory input as fakes if the power or ability that created them was of a lower level than the caster's Amulet rating. Powers of illusion whose level are equal to the Amulet rating are made plain if the user succeeds in a resisted Willpower roll against the illusions' creator. Powers or abilities that are of a level higher than the Amulet rating are beyond the mummy's ability to pierce. Additionally, wearing this powerful mark of the patron of scribes reduces by two the difficulty of any roll to decipher or comprehend any written language.



SERQET'S STING

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Poisons + Amulets

Difficulty: Willpower of the victim

Lifeforce: 3

The scorpion represented a dangerous threat in the desert, for it could slip past the armor of even the most protected foe. The goddess Serqet was connected with the scorpion and renowned for her ability to swiftly neutralize her enemies in battle. This potent spell requires the Reborn to make a quick sign of the scorpion in order to direct its "sting" against any single victim in sight. If the casting roll succeeds against the victim's Willpower, then the poisonous sting takes place immediately. Note, though, that this spell does not actually create the poison it delivers. A mummy must carry a supply of poisons, be they mundane or those created with Alchemy.

SHATTER THE GLYPH

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Strength + Amulets

Difficulty: Highest of the difficulties of the targeted amulets

Lifeforce: 3

As she learns to make more and more amulets to protect herself and others, the Amenti realizes the difficulty that similarly protected enemies can present. Using her intimate knowledge of crafting amulets, she invokes certain signs that erode the power of other's protective devices. The magician must choose a target within sight when casting the spell. Each success garnered causes one level of damage to a specific amulet carried by the target. If the target is a person, the mummy does not have to be consciously aware of the presence of any amulets on the victim. Indeed, the spell will randomly divide its damage among those amulets carried by the victim unless the magician is aware of and declares specific amulets as the target. Note that this spell can only successfully affect objects of a power equal to or created through Amulets spells of level three or below.

TALISMAN OF THE VULTURE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 85

Named in respect of the viziers of Lower Egypt, the Talisman of the Vulture was thought to be the epitome of such enhancing magics, only the unification of the two kingdoms allowed for the greater study of the workings of Hekau.

Each Talisman of the Vulture functions identically to a Lesser Talisman (**Mummy**, p. 93), except that it grants a two-point bonus to two specific Attributes while the user is wearing it. Remember that a Hekau endowment is based off the mortal maximum, which can reach no higher than five dots.

VIZIER'S TALISMAN

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 75

Each Vizier's Talisman gives the wearer a one-point bonus to a specific Attribute as long as she wears it. This boost works the same as that of a Lesser Talisman (**Mummy**, p. 93), but it affects all rolls made by the wearer related to the specified Attribute. Each separate Attribute is a different version of the spell and must be learned separately. All other benefits and limitations apply as per the Greater Attribute Endowments sidebar (p. 155).

WHISPER BETWEEN TWO HEARTS

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 90

Through careful crafting, the artisan creates an amulet capable of splitting into two separate halves, usually worn as rings or pendants. Both halves allow their wearers to telepathically communicate with one another. Although distance is irrelevant, both amulet possessors must be alive for the communication to function. The amulet may be reformed into one piece by simply touching the two halves together. (While in one piece, the amulet has no discernable powers.) A being trained in the ways of Amulet magic may make an Intelligence roll versus a difficulty 9 to sift through any correspondence that may have occurred between the two halves. Because of the magical resonance between the two halves, either possessor may renew the magical enchantment of both halves while only in possession of one of the halves. The one exception to this last ability is that any possessors who truly love or hate one another need never renew the amulet's magic, as it feeds off their intense emotions.

LEVEL SEVEN AMULETS

ARMOR OF RAMOSE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 150





Believed to have been created by Horus's most trusted advisor before the fall of the Dark Kingdom of Sand, the Armor of Ramose is a mighty protective amulet that only the most powerful of the champions of Osiris have truly mastered. Each Armor of Ramose is identical to its Simple Ward (see **Mummy**, p. 92) counterparts, except that it has a ward rating of five and protects against three specific harmful affects.

CONDUIT OF SHADOWS

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 110

Usually fashioned in the likeness of Anubis, this revered ritual creates an amulet capable of containing an unfettered or restless soul who willingly enters it. A spirit can only be released by the amulet's destruction or by the will of the amulet's creator. A Conduit of Shadows that contains a soul can be placed on an existing creature that was created using any level of the Effigy Hekau, the spirit in the Conduit may then animate the creature with its own will as it sees fit. An Effigy creature that has a Conduit of Shadows placed on it can have its maintenance Lifeforce cost paid by the soul inside the Conduit. If the soul in the conduit has no Lifeforce with which to pay the maintenance cost, it can use its Willpower points instead, though doing so doubles the normal maintenance cost.

KINGLY TALISMAN

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 75

Each Kingly Talisman gives the wearer a two-point bonus to a specific Attribute as long as she wears it. This boost works the same as that of a Greater Talisman (**Mummy**, p. 96), however it affects all rolls made by the wearer related to the specific Attribute. Note that both points must be added to the same Attribute; talismans are not as flexible as the elixirs created through Alchemy. Each separate Attribute is a different version of the spell and must be learned separately. All other benefits and limitations apply as per the Greater Attribute Endowments sidebar (p. 155).

SEAL OF MA'AT

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 120 + Lifeforce cost of embedded ritual

This ritual functions identically to the level-six ritual Lesser Seal of Ma'at, except that it duplicates the effects of any level-three Amulet ritual as a permanent tattoo. If the embedded ritual is one that augments a Physical Attribute, you only receive the benefits for the increased Attribute when using the limb or body part that has been tattooed. If the embedded ritual is a ward, it must be placed somewhere on your body that is significantly related to its type of protection. Embedded rituals whose effects are continuous and are activated by use, such as the Amulet of Cloud Walking (see **Mummy**, p. 93), require the tattoo to be touched and the appropriate roll and/ or amount of Lifeforce to be spent. Due to the powerful magics involved in the creation of a Seal, they mark the soul as well as the flesh, their effects continuing to benefit those who travel in the underworld. A Seal requires no maintenance and cannot be removed by any means short of magic.

SHATTER THE GREATER GLYPH

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Strength + Amulets

Difficulty: Highest of the difficulties of the targeted Amulets

Lifeforce: 3

This spell works exactly like the lesser Shatter the Glyph spell (see p. 161), except that it can destroy amulets of up to level four.

SHIELD OF THE PHARAOHS

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 130

In ancient as well as modern times, even the most powerful of men might be felled by the weapon of a coward. Whether it is the thrown spear or sniper's bullet, this amulet protects its wearer from the far-off attacks that any true warrior would find distasteful. The wearer adds the amulet creator's Amulet rating to his Stamina when resisting damage from projectile or thrown weapons (arrows, thrown knives, bullets, rocks, an avalanche, falling stars, etc.) and may also soak lethal damage caused by projectile weapons (difficulty 7), even if he is normally incapable of doing so. As a secondary effect, the amulet's wearer also receives a ward rating of three versus effects and powers that cause fear or hesitation.

VAULT OF INNER STRENGTH

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Amulets

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 170





Even the undying may find the weight of ages a strain on their resolve, and few have the inner fortitude to stare into eternity and not be shaken. This finely wrought amulet allows the mummy to store up to half his Balance rating in Willpower points in its copper center. These invested Willpower points can be used to replenish any amount of lost and/ or used Willpower, but Willpower cannot be spent directly from the amulet itself. Only those who place Willpower into the amulet may draw Willpower out of it, and it is incapable of holding Willpower points from two different beings. A Vault of Inner Strength may be flushed of unusable Willpower points with a successful Intelligence + Amulets roll versus a difficulty equal to twice the amount of Willpower stored in the amulet (max 10).

LEVEL EIGHT AMULETS

DIVINE TALISMAN

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 150

Each Divine Talisman gives the wearer a three-point bonus to a specific Attribute as long as she wears it. This boost works the same as that of a Princely Talisman (*Mummy*, p. 96), but it affects all rolls made by the wearer related to the specified Attribute. Note that all three points must be added to the same Attribute; talismans are not as flexible as the creations of Alchemy. Each separate Attribute is a different version of the spell and must be learned separately. All other benefits and limitations apply as per the Greater Attribute Endowments sidebar (p. 155).

GREATER SEAL OF MA'AT

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 130 + Lifeforce cost of embedded ritual

This ritual functions identically to the level-six ritual Lesser Seal of Ma'at, except that it duplicates the effects of any level-four Amulet ritual as a permanent tattoo. If the embedded ritual is one that augments a Physical Attribute, the beneficiary only receives the benefits for the increase when using the limb or body part that has been tattooed. If the embedded ritual is a ward, it must be placed somewhere on the body that is significantly related to its type of protection. Embedded rituals whose effects are continuous and are activated by use, such as the Amulet of Cloud Walking (see *Mummy*, p. 93), require the tattoo to be

touched and the appropriate roll and/ or amount of Lifeforce to be spent. Due to the powerful magics involved in the creation of a Seal, they mark the soul as well as the flesh. As such, their effects continue to benefit those who travel in the underworld. A Seal requires no maintenance and cannot be removed by any means short of magic.

HARDENING SIGN OF GEB

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Amulets

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 5

The father of Osiris, Geb, knows all the secrets of the earth. Such knowledge toughens the body, the mind and the soul against the harsh truths of the world of man. By enacting ancient gestures thought lost to antiquity, the mummy may temporarily don the flesh of Geb himself, making his khat nearly indestructible.

For the remainder of the scene, the Reborn is completely immune to bashing damage, and all lethal damage is halved (round up) before soak. If he already halves lethal damage due to some other enchantment, the lethal damage is instead quartered (round up). Aggravated damage also decreases by two levels, though it will not drop below one. This reduction in aggravated damage is done before soak is rolled. The flesh of Geb is the essence of reality, and as such is difficult to annihilate even with the use of the most powerful magic. The mummy receives a ward rating of three against any magical effect that would destroy or remove any part of the body. Unlike most other wards, the ward rating granted by the Hardening Sign is cumulative with other ward ratings that protect against the destruction or removal of any body parts.

HEART OF MA'AT

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 145

Known by few and rarely crafted, this most exalted of artisan secrets channels the sacred essence of Ma'at into those who wear it. This amulet adds one to the wearer's Balance, but only for the instances wherein Balance is rolled or used as a difficulty. If the amulet's wearer normally doesn't have a Balance rating she is now treated as having a Balance rating of 2. Although this gives her no access to Hekau, it may prove useful in other circumstances. A creature with a Corruption rating that wears this amulet has that rating effectively reduced by one, but only for the instances wherein Corruption is rolled or used as a diffi-





culty. An amulet wearer who dies enters the underworld and is sought out by Anubis and his Aken, and he may even be brought before the Judges of Ma'at.

INSCRIBE THE FLESH

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Amulets

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 5

This quickly cast spell covers the flesh in mystical symbols that convey the teachings of the Ma'at to any of low worth who look upon them. These arcane wards can only be seen by those with a Balance rating lower than three or by those with any amount of the Corruption trait. Anyone capable of seeing even a brief glimpse of the inscribed skin automatically receives a penalty to all their ability dice pools equal to the mummy's Balance rating minus his Balance or Corruption rating. The player of a victim of this spell may make a Willpower roll versus a difficulty equal to the caster's Amulet rating. If the victim's Willpower roll is successful, he may substitute his Willpower rating for his Balance or Corruption rating for the purposes of determining the dice pool penalty. Beings without a Balance or Corruption rating must make the above Willpower roll and those with a Humanity trait who succeed may choose to use either their Humanity or Willpower as a substitute. The dice pool penalty is not cumulative with other castings of this spell, and it lasts for the duration of the scene. The penalty does not end upon the caster's death, nor does it cease if the scriptures etched on the caster's skin are somehow prematurely removed. A victim's dice pools cannot be reduced below one by means of this spell.

SHATTER THE PRINCELY GLYPH

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Strength + Amulets

Difficulty: Highest of the difficulties of the targeted amulets

Lifeforce: 3

This spell works like the lesser Shatter the Glyph spell (see p. 161), except that it can destroy amulets of up to level five. In addition, the damage caused is one aggravated level per success, which means that most defenders will be rapidly stripped of all defenses. It is worth noting that the Buckle of Isis does protect against the glyph-shattering spells, much as it protects against all other hostile magic, but should this spell pierce that very protection, the buckle is subject to damage just like any other amulet.

TALISMAN OF THE ASP

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Amulets

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 125

The unification of the two great kingdoms of ancient Egypt brought with it not only a golden age of mundane accomplishments, but an elevation of the mystical arts as well. The joining of the royal courts was the catalyst of the envisioning of this most powerful ritual of creation, and the details of this amulet's assemblage are a tightly guarded secret to this day.

Each Talisman of the Asp functions identically to a Lesser Talisman (*Mummy*, p. 93), except that it grants a three-point bonus to two specific Attributes while the user is wearing it. Remember that a Hekau endowment is based off the mortal maximum, which can reach no higher than five dots.

VORACIOUS SCARAB OF NYARASHAHIM

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Thanatology + Amulets

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 200

When placed on a cadaver or incapacitated victim, this foul amulet springs to life, burrowing into the corpse's flesh and viscera with a strange and savage zeal. Every minute the scarab spends consuming a corpse reduces its health levels by one. Once the corpse is reduced to three health levels beyond incapacitated (*Mummy*, p. 136) the scarab once again becomes an inert amulet inside the corpse. If for any reason the corpse should regain enough health levels to take it above this level of damage, the scarab re-activates and proceeds about its grisly task with renewed interest. Even if the scarab is removed and a body that had been a victim of its ministrations is brought back to life, it will have lost two permanent points of Stamina (to a minimum Stamina of one). This amulet has a soak of eight, and barring its destruction, its mystical power will continue to function for eternity.

LEVEL SIX CELESTIAL

CALL OF THE NORTH STAR

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Survival + Celestial

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: none





Many alchemists discovered the odd ability of certain substances to detect the northern direction. Practitioners of Celestial Hekau honor the star that dominates the northern sky as the ruler of this magnetic force. This useful spell aligns the magnetic forces in the area according to the magician's will. If the spell is used for simplistic purposes, even a single success can determine the northern or southern polar direction. Alternatively, the spell may be used to sense the nearest large collection of magnetic material in the area. Storytellers may wish to consider ferrous materials below ground and in manufactured materials. With a focused roll, defeating any contested Stealth or concealment efforts, the magician may instead use the spell to detect the presence of any metallic items that are concealed from view nearby. Finally, the Amenti may choose to cause two susceptible metallic items in the same scene to be drawn together via a powerful magnetic attraction. Any effort to manipulate the two objects in any way that does not draw them closer together in a straight line causes the action to be resisted with a Strength rating equal to the number of successes gained with the spell. A mummy may only invoke one of the effects listed here each time the spell is cast, but otherwise most Celestial Hekau practitioners consider it a fairly flexible magic.

GEB'S GRASP

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Strength + Celestial

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 2

The Egyptian god Geb represents the earth upon which we walk, the father who welcomed Osiris to earth and whose bones contain the houses of the dead. To modern science, he is also the source of the incredible celestial force known as gravity. This spell targets any one subject within sight of the caster. Each success increases the force of gravity experienced by the subject for the duration of the scene. All physical actions requiring movement become contested against a Strength rating equal to the successes obtained, and this rating should also be added to actions that already require a Strength test.

FESTIVAL OF MA'AT

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Carousing + Celestial

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1 per participant

Many cultures hold celebrations of holy events or holidays believed to be important to the well-being of the

celebrants. Observances inevitably bear celestial connections to the stars, the seasons or, in ancient Egypt, to the inundation of the Nile. The Festival of Ma'at begins with the actual casting of the ritual and does not stop until the end of the party that follows it. Unlike most rituals, the leader of a Festival of Ma'at does not have to provide three-quarters of the Lifeforce required, as even normal mortal celebrants expend one point of their own. Record the results of all of the rolls of the ritual casting, plus one Carousing die pool roll for each non-caster celebrant in the party that follows, and total up the number of successes. These successes will continue to affect the welfare of the celebrants until they are expended. Each time any single participant makes any roll that might influence Ma'at, she either receives a -1 bonus or +1 penalty — whichever creates the greater Balance — and this modifier reduces the remaining successes by one. Certain mummies attribute worldwide attempts to cast this ritual on New Year's Day with defusing the close of the millennium's sense of doom.

INUNDATION OF THE NILE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Science + Celestial

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 3

The rise and fall of the Nile was of incredible importance to Egyptians as it provided the life-giving water and rich soil that they needed to survive. It was so important, in fact, that the calendar was built around the celestial signs that tracked its natural rise and fall. Potent priests often sought to alter the flow of the waters during times of great need. This powerful ritual is perhaps one of the magics they may have invoked. The ritual must be enacted within the flow of the water or upon the banks of the flowing body of water to be affected. Each success affects a single mile's length of the stream or river, raising or lowering the depth of that area by one foot. For example, if Mestha leads a ritual upon the banks of the Nile and gathers 16 successes, he might choose to lower 15 miles of the river's length by one foot in depth, or raise eight miles of the river by eight feet in depth, or any other combination thereof. With sufficient successes, the ritual may cause terrible floods or leave a dry riverbed with little more than standing puddles. One should be careful with this ritual's application, however. Water is such an important source of life that "stopping the flow of water" is specifically listed as one of the crimes that the Judges of Ma'at address in the negative confessions. Using the ritual for





benevolent or important purposes will not receive their wrath, but even the least of the Judges of Ma'at will punish someone who puts this incantation to ill use.

LEVEL SEVEN CELESTIAL

ARCH OF NUIT

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Celestial

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 7

The sky-goddess Nuit, wife to Geb, seeks to protect her husband and children from the darkness that lies beyond the stars. Her body forms the arch of the heavens and stands steadfast against the influences of evil spirits upon the earth. This ritual empowers the protective influences of Nuit by hampering all negative spiritual energy. Ghosts, demons and spirits of all sorts face a greater degree of difficulty entering the physical world within the area of effect and/or enacting their supernatural powers across the arch, into the area of effect. Successes gained with this ritual determine both the maximum level of the spirits to be affected and the difficulty the ritual presents to those spirits. Additionally, successes gained form a pool of resistance, and each time an evil spirit successfully enters the protected area or enacts some supernatural power across the barrier, the remaining resistance pool decreases by one. This protection works against demons, spectres, ghosts, spirits, mummies with a Corruption rating (especially Bane mummies), djinn, astrally projecting creatures and any other spiritual entities the Storyteller judges could be deemed "evil spirits." It even hampers the supernatural efforts of creatures such as Risen, inanimae, zombies and other beings whose animation in the physical world depends upon spiritual empowerment.

Area	Successes Required
One room	1
Small house/area	2
Large house/area	3
City block	4
Entire city district	5
Type of Spirit	Successes Required
Weak Spirit	1
Average Spirit	3
Powerful Spirit	5
Penalty to Spirit's Target Numbers	Successes Required
+1	1
+2	3
+3	5

CYCLE OF RA

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Celestial

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 3

As Ra sails across the sky during the day and passes beneath the earth at night, so does he affect the entire world with the cycle of his passing. This spell causes the magician to glow with the blinding light of Ra and to pulse rapidly through his cycles of day and night. The world around the mummy responds to the periods of day in remarkable ways, which are perhaps too numerous to list here. Each success on the Hekau practitioner's roll causes the equivalent of one day's worth of time to pass for all of those who can see the mummy. The energy of Ra is generally life-giving, however, so its effects are beneficial to most creatures. A mortal would suddenly feel as though she had rested for a number of days equal to the magician's successes, and thereby gain all bonuses that might entail, including healing and regaining Lifeforce and Willpower. She would not, however, suddenly suffer intense hunger and thirst. Unnatural creatures such as vampires, however, are adversely affected. The passage of cycles burns away one blood point per success, just as if the vampire had spent them to awaken for an equal number of nights. Additionally the blast of light from the mummy qualifies as direct sunlight, and it affects all vampires it strikes for a single turn as per normal sunlight rules (see **Vampire: The Masquerade**).

STAR OF THE MESSIAH

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Charisma + Celestial

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1 per rating point or day of duration

Certain celestial events have heralded great changes in the face of mankind. A single star, shining more brightly than normal, may inspire cults, faith and power in society. This ritual grants temporary access to mortal influences derived from those who receive signs that the magician is somehow the key to their hopes and dreams. Each success may be spent to gain one day of duration for the effect, or one rating point in Allies, Contacts, Fame or Influence. Once the duration has expired, temporary Background points fade away as followers become disillusioned and fame ultimately proves ethereal. Nevertheless, mummies who choose to seize this opportunity may spend experience as per normal to retain these Backgrounds on a more permanent basis. Mummies with this level of Balance often feel an incredible responsibility to those they inspire with this ritual and feel compelled to aid their newfound



friends at least as much as they were so aided. Those who do not treat their followers fairly and respectfully are generally received poorly by the Judges of Ma'at.

LEVEL EIGHT CELESTIAL

CROSSED BY THE STARS

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Perception + Celestial

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 7

Many Mesektet pride themselves on their ability to see the future and to gain power by preparing for it ahead of time. The masters of Celestial Hekau learn to defeat their enemies by tying them inexplicably to bad signs, negative influences and "evil stars." Some of them feel that dark fates await much of the world, and that such fates should be redistributed to those more deserving of them. Two rolls must be employed to enact this ritual. The first, used to determine whether the target resists the ritual outright, is a simple roll made by the caster and resisted by the target's Willpower. If the caster garners more successes, he may proceed to the second roll, which he may cast cooperatively with other Reborn. The number of successes on this second roll determine the strength and duration of the ritual's effects, creating in effect a pool of successes that acts to defeat the future endeavors of the victim until they have all been "used up." Each success removes a single success entirely from any one roll that the victim attempts before being "spent." Therefore, if a mummy and his co-casters gained 35 successes on the second roll and a target subsequently gained five successes on a Dexterity + Drive roll, the ritual would expend five of its successes to counteract the success of the victim on his roll. The effects of the ritual last until all successes generated by the crossed stars are used to negate successes made by the victim, and no fewer than all the target's successes can be negated on any one roll. The spell is quite potent, however. Even successes gained by the expenditure of Willpower points are counteracted, and the victim still loses any Willpower spent in the effort. Note that unless the mummy has some means of scrying upon or otherwise observing his target, he will not know when or how to employ the crossed stars to best effect. A given target may be the subject of only a single application of this ritual at any one time, and the caster must first acquire something personal of his target, or the ritual has no hope of success.

WHISPERS OF THE TREE OF LIFE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Divination + Celestial

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

The secrets of the heavens and the lives of all mortals are recorded on the Tree of Life by Thoth's wife Seshat. Lesser divinations can grant a talented Celestial Hekau user visions of the contents of the leaves of heaven that let her read the future like it was written on a page. The flow of Sekhem throughout the universe carries whispers of the secrets held by the Tree of Life, and this spell lets the mummy listen to them simply by tapping into this mystical current. The mummy spends a single point of Lifeforce and rolls to invoke the magic, with each success granting images of the future that prepare her for her fate. In game terms, each success gives the Reborn one dot in a pool of dice that may be used to help any effort that requires a roll. Alternatively, a mummy may use some or all of the dice to invoke a single re-roll on a roll with which she is not happy. Only one re-roll may be attempted per action, and if the second roll is worse than the first, she must accept its results. Each dot may only be used once and then is gone from the pool of successes. Otherwise, the pool lasts until used, and the spell may be invoked more than once to collect even more successes. At the end of the scene, however, the mummy may retain no more dots in the pool than her permanent Balance rating. No assignment of extra dice, or re-roll dice, may exceed the mummy's Balance rating. For example, if Tchatcha-em-Ankh currently had 25 dice worth of successes from this spell, he could still assign only eight of them as extra dice to use in conjunction with his Dexterity + Melee pool when he is about to make a brilliant sword stroke at the very spot where an enemy was about to step.

LEVEL SIX EFFIGY

THE CRAWLING EYE

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Effigy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 16 to create + 1 to activate.

Through careful crafting, the artisan may create the likeness of a small flying insect of his choice, often worn as a ring or pendant, this variation on the Effigy creature rituals remains dormant until you spend a Lifeforce point to awaken it for a scene. Once activated, you may control the insect as if it was your own body and see and hear





normally from its vantage without interfering with your own perceptions. Unlike most Effigy creations, the crawling eye has no maintenance cost and can only be used by the one who created it unless someone uses a powerful wrest spell to control it. The creature uses whatever means of locomotion is normal for one of its type, and it looks like an average member of its species once activated.

GREATER SEKHEM VESSEL

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Effigy

Difficulty: 5 + 1 per rating of Vessel

Lifeforce: 2 per capacity of the Vessel

Items held for centuries within the Web of Faith sometimes gain the ability to draw magical energy from their mystical latticework home and to even store it for a time. The lesser Hekau ritual Sekhem Vessel attempts to duplicate this process, but it can only hold power infused into it by an Effigy practition-

er. The Greater Sekhem Vessel ritual creates a Vessel exactly identical to that provided by the Vessel Background. This effort requires a minimum of one success per rating point of the Vessel created. The downside is that Vessels can be used by nearly any Hekau practitioner, and therefore are more likely to attract unwanted attention.

MAJOR RESTORATION

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Effigy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 4 to create

The various lesser Hekau relic spells allow Effigy practitioners to destroy the physical form of an object and thereby empower it to exist within the underworld. Major Restoration reverses the process, restoring the physical form of an object dispelled from the spiritual realms. The targeted object can be



MUMMY: THE RESURRECTION PLAYERS GUIDE





no larger than a king-size bed and of limited complexity (a revolver is possible, but not a motorcycle), and its spiritual form must be destroyed completely for the spell to work. If the roll fails or the object is not destroyed adequately, the item does not manifest in the physical world. The Major Restoration spell may be used on a given object only once, though returning it to the physical realm means that the item may be turned into a relic once again, at which time Major Restoration might again be employed.

SANCTIFY CHATTEL

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Effigy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 10 to create; 1 to activate

Ideally, priests aim to allow those who are deserving to bring the things they wish to accompany them from this world into the next life. Lesser Hekau rely upon the ability to create relics, which demands the physical original experience its own “death” (i.e., to be destroyed). For the Reborn, this can be a hassle, as they return to life and must leave their relics in Duat. The Sanctify Chattel ritual ties the essence of an object to the life of a particular being, such that any time that he should die, the actual physical object disappears from the world, passing into the underworld as a relic, only to return to the Lands of the Living upon his resurrection. Once sanctified, a given chattel requires one point of Lifeforce to activate (each time it must transfer to or from Duat). Sanctified objects must be small enough that they can be carried by the Reborn recipient, but they are not limited in any other way, and may even be quite technologically complex items.

SCEPTER OF THE OVERSEER

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Leadership + Effigy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 10 to create

The magical creations of Effigy Hekau are very useful, but a single mummy can only attune himself to so many at one time. An obvious solution is for her to gift her friends and followers with effigies in order to put her powers to greater use. Unfortunately, most people do not possess the knowledge of Hekau necessary to activate or use an effigy. This ritual allows the Amenti to craft a special scepter that grants

someone who grasps it the equivalent of a rating of one in Effigy Hekau for the purpose of attempting to use or control pre-existing effigies only. This bonus does not add to any existing Effigy rating, as real knowledge of the path supercedes the power of the scepter. Neither does the scepter grant any ability to cast Effigy spells or rituals. Any Lifeforce expenditure required must be supplied by the creature bearing the Scepter of the Overseer, which limits normal humans to the use of the single point of Lifeforce that they naturally possess. Scepters can take many forms, though traditional ones include the crook of Osiris or the Djed pillar. For an additional cost of 10 Lifeforce (and at difficulty 9), the mummy may key the scepter so that the Effigy rating it grants can never be used to contest her own Hekau — it doesn't pay to have one's own tools turned against him.

VIZIER'S BEAST

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Animal Ken + Effigy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 8 to create; 1 to activate

As the artisan gains greater ability to perfect the life forms created by the animation of her statuettes, these creations gain greater independence from the necessity of feeding them with her Lifeforce, albeit it at a price. This ritual creates a small figurine that may, upon command, become a full-size animal as per the Major Creature ritual (**Mummy**, p. 111). Unlike the Major Creature figurine, this creature may sustain itself upon normal food, water, air, etc. and does not require more than the single point of Lifeforce that activates it, so long as it continues to gain its own nourishment. An Effigy Hekau practitioner may still deactivate the figurine so long as she controls it, and each reactivation requires an additional point of Lifeforce. Because the Beast gains its sustenance normally while active, it can suffer damage from hunger or other deprivation. It may also heal itself, however, at whatever rate is normal to its form while so active. All other rules as per the Major Creature ritual, including the inability to heal while inactive and the Effigy repair rules, still apply.

VIZIER'S WREST

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Effigy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 1 + special





This spell operates exactly as its Simple Wrest counterpart (**Mummy**, p. 109) except that it may seize control of level-six effigies and below. Effigies created by Sanctify Chattel cannot be forced through the Shroud unless the wresting magician is passing through as well.

LEVEL SEVEN EFFIGY

GREATER RESTORATION

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Effigy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 6 to create

The various lesser Hekau relic spells allow Effigy practitioners to destroy the physical form of an object and thereby empower it to exist within the Underworld. Greater Restoration reverses the process, restoring the physical form of an object dispelled from the spiritual realms. The targeted object can be larger and more complex. The spiritual counterparts of a house, car, medium-sized boat or even an item such as a computer can be returned to the physical realm, though its spiritual form must have been destroyed completely for the spell to work. If the roll for the spell fails or the object is not destroyed adequately, the item does not manifest in the physical world. The Greater Restoration spell may be used on a given object only once, though returning it to the physical realm means that the item may be turned into a relic once again, at which time Greater Restoration might once again be employed.

GREATER SCEPTER OF THE OVERSEER

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Leadership + Effigy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 20 to create

This ritual works similarly to the Scepter of the Overseer Hekau but with far more potent results. The Greater Scepter grants a temporary rating of three in the Effigy path for the purposes of attempting to use or control already enchanted effigies only. This temporary rating may not be used to cast spells or enact rituals.

The Greater Scepter is so potent, however, that it can even temporarily grant an increase of one dot to the Effigy path rating of an Effigy practitioner who grasps it, provided this does not raise his effective rating above five. This effective rating may be used when casting spells or rituals, although the wielder must still learn

such spells or rituals as normal. For an additional cost of 10 Lifeforce (and at difficulty 9), the mummy may key the scepter so that the Effigy rating it grants can never be used to contest her own Hekau.

KINGLY BEAST

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Animal Ken + Effigy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 15 to create; 1 to activate

This ritual duplicates the effects of the Vizier's Beast except that the animal it creates is as described by the Superior Creature ritual (**Mummy**, p. 113).

KINGLY WREST

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Effigy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 1 + special

This spell operates exactly as its Simple Wrest counterpart (**Mummy**, p. 109) except that it may seize control of level-seven effigies or lower. Effigies created by Sanctify Chattel cannot be forced through the Shroud unless the wresting magician is passing through as well.

SPIRIT SCEPTER

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Effigy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 10 to create; 1 per day to maintain

The sakhmu, or spirit scepter, is an ancient Egyptian symbol of authority over the physical world and the spiritual realm. Although it was primarily symbolic, some spirit scepters were sturdy enough that they could also be used upon the field of battle. A sakhmu Effigy is a sturdy, round-handled, flat-bladed wooden club inscribed with Egyptian hieroglyphs denoting rulership and power.

The spirit scepter grants a number of benefits to someone who activates and wields it. On a simplistic level, this scepter acts as a weapon equivalent to a club, except that it causes aggravated damage with its strikes. The scepter also may strike spirits in Duat, and it causes aggravated damage to creatures of the underworld as well. Unlike chattel effigies, a spirit cannot gain control over the item from the spirit realm, although it might choose to attempt to destroy the scepter. The sakhmu is as sturdy as a metal baseball bat for the purposes of resisting damage. It





possesses seven health levels, and any attempt to damage it must surpass the equivalent of three points of armor.

The spirit scepter is no base weapon, however. It represents true authority over mankind and the underworld. The wielder gains two extra dice to apply to all Social rolls with humans or animals. Furthermore, she gains these same two dice when attempting to socially interact with spirits or to command them with Hekau. The sakhmu grants these bonus dice only when it is active and grasped firmly in hand.

Normally, the spirit scepter only operates in the hands of the person who activated it, but its use can be extended to others if desired. For one point of Lifeforce, the wielder can cause the scepter to accept another's command for one day without losing her own control over the object. Although the scepter's benefits only extend to the person currently holding it, this allows one to temporarily pass the effigy off to a friend. Authority invites usurpation, though, and if another Effigy practitioner is willingly given use of the spirit scepter, then any attempts he makes to seize control over it via other Hekau cannot be contested through the natural attunement. The original wielder would be required to cast wrest spells or to take other appropriate measures in order to attempt to reassert control.

STALKING HOUND OF TYPHON

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Crafts + Effigy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 36 to create; 1 per additional day past seven

This ritual creates a roughly humanoid figure with a bestial face and powerfully clawed hands. It is capable of following complex orders, and though they make effective guards, these creatures are often used for the purposes of tracking and (among the less scrupulous of Reborn) assassinating those who have deeply offended the caster. If the caster ever stops paying the maintenance cost of the hound (paid at dawn of each new day), it instantly crumbles to dust.

Hound of Typhon Traits: 5 in all Physical Attributes; 10 health levels (they suffer no wound penalties); capable of soaking lethal damage (though they cannot heal naturally); 4 in Dodge, Melee, Brawl and Athletics; 5 in Stealth, Alertness and Security; Mental Attributes equal half of creator's Effigy rating (rounded down); claws that deal strength +2 lethal damage; capable of climbing sheer surfaces

at full speed as easily as a spider; can unerringly track a target if they possess a personal possession; level-two ward versus magic or abilities that would detect or otherwise reveal a hound's presence; and a level-one ward versus hostile magic.

LEVEL EIGHT EFFIGY

DIVINE BEAST

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Animal Ken + Effigy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 25 to create; 1 to activate

This ritual duplicates the effects of the Vizier's Beast except that the animal it creates is as described by the Princely Creature ritual (**Mummy**, p. 114).

DIVINE WREST

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Effigy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 1 + special

This spell operates exactly as its Simple Wrest counterpart (**Mummy**, p. 109) except that it may seize control of level-eight effigies and lower. Effigies created by Sanctify Chattel cannot be forced through the Shroud unless the wresting magician is passing through as well.

EFFIGY OF SIN

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Empathy + Effigy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 8

Certain religious periods have been quite enamored of the notion of the martyr. Deeply spiritual practitioners of Hekau realize that every idea has powerful potential when given a physical symbol energized by belief, faith and indomitable will. A willing priest of sufficient power and purity can even become a living symbol, and thereby assume burdens that may pass into oblivion with her death. This ritual demands that the leader of the ritual be sacrificed or martyred in some formal or ritualistic manner after she assumes responsibility for the sins of others. The self-sacrifice must be entirely voluntary — even martyrs must willingly resign themselves to their fate. Each success obtained during the ritual allows the priest to absorb the divine judgment hanging





over a single sin committed by another, and to accept punishment for that sin in the form of her own death. The ritual does not achieve forgiveness for one's own sins, and the Judges of Ma'at will certainly punish overtly selfish uses of this power. Obviously, this ritual grants reprieve for the violations of Balance for which the martyr assumes responsibility, but it also alleviates innumerable spiritual punishments often forgotten by the faithless living. A hunter might gain the forgiveness of the animals he has slain, or a thief gain that of the heavenly spirits whose tomb he has robbed. Even mummies who have obtained this incredible level of Ma'at stand in amazement of the personal sacrifices of religious paragons like Christ and the Buddha. Nevertheless, the parables of the holy are a source of tremendous strength when one stares death in the face for the sins of his fellow man.

PRINCELY RESTORATION

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Effigy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 10 to create

This spell works like Greater Restoration, and it allows the artisan to render a spiritual item within reality by destroying its presence in the underworld. The item affected may be very large or complex, including things such as palaces, oceangoing ships or computer systems. Note that such objects are usually very difficult to affect as their large size renders them largely resistant to individual efforts to demolish them.

PRINCELY SCEPTER OF THE OVERSEER

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Leadership + Effigy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 30 to create

This ritual works similarly to the Scepter of the Overseer Hekau but with far more potent results. The Princely Scepter grants a temporary rating of five in the Effigy path for the purposes of attempting to use already enchanted effigies only. This temporary rating may not be used to cast spells or enact rituals.

The Princely Scepter is so potent, however, that it can even temporarily grant an increase of two dots to the Effigy path rating of an Effigy practitioner who grasps it, provided this does not raise his effective rating above five. This effective rating may be used

when casting spells or rituals, although the wielder must still learn such spells or rituals as normal. For an additional cost of 10 Lifeforce and at difficulty 9, the mummy may key the scepter so that the Effigy rating it grants can never be used to contest her own Hekau.

LEVEL SIX NECROMANCY

ASPECT OF DUAT

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Perception + Necromancy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 4

This dark spell works only in the underworld — in the Lands of the Living, it has no place. With an arcane gesture, the Reborn transfuses himself with the power of the dead realm, metamorphosing into a form more suited to the difficulties of Duat. Immediately upon completion of the spell, all Physical Attributes increase by an amount equal to half the character's Balance rating, and a pair of double wings sprouts from his back, allowing for rapid flight through the lands of darkness. While in this form, Balance is used in place of Willpower, though the mummy may spend Willpower points normally for any effect that uses the Willpower rating as its difficulty or dice pool that now uses his Balance rating. The stuff of shadows darkens the skin and repels the most grievous of wounds, allowing him to soak aggravated damage using a dice pool equal to Balance.

CALL FORTH THE REAVERS OF UR

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Necromancy

Difficulty: 10

Lifeforce: 2

Thought lost in the unforgiving sands of Khem, this dreaded magic is older than even the undying can remember. Translated by a long forgotten Pharaoh's scribe from a Babylonian text known to be ancient even then, this spell is considered a myth by most modern necromancers. Those who know better often wish they could wipe the knowledge from their minds. By simply tracing a symbol that is wholly out of touch with the naturally order, the Reborn may summon a swarm of horrid undulating gray shapes from an unknown place to gruesomely dispatch of foes. A botch causes the spell to successfully summon the reavers, but instead of attacking the summoner's





intended target, they attack him or one of his nearby allies. One reaver is called per two successes gained during the casting of the spell. In the case of a botch, treat each one rolled as two successes. The swarm of reavers returns from whence it came once they have killed their intended target, the summoner is killed or the scene is over — whichever happens first.

Reaver Traits: Reavers are otherworldly creatures that only take damage from magic and fire; 3 dice of soak vs. magic and fire; 9 dice to hit in hand-to-hand combat (reavers frequently take multiple attacks); 3 dice of aggravated damage per hit; reavers are constantly flying and can pass through mundane materials as if they didn't exist; reavers destroy any mundane body armor they damage; they are immune to mental powers and powers that reduce Attributes; 5 health levels with no wound penalties.

EATING THE HEART

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Subterfuge + Necromancy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 6

During later dynasties it became popular belief that one could fool the Judges of Ma'at into believing that he had lived a sin-free life via certain protective spells. When one comes before the greater Judges of Ma'at, however, the game becomes deadly. Indeed, it is believed that those who judge seekers of Balance of greater than 6 cannot be fooled by mere mortal magic. Nevertheless, this ritual continues to allow less than pure mummies to escape the judges' punishment for a time. The ritual creates a false heart, in a mystical sense, which is weighed by the Judges of Ma'at, thereby preventing negative judgment up to and including Balance 6. Botching the ritual brings swift retribution, however, killing the mummy instantly and bringing him to the attention of the wrathful judge Basti, whose job it is to punish those who evade justice. Basti tries the mummy once for each time he evaded judgment in the past plus one for every sin he has not yet judged.

GIFT OF PURPOSE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Charisma + Necromancy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 2

Advanced students of Necromancy learn the nine facets of the "being" according to Egyptian lore and discover how to manipulate their own soul. In particular those who learn this spell learn to channel the energies that flow from the strongest portion of their soul into another person by touch, thereby granting the recipient certain benefits. For the duration of the scene, the recipient of the spell gains use of the inherent strength of the mummy who cast the spell (represented by Purpose), though he also suffers the mummy's weakness (i.e., Liability). The Reborn cannot cast this spell if she has used up all of her particular strength benefit for the day. For the duration of the spell, the Amenti cannot make use of her own inherent power, but neither does she suffer from her weakness. An unwilling recipient may resist the spell's success with Willpower. Also, should the mummy attempt to take her strength back before the end of the scene from a recipient who wishes to keep it, she must defeat the recipient of the spell in a contested Willpower roll.

KHU OF TWO LANDS

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Awareness + Necromancy

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

The khu binds together body and soul, and it stands as the gateway between the spiritual and the material. This subtle spell taps into that mystic power and allows the caster to interact with both worlds. For the remainder of the scene, the mummy may perceive and interact with the material world and the near reaches of the underworld simultaneously without penalty. Attacks from either realm may harm her, however, so most mummies are careful when using this spell.

LIGHTEN THE SHADOW

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Empathy + Necromancy

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 2

Some necromancers, particularly amongst the Children of Osiris, learn that healing must sometimes come from the soul. The Sefekhi return to life nearly consumed by their hungry khaibits, and it is only through deliberate care that they have a chance to come to grips with their darker side. This ritual





soothes the savage side of the spirit, giving the unhinged a chance to recover. It must be used carefully, for fear of rendering normal people dangerously passive. At some point during the ritual, the caster must touch the recipient. Total all of the successes and keep them recorded until they are used up in resisting the khaibit. Each time the recipient of the spell attempts to use a Willpower point for any aggressive purpose, the ritual prevents him from doing so at the cost of one success. Similarly, any aggressive Ability roll made by the recipient, including all combat rolls, suffers a +2 difficulty penalty, with each such roll using up one more success from the ritual. The difficulty of any rolls made by others that attempt to calm or rationalize with the recipient of the ritual decrease by two, which also drains away a single success from the total. In addition to helping newly Reborn Sefekhi, this Hekau has been used to treat violent criminals and negotiate with dangerous factions.

LOYAL COMPANION

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Animal Ken + Necromancy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 2 per Background rating of the Companion

Most Companion spirits resulted from very loyal animal spirits who were mummified long ago, often with little or no true Hekau involved. These days, most animals are frightened away or destroyed by the raging Dja-akh. This ritual allows one to mummify a loyal pet when it passes away naturally, so that it will continue to befriend the mummy as an animal companion. At least one success is required per rating point of the Companion Background, with failure indicating that the creature simply continues onward to a normal afterlife. Otherwise, the creature becomes a companion to the mummy according to the Companion rules (*Mummy*, pp. 64-65). It bears repeating that the animal must have been a loyal pet in life and must have died through no fault of the mummy.

OPEN THE SEBKHET

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Necromancy

Difficulty: Shroud rating

Lifeforce: 3 + (1 per additional subject)

Literally, "Open the Fiery Door," this spell tears a hole in the Shroud just long enough for the one subject (usually the mummy) and one additional person per point of Lifeforce spent to slip into Duat. The mummy cannot force anyone to enter the gate, nor can she prevent the wrong people from slipping through if they move quickly. If fewer than the maximum number of people enter the gate, the gate closes whenever the Storyteller deems that the current scene has ended. Otherwise it snaps shut behind the last person to use it. This spell allows the caster and her associates to enter the underworld in physical form. Doing so is very dangerous, but it can be useful. For one thing it allows one to bring along phylacteries and sanctified chattel. Additionally, this spell can be cast from the Duat to open a door to the physical world, so some mummies use it to travel in the spirit realm to other physical locations. Certain Children of Osiris say that the Bane mummies may have used it to trap living creatures in the realms of the dead as part of their schemes to appease Apophis.

SHADOW TALISMAN

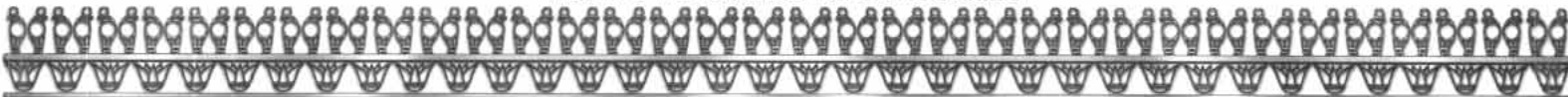
Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Perception + Necromancy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 1/3 the cost of amulet touched (minimum of 6)

By grasping a magical amulet and performing the proper incantations, a mummy may create a shadowy version of it that he can bring with him into the underworld. The duplicated amulet loses its powers while the shadow amulet exists, but its powers return to it as soon as the two are touched together. The shadow amulet possesses the same powers as the amulet it was created from, but its powers function only in the underworld. Though the user may wear the shadow amulet in the realms of the living, he takes the shadow amulet with him into Duat when his spirit leaves his body. The shadow amulet retains its powers for a number of months equal to Necromancy + Balance or when the original amulet and its shadow are touched together. In either case, the shadow amulet ceases to exist, and the original amulet regains its normal powers. If the shadow amulet is somehow destroyed while the character is in Duat, so is the original. If the original is destroyed, the shadow amulet ceases to function. The shadow amulet is as sturdy in the underworld as the real amulet is in the Lands of the Living.





SPEAR OF ANUBIS

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Stamina + Necromancy

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 4

By cutting open his palm, a Reborn may grasp the nothingness of oblivion and form it into a dark spear. This spear of unnatural energy may be used as a melee weapon, though it causes one non-soakable lethal wound to the caster every round in which he uses it. The spear may be thrown, but it disappears shortly after leaving the caster's hand. The dark spear does four dice of aggravated damage that bypasses all mystical and mundane defenses. Targets may soak this damage with only their Balance or Corruption rating. The difficulty to soak the spear's damage is equal to the creator's Necromancy rating + 1.

WALKING IN THE SHADOW OF ANUBIS

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Wits + Necromancy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 2 + variable

By envisioning a nearby place, the mummy may pierce the Shroud between worlds to travel there. This spell allows the caster to quickly step into the spirit world and reappear in the living world at a specified point. The travel is instantaneous, and the destination must be chosen before the spell is attempted. The journey into the spirit world is brief, uncomfortable and quick. For reasons known only to Ma'at, objects made of gold or glass cannot be passed through. Use of this spell is impossible in areas whose Shroud rating is higher than the caster's Balance rating.

Circumstance	Additional Lifeforce cost
Every fifty feet traveled	+1 Lifeforce
Intervening stonewall or plastic window	+1 Lifeforce
Intervening metal wall or door	+2 Lifeforce
Heavy metal object (such as lead)	+3 Lifeforce

LEVEL SEVEN NECROMANCY

CASTING AWAY

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Necromancy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 5

By opening a rift between the two worlds, the Reborn may cast a victim's body and spirit into the spirit storm that ravages the underworld, where only a few ever find their way back. Upon completing this spell, the player makes an opposed roll against the victim using his character's Necromancy rating versus the target's Willpower rating against a difficulty of 7. If the victim has a Balance rating, she may use that instead of her Willpower rating, and her difficulty is only a 6. If the victim has no powers that allow her to traverse the spirit storm or the Lands of the Dead, she is lost for an amount of time depending on the successes rolled above and beyond hers in the opposed roll.

Net Successes Time Lost in the Spirit Storm

One	One Day
Two	Two Days
Three	One Week
Four	Two Weeks
Five	One Month
Six	One Year

DARK WALL OF HATSHEPSUT

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Thanatology + Necromancy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 2

By means of this potent spell, the Reborn may form an oily black sphere of power in the underworld composed of his or her own life force. Although the warded area may be no larger than a conventional room, the dark wall prevents spirits from crossing its boundaries in either direction, and the Shroud rating of the warded area increases by four (to a maximum of 10). Both of these effects last until the end of the scene or until the caster is no longer within sight of the warded area, whichever comes first. This powerful incantation is rumored to have been developed by the ancient Shemsu-heru Hatshepsut, while engaged in her underworld role as the tireless guardian of Khem.

EMPOWER BA

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Necromancy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 10





Ultimately, the ease with which a mummy can be resurrected depends upon how well her ba spirit can negotiate the underworld. This ritual empowers the ba portion of the soul associated with the body touched by the magician, strengthening its sense of duty and attracting the attention of benevolent spiritual contacts. Without investment of effort on the part of the recipient of the ritual, this boost in energy is temporary and grants an additional dot of Ba Background rating for each success for the remainder of the scene. The ritual also acts as an appropriate reason for one to gain in permanent Ba Background, however, and the recipient may choose to spend experience to add to her permanent rating as per p. 146 of *Mummy*.

EMPOWER KA

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Thanatology + Necromancy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 10

The study of necromancy exceeds simple understandings of the body and the nature of death. It transcends such basics to engage in study of the soul. Ultimately, the study of the soul leads one to better protect the body. This ritual empowers the ka portion of the soul associated with the body touched by the magician, strengthening its sense of duty and preservation. Without investment of effort on the part of the recipient of the ritual, this boost in energy is temporary and grants an additional dot of Ka Background rating for each success for the remainder of the scene. The ritual also acts as an appropriate reason for one to gain in permanent Ka Background, however, and the recipient may choose to spend experience to add to her permanent rating as per p. 146 of *Mummy*.

HEART OF REINCARNATION

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Thanatology + Necromancy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 8

Similar to the Heart of Life ritual, this rite allows a necromancer to overcome even the total destruction of his own body in order to be resurrected. The magician crafts some object, often a small one, which typically contains a bit of his blood (although males may also use semen, if so desired). If the mummy's

body is ever completely destroyed, he may activate the Heart of Reincarnation. Upon activation, which requires a second use of the ritual cast from the underworld, the Heart of Reincarnation bears the essence of the Amenti. If the item ever touches a woman during conception, the resulting child will bear the soul of the Amenti, who will be reborn according to his biological parentage, except that he will retain all prior knowledge. Storytellers who feel that the soul might enter the body later than conception may extend the window of opportunity. A newborn who results from the use of this Hekau is still a mummy, simply with a new body that must mature as is normal for child mummies.

SEPARATE KHAIBIT

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Necromancy

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 2

As the necromancer's mastery of her soul increases, she may attempt much more daring feats. One particularly dangerous trick is to separate one's khaibit and set it upon her enemies. The khaibit becomes a dark entity that acts at the behest of the magician, functioning in the same manner as the spirit that results from a Call the Khaibit spell (*Mummy*, pp. 122-123) for the remainder of the scene. The big advantage here is that the mummy is not rendered unconscious and that she does not lose control over her khaibit's actions. While the khaibit remains separated, however, the Amenti may not spend any Willpower points, and he suffers a +2 difficulty penalty to all aggressive actions as those energies are focused in the khaibit instead. Nevertheless, she may continue to act, and she will probably do so far more rationally than she might have done otherwise.

SPIRIT THE BODY AWAY

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Occult + Necromancy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 1

All the tomb preparation in the world won't mean a thing if you are stranded in enemy hands when you die. A mummy who has just died can cast this spell in order to spirit her corpse away to her own tomb. Each mummy may only have a single tomb





attuned to the use of this spell, and the spell must be inscribed within the tomb in preparation for its eventual use. Obviously, the mummy cannot cast the spell if she has no remaining Lifeforce. If she does not cast the spell before the end of the scene, then it cannot be cast. Certain defenses raised by enemies might prevent the use of the spell, especially if they can drive the mummy away from the underworld surrounding her body. If the mummy succeeds with the spell, the corpse is literally rendered into spirit briefly and then transported through the underworld to her tomb, where it is deposited in its proper place.

TRANSFIXING GAZE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Thanatology + Necromancy

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 2 + (1 per additional target)

The mummy's eyes burn with the knowing light of a true master of Necromancy. All victims selected must roll their Willpower with a difficulty equal to the caster's Necromancy rating and achieve more successes than the mummy's player did on his spell roll. Those who fail to achieve enough successes are transfixed as they struggle with the inner turmoil of their khaibit for a number of rounds equal to the successes achieved on the spell roll. Once victims have regained control of their bodies, they immediately lose a temporary Willpower point from the shock of the ordeal.

LEVEL EIGHT NECROMANCY

BARRING THE GATES

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Thanatology + Necromancy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 10

This ritual has an effect exactly like the level-seven Necromancy spell Dark Wall of Hatshepsut, except that an area the size of an entire city block may be warded from ghostly contact, and the Shroud rating increases by five. If this ritual raises the Shroud rating above 10, treat all those inside the warded area (including the spirits) as having a ward rating versus spirits and Necromancy equal to the amount above 10. The barrier created by Barring the Gates lasts as long as the creator's ba remains in his body. Just as

with the Dark Wall of Hatshepsut, this power's effect is visible only in the underworld.

CALL OF OBLIVION

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Necromancy

Difficulty: Willpower of target

Lifeforce: 10

Ultimately, everyone dies and enters the underworld; even ageless vampires and masterful mages may be consigned to death. Some struggle to hold onto the physical world, even in death, unable to accept their fate. Most who die pass into the Duat and travel to whatever destination beckons their soul, though a few linger to haunt the spirit realms related to their lost life. Mummies say that they are the embodiment of what was supposed to be — human beings should have been able to move from the Lands of the Dead to the Lands of the Living eternally. Yet the balance of Ma'at was tipped and the Creator's plans set awry. This spell is cast using a resisted, contested roll of the caster's Cosmology + Necromancy against the subject's Willpower (who rolls against a difficulty of 6). If the mummy acquires even a single success more than the victim does, his target instantly dies (regardless of health levels), and her soul is immediately transported to where it most properly belongs. For a suffering person who has been broken by the world yet never done evil, this destination might be the Fields of A'aru. For a creature such as a Bane mummy, most believe it means finally standing before the Judges of Ma'at. (For whatever reason, this spell has never been successful against any true Bane mummy.) Some souls are sent on to transcend their current life and be reborn again as a new child in the world. Indeed some scholars of the soul suggest that this is one of the possible results of being devoured by Amemait. The Amenti cannot control what happens once she casts the spell, as the soul's path is chosen by the forces of Ma'at. Mummies killed by this spell may return from death as normal, but they must first face whatever fate awaits them in the underworld. Each extra success with the spell automatically dispels one lesser effect that might otherwise prevent the proper entry into the Duat. For example, a single extra success might remove the false veil of the Eating the Heart ritual, or remove the spiritual contract that consigned a soul to servitude to a sorcerer.





PROMISE MADE BEFORE AMMUT'S SCALES

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Charisma + Necromancy

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 3 x target's permanent Willpower rating

By sending a plea to the Judges of Ma'at, a mummy may create an undying servant out of a willing mortal. The greater part of that mortal's soul now resides in the mummy's body and accompanies her on travels in the spirit world in a constant state of slumber (it cannot speak or act). When the servant's body dies, the lesser part of his soul immediately rejoins the part the mummy keeps with her. The Reborn may then place this lesser ba into any receptacle capable of holding such a thing, such as an effigy or a mortal body lacking a soul. To place this lesser ba back into the original body that the servant possessed requires the careful accumulation of the original body's pieces and then its restoration by powerful magic.

The Reborn may communicate with such a servant mentally over any distance as long as both are in either the spirit world or the Lands of the Living. Aside from near immortality, the servant gets the following benefits. She may now soak lethal damage, she now has a starting Balance and Lifeforce rating equal to one third the caster's own (round down), and she may purchase points in the Awareness Talent with experience.

The servant loses a permanent Willpower point whenever her body dies, and her actions are judged by Ma'at as if they were the mummy's own.

UNMAKING

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Cosmology + Necromancy

Difficulty: 8 or target's Balance, whichever is higher

Lifeforce: 35

The ritual of unmaking allows the caster to send anyone or anything, body and spirit, into the depths of oblivion, erasing it from existence (though not from memory). The person or thing to be sent must be present during the full course of the ritual and preferably immobile. This ritual almost always results in the loss of Balance. This ritual can physically destroy creatures with a Corruption rating, but their spirits continue on through the will of Apophis.

LEVEL SIX NOMENCLATURE

ECHO THE LESSER NAME

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Research + Nomenclature

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 1

The energy of the universe flows through everything differently and is shaped by each unique interaction. Over time, the master of Nomenclature Hekau learns to recognize the patterns in the ebb and flow of Sekhem and can make incredibly accurate guesses about their origins. Eventually, she can even echo the true name of something despite her not knowing it personally. This ritual allows the magician to temporarily enact Nomenclature Hekau as though she knew the ren of a non-unique type of target. That is, she may echo the ren of fire or granite or sand, but not of a specific person or anything else that qualifies as significantly unique enough to have its own true name. The Reborn must sense the intended target while casting this ritual, and it is the ren of the chosen target that will be temporarily provided. The magician doesn't actually know the ren, she merely becomes capable of echoing it in the use of her other Nomenclature magic. The Amenti may echo the ren for one turn per success gained on the Hekau roll. Magic that protects the ren of the intended target is effective against this ritual and may foil the attempt.

NAME OF SEKHEM

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Awareness + Nomenclature

Difficulty: Target's Willpower or 7

Lifeforce: None

As one progresses in studying the names of the universe, one eventually realizes that even the energy that flows through it possesses a name that can be used to control it. With this spell, any single source of Sekhem the mummy can see may be targeted, and each success allows her to transfer one point of Lifeforce to either herself or another suitable target. Name of Sekhem does not allow any target source to store more than its normal limit. Obvious targets from which to take Lifeforce might be Vessels or other mummies, but the spell may also siphon energy from holy places within or outside of the Web of



Faith. It may even be used to draw upon the single point of Lifeforce that most mortals possess. A botch with this spell will release all of the caster's own Lifeforce energy at one time, catapulting her into semektet. If the spell reduces a mummy to zero Lifeforce, whether because she was the target or due to a botch, the effects of semektet are invoked.

NAME OF SKILL

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Academics + Nomenclature

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 1 per dot gained

Groups of items receive their own names, and similarly even bodies of knowledge can be defined with a single title. This spell taps into the true name of a Talent, Skill or Knowledge in order to empower the magician with an increased degree of aptitude. Each success grants one dot in the Talent, Skill or Knowledge the magician invokes for the duration of the scene. Each Ability possesses its own ren and each must be learned independently from the others. For example, the Name of Skill (Archery) spell grants the mummy increased dice for the purposes of Archery rolls, but unless she also knows the true name of Firearms, she cannot add to her skill with guns. Bonuses to Abilities do not stack, and only the highest bonus applies.

Alternatively, this spell may be used as an attack. Provided the Reborn gains at least

one success after the victim's resistance, if any, the spell reduces her respective Ability by one dot per success for the remainder of the scene. If the victim does not possess any rating in the respective Ability, or if the spell would reduce the Ability below a rating of zero, there is no further effect.

RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Enigmas + Nomenclature

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: Target's current Willpower

Names act as a dictionary of the mind, allowing one to order his thoughts and communicate concepts. Some evidence suggests that significant memories do not begin for mortals until they first attach a name to something they wish to remember. The vacuum left by a lack of knowledge can easily consume the attention of curious-minded creatures like humans. This spell invokes a question that requires the victim to supply the proper answer. Only when she names her answer successfully may she then focus upon other matters. Even a single success forces a victim to focus entirely upon finding the correct answer to the question posed by the caster and upon answering his riddle. The spell automatically ends the moment the victim determines the correct answer to the question and announces it aloud, but the spell never lasts longer than one day per success gained on the Hekau casting roll in any event. The caster does not





have to know the correct answer to the riddle herself. Indeed, some practitioners may use this spell in order to force a victim to give a truthful answer. Other Amenti use the spell to cause someone to meditate upon a problem to the exclusion of all else, in the hopes that her intellect can achieve a breakthrough revelation.

LEVEL SEVEN NOMENCLATURE

BECOMING THE PERSON

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Empathy + Nomenclature

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 6 + 2 per day

This dangerous spell lets the Reborn physically, mentally and spiritually *become* the person whose true name he utters. Only the ab and ren of the caster let him recall who he really is. While it might be used on occasion to masquerade as the other person, the real reason the spell was developed was to allow the Imkhu and other gifted mummies to truly understand another being. They even purposely built in a safeguard. The spell ends as soon as it is not being kept active with Lifeforce expenditure. Nevertheless, for each day that the Amenti remains in the form of another being, he must roll Willpower + Balance against the Willpower rating of the person he has become. Failure indicates that the mummy truly forgets who he is, acting completely like the being he has become until the spell ends. If control is maintained, the mummy can end the spell at any time. The spell may even allow a mummy to assume the form of another supernatural creature, though doing so is even more dangerous. When the spell ends, the Amenti may attempt to recall impressions of the being as though each success gained casting the spell were one point of Memory Background with the assumed being as the "First Life" in question. Such knowledge is limited to things the mummy experienced, pondered or discovered during the duration of the spell, though this may still be of significant benefit. As the personality of the original mummy reasserts itself, memories gradually fade, and the temporary Memory Background gained from the spell is lost entirely at the conclusion of the story.

ECHO THE GREATER NAME

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Research + Nomenclature

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 1

This spell acts the same as the Echo of the Lesser Name, except that it can allow the mummy to temporarily echo the true name of a person or unique creation. As with the lesser ritual, this ability only lasts for a single turn per success the mummy obtains. Any and all resistances the target may employ still apply and can easily foil this attempt.

NAME OF THE ATTRIBUTE

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Meditation + Nomenclature

Difficulty: 8

Lifeforce: 1

Just as Skills possess their own names, so do the inherent Attributes of creatures possess a ren that can control their use. This spell grants a single dot of the respective Attribute that may be applied to the Reborn's uses of that Attribute until the end of the duration. Alternatively, the spell's benefits may be granted to someone other than the Hekau's caster. As usual, the bonus is subject to the rules for Greater Attribute Endowments (p. 155). Each Attribute's ren is different, so an Amenti will have to learn the name for the Attribute of Strength separately from that of Intelligence. It is worth noting that although the generic descriptor "strength" may sound the same as the Attribute's designation, they are not truly the same idea, and therefore the true name is different. Additional Attribute dots gained through this spell disappear at the end of the scene.

Alternatively, this spell may be used as an attack. Provided the Reborn gains at least one success after the victim's resistance (if any), the spell reduces the targeted Attribute by one dot for the remainder of the scene.

LEVEL EIGHT NOMENCLATURE

NAMES OF THE FORGOTTEN

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: History + Nomenclature

Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 20





The destructive Nomenclature ritual Forgetting the Person literally erases a person from the universe, causing everyone and everything to forget him as though he never existed. Certain members of the Imkhu and the Ishmaelites, however, believe that even an individual so erased never truly disappears. They reason that the universe may be made forgetful, even as a mortal might forget something, and that its memory may be similarly refreshed. By examining traces of unexplained events and history, the practitioner deciphers possible names for a victim who has disappeared from reality. Unfortunately, as the universe has forgotten the victim, the Reborn cannot tell one shapeless name from another, and thus must randomly invoke the name's formless shadow without truly knowing which being it is that she is calling back. To date, none of the Imkhu have risked using the spell, as they know full well that too many terrible enemies of Ma'at might be restored to existence by accident. Some theorize that other rituals and spells might help make the correct choice, but none of the Imkhu have yet tested this theory. Unless some other force has modified the name, which is highly unlikely given the fact that the universe itself has forgotten the victim, the victim returns to existence exactly as he was at the moment that Forgetting the Person removed him. For many, this also means that they would have to overcome the righteous death they suffered before their erasure from the world.

NAME OF THE WILL

Type: Spell

Dice Pool: Meditation + Nomenclature

Difficulty: 7

Lifeforce: 1

One of the defining characteristics of humanity is said to be free will. Whether this is universally true or not, this powerful spell certainly grants significant power by investing the recipient with the essence of the ren of Willpower itself. The spell may be cast upon oneself or upon another. Each success immediately grants one temporary point of Willpower. This temporary point may even exceed the permanent Willpower rating of the recipient, though all

excess points disappear if not used within one day. The effects of this spell do not stack, and multiple applications only endow the target with the highest rolled result; any Lifeforce spent thus is wasted.

Alternatively, this spell may be used as an attack. This application of the spell reduces a target's temporary Willpower by one dot per net success, after any resistances she may have.

RENAMING THE HEKAU

Type: Ritual

Dice Pool: Occult + Nomenclature

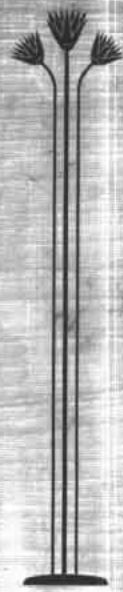
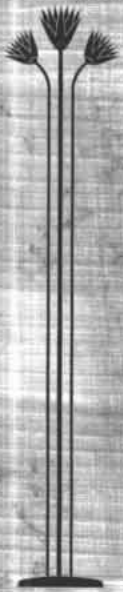
Difficulty: 9

Lifeforce: 20 + target Hekau's cost

Even the powers of magic have their own names, and indeed the lesser spell Name of Hekau allows one to attempt to control the use of any supernatural power whose name is known. A few truly great Hekau practitioners understand that even the very nature of magic can be altered. Any magic or supernatural power for which the caster knows the name can be altered in order to weaken, strengthen or change the effect of the magic in question for everyone who uses it anywhere. The Imkhu believe that this is the basis for the power that Osiris himself invoked in order to render the older version of the Spell of Life ineffective. Indeed, were some mages to know of this power, they might suspect it has been used a number of times throughout history. The ritual is exceedingly difficult to enact, requiring the ritual leader and his associates to overcome the combined Willpower of everyone who knows or can use the Hekau or supernatural power in question in a contested roll, with the Hekau casting pool of Occult + Nomenclature. Rare spells may prove easier to modify simply because few possess knowledge of them, while the use of a common vampire power such as Potence is too prevalent to easily affect because its power is known to too many. It is up to Storytellers to determine what specifically may be changed in their games, but it is not completely ridiculous to assume this ritual may be responsible for a few of the radical changes within the supernatural communities of the World of Darkness.







Chapter Six: Stories of the Soul

I KNEW THE MOMENT HAD ARRIVED
FOR KILLING THE PAST AND COMING BACK TO LIFE
—PINK FLOYD. "COMING BACK TO LIFE"

BACK TO THE BEGINNING

With **Mummy: The Resurrection**, players have the opportunity to roleplay a very different type of character from those found in most other roleplaying games. If there is a single strength to **Mummy**, that strength lies in its characters. Unlike most of the other inhabitants of the World of Darkness, the Reborn are bright spirits. Every one of them incorporates the theme of rebirth — in many ways, getting a second chance at life and a chance to correct mistakes. How many people wouldn't want that opportunity?

In addition to being thematically different, roleplaying one of the Reborn allows a player to really stretch her imagination. Unlike characters from other games, the Amenti are the fusion of two soul shards forged together to create an individual mightier than the separate pieces. As a player, you can do anything you want with this idea, even going to the point where it feels like two or three different characters sharing a single body.

Even though **Mummy: The Resurrection** focuses on the Amenti as the "stars of the show," players may also choose to create one of the Andean Teomallki or the mysterious Wu T'ian as a character. The Teomallki represent many cultures that modern popular culture tends to overlook. Many records indicate that the sand and clay

mummies of the Andes predated even the tombs of the Egyptian pharaohs. Furthermore, these spirits have returned many times in the past to try to protect their people. It can even be said that the spirits of the Teomallki merge more fully with their modern counterparts, creating a character more equally split in personality and perspective between the past and present than that of any Amenti.

The Wu T'ian have similar abilities, but their immortality is quite distinct from that of the other Reborn. They are more complete souls, in a sense. They have not lost a flawed part of their nature, nor are they beholden to earlier Reborn as are the Teomallki. Rather, it is the strengths of their characters that led the Eight Immortals to choose them as servants of heaven. They are marked by the Quest, and it is along this path that they so devoutly drive themselves. Few creatures in this bleak World of Darkness remain as pure as the Family of Heaven.

This chapter helps players explore the themes, moods and conflicts of a **Mummy: The Resurrection** chronicle. It's meant to put everything together from tactics to philosophy. This chapter should give a perspective on what to do when a character dies and how to roleplay an ancient priestess fighting a corrupt accountant inside your character's head without driving yourself, the Storyteller or the other players completely crazy.

Ultimately, this chapter is about having fun playing **Mummy: The Resurrection**. Use what you want. Discard



anything you don't like. Just have a good time. Like everything the Storytellers get to read, this too is optional. Have fun.

IT'S YOUR CHARACTER

The most important part of creating a fun, enjoyable character is simply to make sure you like her. It sounds easy, but it's not always. You don't have to like the character as a person, but if you, the player, don't enjoy your character's adventures, then quite simply, no one else will either. Most players who have trouble in a chronicle will at some point or another tell their Storyteller things like, "I just don't like this character," or "He isn't working out like I thought he would." Many times, a player will tough it out, though, continuing to play a character he can't stand and not have fun, presumably for the sake of the chronicle and his friends. While this type of self-sacrifice is admirable, it rarely works out well.

Remember, it's your character. You are telling a group story, crafting a shared myth with each other. Please don't force yourself through it. If you don't like your character, talk it over with your Storyteller and change things. This isn't a drama contest where you need to maintain consistent roleplaying in character or else. Roleplaying police don't indiscriminately visit game sessions to make sure a character is played with a consistent personality. Besides, real people do strange things. Individuals are not predictable. How many stories are told of people who woke up one morning and decided to change their lives? Religious conversions happen all the time. People change careers. Relationships end and begin all the time, with little warning. Never be afraid to change a character.

Players are responsible for playing their characters and doing their best to create an enjoyable chronicle for the rest of their troupe. You control your character. You decide what she does, what she likes, and where she's going. Like an old adage, a good Storyteller can lead characters to water, but only the players can decide to drink. Enjoy your character. Love your character. If you have a character you don't like, take the responsibility for transforming her into someone you enjoy playing.

Here are some ways to justify a slight or even a radical shift in personality. In this game, your character has experienced a soul-altering event. His whole perspective on reality has just been turned on its side and been shaken a few times for good measure. If you decide that you want him to change over the course of a chronicle, change him. Change can do some good. Please consider warning your Storyteller before changing the character too much. You should also consider talking your decision over with the other players in the group and explaining your character's

new focus. If nothing else, giving them a bit of warning may make the transition easier.

If you want to change your character, you can do all sorts of things. Adding material to a character's background can free you to undergo a plausible personality shift while helping the chronicle. Obviously, the Storyteller will have to help, but give your Storyteller some options in regards to a personality shift. She will thank you for offering solutions to her new storytelling challenges, rather than just giving her problems. A well-informed Storyteller is much more likely to create subplots for a character.

Memory is an important theme in **Mummy: The Resurrection**. An easy way to add changes to your character would be to have memories of the First Life come back to her, adding a new twist to her background. Forgotten memories of the Second Life could also return. Maybe the trauma of Rebirth caused a character to forget part of her more recent past?

A life event may precipitate a change in personality. Epiphanies make good solo sessions, since they can be tedious for a group to sit through. For the Wu T'ian, a visit with a servant of the Eight Immortals would be an appropriate time to find new enlightenment. A Teomallki might have an experience with her descendants or relive powerful memories. For the Amenti, a meeting with the Judges of the Dead would provide a good reason to have an epiphany. Of course, mundane events work just as well. Any powerful emotional scene could set off a character change, particularly the death of a loved one.

If nothing else works and you can't get into your character, consider a final option. Start a new character you *do* like. Let everyone know what's happening. Don't surprise your Storyteller and fellow players with a suicide attempt. Attempts to kill a character by taking needless risks or simply being stupid during a game session never work. Those actions only anger other players as they try their best to save your character, only to find you attempting to foil them. With the weight of immortality bearing down on your character, retirement for a few centuries may well fit, and your old character could simply disappear (with the option for the Storyteller to use her for all sorts of nasty plots).

Again, make sure you have fun.

A FEW BASICS

Once you start playing your character, there are a few things to keep in mind. In many ways, your character is human, just like everyone else — eating, breathing, etc. — but life after death does have its differences. So, here are a few of the little things.



The Reborn have much more powerful senses than most mortals. They experience life on a level that many cannot. While they may not have "super" powers of sensing, they are aware of the feel of the fabric on their skin. They pay attention when the sun shines through their windows, warming the air around them. They listen to every little noise going on around them. They notice that every tree is a different shade of green. They hear the wind when it blows. They also choke on the smog and ozone of the cities. They taste the additives and chemicals in our food. They feel pain much more intensely than mortals do. While playing your character, keep these things in mind.

The Reborn also experience emotion with a greater intensity than mortals do. Passions flow through their veins like the ocean tides. They experience love, hate, fear and anger more strongly than normal humans. The Amenti have learned to keep these passions in check over the years, yet when they give themselves over to their feelings and slip away from Ma'at, disaster may follow. While the Teomallki and Wu T'ian follow their own philosophies, powerful emotions may easily lead them to distraction.

Ma'at guides the Amenti. It is not simply a philosophy of life for them, it is an active part of their consciousness. Whenever you are about to have your character take an action that could threaten her balance, your Storyteller should inform you of the danger. With this sense of Balance, the Reborn has a sense of meaning in the world all around her. She doesn't have to worry about moral ambiguity, because she carries her own moral compass. If the Storyteller doesn't remember to warn his players about possible violations of Ma'at, gently remind her during a break in the game. A player could also try tactics such as stating in session that your character listens to her inner balance. Remember that a good player needs to work with the Storyteller, not attempt to undermine her authority. No one likes a rules lawyer, especially in a story-driven game.

The energy of Ma'at flows through the Reborn. The Amenti can feel the power of Ma'at inside them, giving them energy and life. When a character has a high Balance rating, she'll have more life and energy. Think of it as a warm inner glow, like when someone first falls in love. Now, for the Amenti, this glow can stop magics and protect them from the supernatural. They can even use the fires of life to drive away servants of Apophis and vampires.

A mummy also has an awareness of the spirit world and the land of the dead. Your character may get bad feelings about certain places or people. He may have sudden flashes of insight about the lands of the dead. When he is beyond the Shroud, he may use his Deathstight

to see impending doom. Knowing the future can take a heavy toll on a character. Do you decide to let things transpire as fate intends or intervene in hopes of making things better?

Each Storyteller has her own vision of how the Reborn work. Pay attention to how your Storyteller views the characters and their abilities. **Mummy: The Resurrection** can draw material from many other White Wolf games and a wealth of story possibilities from mythic lore. We encourage you and your Storyteller to look beyond the printed material and create your own vision. As long as everyone enjoys creating a good story, there are no limits.

ROLEPLAYING DUALITY

Your character is never alone. Forged from the joining of the tem-akh and a mortal soul, there are two different personalities living with the same character. The Teomallki have things even worse as two souls meet halfway in the bonding process. Only the Wu T'ian manage to escape the multiple-soul trap.

So, how exactly do you play two (or three) characters at the same time?

Answer: Any way you want. After all, you're the player.

With any Amenti character, you have three personalities to some extent living in the same being. First, there's the tragically flawed human who gets killed in the opening act of character creation. Second, you have a tattered shard of a powerful soul seeking rebirth. Finally, you have the mixing of the two. It can get confusing as to how to play your character and who really is in control.

Some players have plenty of experience playing multiple characters. Several games seem to encourage having more than one character. Other gamers are veterans of many chronicles with the magical ability to slip between different and distinct characters at a moment's notice. Let's have some fun for a moment. Imagine a hypnotist pulling memories out of an experienced roleplayer. There's one psychiatrist who may need her head examined after a session. Either that or she's soon to be a best-selling author about a book on reincarnation. Kudos to a bevy of good Storytellers.

Very few people would argue that it's easier to play multiple characters in a story-driven game. Even the best roleplayers can generally do a better job with one individual to focus their energies on than multiple distractions. Although Storytellers may shift between different characters, they normally aren't trying to figure out how two different personalities would mesh at the same time. In **Mummy**, players must cope with different personalities driven together in a single character. This game is all



about the conjoining of two individuals and learning how to play that fusion.

In **Mummy**, the easiest way to develop a full character and not go insane is to figure out in detail who each individual that becomes the mummy is. For the human soul, play the character, flaws and all. Figure out who she is, what's wrong with her, what she'd like to change, who she loves, what she hates. Go into detail and get a good grip on her life. This isn't just rhetoric. It's essential to ensuring yourself a good time with the character and getting the most out of your roleplaying. It's also easier to understand a fusion of two characters when you know who the fused are.

One of the most interesting things about **Mummy** is the fact that the Reborn is a partial personality, in the case of the Amenti, a remnant of its former self. Therefore, you don't need to know about ancient Andean or Egyptian culture to create a character. In fact, one of the more enjoyable aspects of the Amenti is determining what she doesn't remember or know. In some respects, it's the opposite of how you create the human. Pick a few events or important details for your character to recall from her First Life. Obviously, if you have a high Memory, you should go into more detail on your First Life. Check with your Storyteller about individuals you might remember. Many of the tem-akh's memories may start out sketchy (a few faces and places associated with a particular feeling or emotion). As the chronicle goes on, you may get the information you need to fill in the gaps.

The synthesis comes when the two merge. Figure out how the Amenti completes the human. That's the basis for the joining and the most important part of understanding how the character works. What exactly gets discarded when the weak parts of the soul are removed? To what extent does that change the personality of the human? In some cases, it may be a relief, like a great burden lifted off one's back. In others, it may be frightening. Perhaps they resent losing a part of themselves. How does the Amenti's perspective on his past life change by adding a modern personality and experiences? How does the Reborn's perspective on his modern life change by adding an ancient personality?

Looking over the different dynasties provides a good shortcut toward figuring out a character's ancient personality. Use the stereotypes as a guideline. The Sakhmu have a much different perspective than the Sefekhi. Just remember that the tem-akh is not the full character. Most of the personality, at least initially, comes from the character's Second Life.

If you get the chance, you may find it enjoyable to roleplay through the whole process of becoming Reborn. Go through the hajj with your Storyteller. Experience the ritual

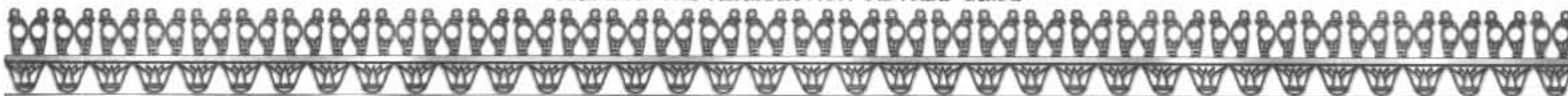
of rebirth. Learn about which part of the modern soul is shed, and which pieces the Amenti adds. It gives both of you an opportunity to get comfortable with the new character. You can learn how both sides work independently of each other in the same body. If you have trouble relating to your creation during this solo session, that's okay. After all, she's just gone through the traumatic experience of death and rebirth.

Once the rebirth is complete, the resulting character is someone very strange. The mummy has a deep character formed from the experiences of two lifetimes and cultures. Her personal weaknesses are no more, and now she's bound up in a strange and mystical world with responsibilities and enemies. Weaknesses of character are often the flip side of strengths. If the character was a cutthroat businessman in his Second Life who exploited his customers to make a fortune, how is he going to keep his fortune now without that same greedy hunger? What will protect him from ruthless business rivals? He may have loved feeling like a protector to his weak-willed girlfriend, but will he even be interested in her once he recognizes their relationship for the codependent ego-validation machine it actually was? Even though getting rid of these personal flaws and weaknesses should generally benefit the mummy, modern society often rewards immoral behavior on different levels.

Keep in mind the perspective of the Amenti. Torn with memories of the Duat and a long-forgotten ancient civilization, she must try to reconcile her past with the events of the present. What are her limitations? Don't be bound by the limits in the rulebook. What you have there is a good start, but if you can come up with better limitations based on your character concept, discuss them with the Storyteller and go for it.

Most players regard the tem-akh as a demigod come to save the mortal from damnation, a character doesn't have to be that way. The tem-akh may need their mortal soul as much, if not more than the reverse. Consider the terrible horror that the tem-akh has witnessed. All of her companions of centuries destroyed in a single terrible event. The flaws of the mortal are gone, but the flaws of the tem-akh remain. While the tem-akh must be a bastion of strength during the hajj, the true gravity of what has happened may overwhelm her after the rebirth. Is this what she wanted? Is this the person that she wishes to be part of now for all eternity? How much does she long for the rest of her memories and her past? She may be able to deal with facing down the undead servants of Set, but she might break down in tears every time she looks at the Washington Monument, thinking of the obelisks of home. If the tem-akh can't deal with the modern world, she needs to rely on her Second Life.

This type of experience may even get the mortal side of the soul irritated with the tem-akh. Imagine the inter-



nal dialogue, "Shut up about the barges on the Nile. I'm sorry that the Lands of the Dead are a class-5 hurricane, but I need you to help me finish this amulet or those mystical cannibal sickos who want our blood are going to eat us! They're your enemies, remember?"

Internal conflict can be fun to play up a bit. ("I keep turning on the football game, but by halftime, I'm somehow looking at another archaeological dig on public television.") Some characters might even talk to themselves. ("Okay, Angela, this would be a really good time to stop having flashbacks and just remember the spell to seal the Bane mummy's tomb!") "You know, Amenhotep, this is your good friend, Steve, and I'd prefer it if you'd get it through your head that the crocodiles at the zoo are not considered sacred animals.")

Naming is another major issue for the Reborn. What name will the character use? John Martin may not seem as exciting as Ramatet, but it may help keep the mummy grounded in the modern world. Other characters may want to escape from their Second Life and fully embrace their ancient heritage. They may even advertise what they've become. It isn't hard to find apartment decorations with Egyptian motifs. Storyteller characters may feel like they've stepped back in time when they visit a Reborn's home. On the other hand, immortal antiquities dealers are very stereotypical. Usually, this sort of behavior implies more of a lack of accepting the Second Life than recapturing the First Life.



At some point, though, the mummy needs to figure out who she wants to be. Would she rather be Susan Smith, who transforms herself into a tomb guardian when evil is about, or Nefertari, protector of ancient sites who has taken over Susan Smith's life with a mind to setting things right?

Throughout a chronicle, mortal responsibilities may conflict with immortal duties. Balance isn't always easy to maintain. Suppose a relative needs a blood transfusion from your character. Do you allow the transfusion, knowing that your blood has mystical properties that might draw the attention of medical authorities? Do you go through with the transfusion even though a coven of vampires plans to summon a creature from the darkness beyond into the world that very night? If David Smith typically gets shoved around during pickup games of basketball, but he switches into the mindset of Ahmose, greatest warrior of the 19th Dynasty, and accidentally breaks someone's jaw (or a backboard) with an elbow, how does he explain things? It can be like a superhero trying to switch from one identity to the other. A great example is in the first *Batman* movie with Michael Keaton, when Bruce Wayne confronts Jack Nicholson's Joker.

The point isn't to avoid conflict or the difficulties with duality. Embrace the challenge. Enjoy having fun with your character. Try to be consistent with your behavior. You may want to speak differently or sit up when the



tem-akh has more influence. This way your Storyteller and your fellow players have a better idea of what's going on. Encourage the rest of your group to do the same.

Another thing to consider is how your character will react the next time she dies. Death is a common part of **Mummy** chronicles. Dying is inevitable. The real question involves how long it will take to come back. Instead of what happened during the Second Death, the mummy now gets to wait around for resurrection. Both souls get to see the Lands of Dead. They may even get to hang out with Anubis. Be respectful. Don't mess with Anubis, even if he drops a character off somewhere dangerous and just vanishes. Just keep that in mind. If you don't want to play nice with ancient gods, don't say that no one warned you.

Among the dynasties, the Udja-sen don't have a truly sentient tem-akh. Many of the aforementioned suggestions about duality don't precisely apply to them, although each Udja-sen knows that she is part of a joining and she knows that something went wrong. Other Amenti feel a conscience; the Udja-sen have a void. This sense of emptiness can drive them to the depths of depression, or they can learn to overcome it and find a lasting peace, knowing that their tem-akh sacrificed everything for their life.

For the Teomallki, life is different. Tied to a living soul, the Teomallki are even more of a fusion of two personalities. The spirit of the Andean mummy is far stronger than the Amenti, although the resurrection isn't as complete. Neither the mortal nor the mummy have more control than the other. They don't have Ma'at to help them with judgments, so they must find their own Direction. Teomallki have the same issues of duality as the Amenti, but they must deal with them to a far greater extent. Now, the soul of the Second Life won't have the flaws that the nehem-sen of the Amenti do. For the Teomallki, this could make matters more complicated. How will a modern person deal with sacrifices? A Storyteller could even require a Willpower roll in some circumstances for the character to take an action that one personality might oppose.

The Wu T'ian experience a different life, but unlike the other Reborn, they don't share their body, mind or soul with anyone else. They still have a sense of duality, however, as they must weigh their recently lost mortal lives against their duties to heaven. Even though the right choice is obvious, even these enlightened souls feel trapped in their duties and long for freedom from the quest at times. The Wu T'ian recognize such struggles, but within their philosophy provisions are made for the care of the self. As a Wu T'ian gains in mastery over the Ten Heavenly Precepts, the sense of duality should fade.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR THE NEWLY REBORN

You die. You have a post-death experience that borders on the divine. Suddenly, you're alive again. You aren't yourself, at least not completely. In fact, for the moment, you're mostly someone entirely different. You must now desperately find a way to the Middle East. Of course, there's a small problem. You're still dead, at least as far as the world is concerned. You also might not be able to speak the language, much less read it. There's a time limit as well. If you don't get to the Middle East quickly enough, you might be dead again forever, or at least, never fully alive. Just a quick synopsis of what happens when an Amenti character enters play.

Now, this can be lots of fun to roleplay through and experience. It can also be frustrating. Imagine being lost in a foreign country where no one speaks your language and you have no papers or identification. Now, hopefully, the hajj will take care of itself, but even after you've entered the Web of Faith and been fully reborn, there are still issues.

First and foremost, there's the whole issue of being dead. How did your character die? If you passed quietly in bed and no one was around to find your corpse, then you may not have to worry. Of course, in the World of Darkness, shattered and twisted people rarely die so gently. If your character's death was discovered, then she has to make a decision. Does she try to go back to her former life, create a new identity for herself or fall out of society completely?

When you as a player are making this decision, keep the chronicle in mind. If your character decides to stay in the Middle East, but the Storyteller wants to run the game in New York City, then you'll both have a problem. Consider your fellow players and their characters as well. While this is generally the province of the Storyteller, you still have some responsibility for making sure everyone has a good time.

So, what happens if the character decides to go back to his former life? First of all, if he's supposed to be dead, he needs to untangle a few legal issues. Mistakes happen, so proving that he is alive shouldn't be that difficult. At the worst, he'll attract the attention of authorities and find himself on an FBI watch list. Complications for the Reborn are a fact of the Third Life. If he hasn't been gone long, he may even keep his property. Vacations and sick distant relatives make good excuses for an extended disappearance. For some characters, professional obligations may work as well.

The hardest part of returning to life is handling the people the mummy knew before she died. After rebirth,





the character's personality has changed. Strengths have replaced weaknesses. Her touch can heal. She glows with life and vibrancy. Any Storyteller character who was close to the character will notice a definite difference. Some may even suspect that something is wrong. Maybe they think she's won a lottery or started doing drugs. Depending on circumstances, both of those things might be good excuses. "I had a drug habit that I kept hidden, and I was gone three weeks for emergency rehab after an overdose. I'm clean now and feel alive for the first time in years." Curious friends or family may begin to probe a bit deeply, which leads to other issues.

If your character decides to create a new identity, then she has some work to do. Starting out at a shelter, she may provide herself with an opportunity to start a new identity from scratch. A character with resources or underground ties can pay someone to have a new identity made for her. The big problem with becoming someone else is starting over with limited resources. Organizations dedicated to the Amenti may help with establishing a new identity and even provide funds to help restart a mummy's Third Life. The greatest problem comes from people from her former life recognizing her. If so, she may have to answer some tricky questions. She may even face pursuit from former loved ones.

Falling out of society completely is another option, but fighting the minions of Apophis is difficult without resources. Allies may provide for the Reborn, but he will still have to adjust to a new life. The temptation to say goodbye to former haunts and to see old friends one last time, may lead to difficult situations. Most people in witness-relocation programs drop out because they can't completely give up their past.

After deciding what to do about death, the new Reborn has to decide how to approach people from her Second Life. Unless she gives up her identity, she will encounter people who knew her before rebirth. She'll have to face questions. Her presence may also place them in danger. What will she do?

First, for characters who have taken on a new identity, encountering former friends or enemies is disconcerting. Denial is one reaction. Many times characters can pretend that they simply aren't the person who died. This can make Storyteller characters more curious, rather than steering them away. It's particularly upsetting upon meeting a former lover, close friend or relative. Your character may end up with someone pursuing him, certain that she can prove the Reborn's true identity. She may think that your character has joined a cult (which he really has) or is involved in a witness-protection program. She may also decide that something bad has happened and try to "save" her friend from trouble. She may even hire professional investigators.

The Reborn can lie about what's happened to him. Who's going to believe or understand the truth? Deception tends to go against Ma'at, though, and it can cause more trouble. Once a lie begins, it spreads, and the Reborn's enemies may even find a way to use it. Any lie will eventually come out, and a deceptive mummy must realize that he's only gaining time. A well-crafted story provides a simple solution, but the Amenti must be careful to stay consistent and keep his facts in line.

Eventually, the Reborn will reveal the truth to a mortal. Initially, any normal person would probably refuse to accept the revelation. Most people would probably think that the Reborn is crazy, drugged out or even demon-possessed. Many will even refuse to accept direct evidence. A character may discover that convincing others of the truth is a far harder task than maintaining a lie.

Once they've accepted the Reborn's story, mortals tend to have a few different reactions. Some simply deny what they've learned and do nothing other than start avoiding the Amenti. Others decide that the Reborn is some type of monster and decide to destroy this supernatural threat. Voluntarily submitting to a religious cleansing, or even an exorcism, might defuse this reaction. True Faith and Balance work hand in hand, and the Reborn has little to fear from any religion.

Shortsighted, flawed souls may want to manipulate the Reborn. Unfortunately, as the Amenti's Second Life was one of flaws and weaknesses, her old cronies probably share those flaws. They may ask the Reborn to use his powers to help them. Some may want messages taken to the dead. Other may want their supernatural ally to destroy their enemies or give them enough money to live a life of luxury. Even worse, close friends might even try to become mummies themselves. They may interrogate the Reborn, demanding to know the secrets of immortality. Friends might become enemies, threatening to expose the Reborn unless he does their bidding. They might try to destroy their former friend out of a sense of jealousy and resentment.

Some people may worship the Reborn. Instead of treating him with friendship and kindness, such devotion creates cults around the mummy. These cults are always dangerous. Worshipers might appear useful at first, but they lead to violations of Ma'at. The temptation to take advantage of slavish devotees during times of crisis may lead to poor decisions. Crimes committed in the name of a character bring multiple problems.

The other problem with being treated as a god is that worshippers expect the mummy to perform miracles. Devotees may ask to have a Reborn raise someone from the dead or to desecrate a holy site as a show of religious power. If the Reborn doesn't have the ability or the desire to perform the requested miracles, the cult may well turn on him.





While mortal society poses many challenges for the newly Reborn, immortal society and its trappings can be worse. If a character doesn't have a strong rating in Memory, she may not know much about how she fits in with other Reborn. Rivals can take advantage of her, manipulating her to gain support with the resurrection cults or other Amenti. As a player, it's good advice for you to be careful not to commit your character to any one cult without gaining some knowledge about them. Now, if the Storyteller starts all the characters out as members of the Cult of Isis, then you can feel that your character is participating in the story.

Another issue for the Reborn is what to do with their body when they die. Having the Tomb Background and a powerful Ka Background are both good starts. On a practical level, though, it's not a bad idea to lay the groundwork for a new identity, which your character can assume as a backup if needed. Also, hiding duplicate keys and important papers isn't a bad idea. There's nothing worse than having no one water your plants because they couldn't get into your house while you were dead. It's very important for one of the Reborn to have an associate or two who they can trust to take care of things if something supernatural were to happen.

In addition to having backup plans for a new life, players may want to consider taking the time to set up fake tombs or false documents for thieves or enemies. A time-honored tradition, nothing protects the important things better than having someone think they've already stolen them. While not all characters may have the resources to have multiple residences or false tombs, a little creativity can go a long way.

The Reborn need workshops and laboratories for their Hekau rites and spells. Of all the paths of Hekau knowledge, only Nomenclature doesn't need a special preparation area. Whatever your character's area of specialty is, you should start building a preparation area and locate contacts who can provide or help procure rare materials or ancient knowledge. Alchemy suggests a giant laboratory with burners, beakers and numerous reagents. The creation of amulets requires materials and an area to craft them. Necromancers need access to corpses and elements of the dead. Old catacombs may be perfect for them, though they should be cautious of disturbing the dead too casually. One usually needs to carve statues or sculpt them from different materials in order to practice *Effigy Hekau*. A ritualist may enhance Celestial Hekau with star charts, pyramids, arches and an appropriate ancient-style observatory. Although Storyteller characters may be able to perform the artistic skills needed for your character to perform her magic, you would do well to invest experience into improving any relevant Abilities so that she doesn't need to rely on others for her Hekau.

With all of a mummy's enemies, she might want to add some security measures to her dwelling. Even an alarm system helps when minions of Apophis or a Bane mummy shows up unannounced. Security probably can't stop a Reborn's foes, but it can slow them long enough for an escape or just keep the Amenti from being surprised.

An Amenti who doesn't want to stay in the Middle East might want to enroll in a good frequent-flyer program, as travel to the Web of Faith is a necessity for the mummy. The Reborn must replenish their Sekhem, and the holy lands are the best places to do so. If she ever suffers from *semektet*, a state in which she slowly degenerates into a shambling lifeless corpse, she will need to restore her Sekhem quickly. Only the Web of Faith has the energy to reverse this condition. Also, the most powerful of the Reborn still live in their ancient homelands, and as time passes, social obligations among the Amenti may draw them to the Web of Faith.

On another matter, if a character discovers the secret of the preserving wraps that help sustain victims of degeneration, she should acquire as many as possible. *Semektet* is a terrible thing to experience. Extras of these wrappings will go a long way in the course of a chronicle. Also, as many characters as plausible should consider gaining the skills to make those wrappings.

The Web of Faith is the center of the world for the Amenti. Everything began there, and immortal society centers around it. Every Amenti character has her First Life beginnings within the Web of Faith. Whenever a new Amenti experiences rebirth, he must go through the hajj. What character with a sense of Ma'at wouldn't help another newly reborn soul survive that harrowing experience? Even for the Teomalki and Wu T'ian, the power of the Web cannot be ignored. The spiritual energy that resonates within this part of the world makes it a place that the Amenti will return to again and again.

If your character can develop a reason to visit the Middle East other than vacation over the course of a chronicle, it will help her keep mortal questions to a minimum. But what happens once she arrives in the Lands of Faith? She should learn about the modern cultures with whom she'll have to interact. She will have advantages if she can blend in with the peoples of the region. Your character could only benefit from learning to speak Arabic. While not completely necessary, a Western-based Reborn could create a Middle Eastern identity for herself.

The most important thing for a new mummy player to do is to spend a little while thinking about his character's needs from the character's perspective. If the character wants to live in the Sahara, then water will be an issue, but Sekhem may not be. Consider the chronicle and be careful, but not too careful.





GUIDING PRINCIPLES (THEMES)

Every chronicle is its own story, with its own themes, mood and conflicts. Ultimately, the Storyteller decides those things, but as a player, you are a part of that chronicle, and you share in the responsibility of creating a good story. Some themes are universal with characters in **Mummy: The Resurrection**.

FAITH

A mummy's existence depends on his faith. Being Reborn requires two acts of faith. The mortal soul must agree to take a chance on life again. The tem-akh must have the courage to join with the newly dead soul. Only through Ma'at can the mummy retain his Third Life.

Faith isn't an undying unwavering belief for the characters of the World of Darkness. Faith is constantly challenged, tested and redefined amid the conflicts of an ever darker world. The act of rebirth is a giant test of faith for a character. Nothing in her religious background would prepare an Amenti for her transformation. Even for the Teomallki who have a better awareness of what is about to transpire, the reality of the new being comes as a shock for sides of the soul. Although the Wu T'ian do not merge their souls with another being, having heaven choose you to save existence from the coming demon emperor is not something to take lightly.

The tem-akh has a great challenge of faith for himself when he begins the hajj. Depending on where he starts in the world, the hajj can seem insurmountable. Simply getting to the Lands of Faith and experiencing the Ritual of Rebirth is a testament to belief.

Faith in oneself continually arises over a chronicle. For a flawed character to undergo this transformation and then be presented with the challenges of immortality requires a lot of courage. When failure occurs for the first time, he may be tempted to find his old flaws. He may also doubt that his memories of his First Life may aid him in the Third Life. Still, he must constantly find the strength to rise up again. The nature of a mummy means that he will die, yet he must valiantly return, possibly to face the same foes who slew him before.

The setting of **Mummy: The Resurrection** calls for an examination of faith. The Lands of Faith play a central role in the World of Darkness. When a character visits the Web of Faith, she will be surrounded by the birthplace of three of the world's major religions: Judaism, Christianity and Islam. Religion sits at the core of life in these lands, and holy sites dot the landscape. Even though an Amenti

has ties to the gods of ancient Egypt, she cannot help but appreciate the passion and devotion of the people in the Lands of Faith. Some mummies turn to the religions of Abraham and work to reconcile them with their experiences.

Apophis and the forces of evil provide the greatest tests of faith for the Reborn. When an Amenti falls to Apophis's lures, it shakes the beliefs of all Reborn. As the Wu T'ian see the signs of the demon emperor's victory coming closer, they turn to faith to sustain them. For the Teomallki, just the confrontation with the modern world and the condition of their people is enough to test their faith. The Teomallki may have the hardest time, because unlike the other Reborn, they don't have their quest or Ma'at to serve as a moral compass. In many ways, they need to find faith far more than the other Reborn.

Awareness of a character's beliefs and how they change during your chronicle will enhance the roleplaying experience. No matter what type of chronicle you play, faith serves as a powerful personal theme for a character and her subplots.

PASSION

Passions permeate the lives of mummies. The Reborn have memories and experiences that normal humans can't even imagine. A character can have a love that he's sought after for thousands of years. He can hold a grudge for just as long, even as he realizes that it may hold him back from peace.

The Reborn are extremely passionate. Not all their powerful emotions come from past experiences of the tem-akh. They've come back from the dead. Anyone who has undergone a near-death experience develops a sense of inner peace and wonder and usually a true appreciation for the beauty of life. A mummy notices the things that modern people with jobs, bills and stress ignore. They take nothing for granted. Simple things like a smile or a bit of color on a gray sidewalk can cause the eyes of the Reborn to shine.

Mummies aren't all sappy or sentimental, but they do have a greater awareness of the world around them. They also cherish items, because they know that change is constant. All they need to do is reflect on the city of Amenti. If memories of the Dark Kingdom of Sand and the glory of Osiris are lacking, they can look at pictures of Egyptian ruins. The glory of the ancient monuments must have made it a magical inspiring land in its golden age.

When an immortal character becomes emotional, there is no telling what he might do. Death holds little fear for the Reborn; only Balance can keep them in check. When the cult that murdered a character's family resurfaces after centuries, how will she react?





How does a man deal with the fact that someone holds a thousand-year-old grudge against him for something his tem-akh can't even recall? How angry will a mummy become when the necklace she wore in her First Life is stolen from a museum? When one of the Reborn overreacts, the effects can be catastrophic.

The fire of new life that burns in a mummy fuels her passions and desires, but it also reminds him of his place in the cosmos. It keeps him in balance. Still, he must constantly fight an inner war between his raging emotions and his desire to do what is right.

As a player, you should feel free to have your mummy lose control every once in a while. Try to imagine how he feels in his new life. Stay aware of the story, however, and keep yourself in check. If you start ruining game sessions with unchecked emotional displays, you probably won't be gaming with your troupe for very long.

REDEMPTION

Another powerful theme for **Mummy: The Resurrection** is redemption. A Reborn is a phoenix, rising from the ashes of death. In your tem-akh's First Life, he failed. No matter what else he accomplished, the storm that consumed Amenti shredded his soul. He could not protect Osiris. In his Second Life, he suffered from his flaws and weaknesses, ultimately leading to death. Now that the Third Life has begun, both souls have a chance to set things right.

In a very real sense, the game is about second chances. Characters die, yet they get to come back to fix their mistakes. Very few things in **Mummy: The Resurrection** are absolutes. You can find opportunities for redemption throughout game sessions. If your character was a drug-addict, he can help another

character get into rehab. If he sacrificed his loved ones on the altar of corporate success, he can now go back and let them know his feelings. It's never too late to start over or to put things right.

RESPONSIBILITY

All of the Reborn have a great gift — the gift of eternal life. Now, they share the responsibility of protecting life and order in the universe. They are the servants of the divine, the instruments of the gods. All of Creation depends on them.

Responsibility weighs heavily on all of the Reborn. The Eight Immortals give the Wu T'ian missions. They receive instruction, and they must carry out the will of heaven. When they fail, they spend time in contemplation at the Gates of Heaven, preparing themselves so that they will not fail again. The Teomallki have lost their gods, but not their people. As they observe the world, they can hear the ancient voices of their people, calling out for help. They must not only perform the will of the gods, but they have to try to interpret the desires of their gods. The Teomallki have more choices to make than any of the Reborn, and they have only themselves as guides. The Amenti have their duty to Ma'at and their devotion to Osiris. They have fought Apophis, Set and many other evils over the millennia. They now have to aid the Shemsu-heru. They must maintain Ma'at, for without it, they will lose their gift.





The Reborn cannot escape their responsibilities. They try to keep all life protected and safe from harm. They know that they have great powers, and they strive to use them properly. The Amenti and Wu T'ian face judgment if they stray too far and forget why they are here. The Teomallki also have a sense that corruption can easily ensnare them if they aren't vigilant. Besides, the Teomallki are here to protect their people, first and foremost.

Your character should always feel the responsibilities of being Reborn on some level. If he doesn't stop Apophis, who will? If the Amenti fall from Ma'at, most of them know about the Bane mummies. They could spend the rest of eternity as an undying monster, a slave to evil. They could lose the gift of life and all its wonders. The Wu T'ian would become pawns of the demon emperor. The Teomallki could threaten those they exist to protect.

Desire and vice can tempt the Reborn. Sometimes, they can't bring themselves to carry on the struggle. They need a break. They can't handle the responsibility. Despair can break them. The Amenti fight and fight over the years, but they never win their war. They may doubt if victory is possible. The Wu T'ian know that the demon emperor will triumph. They must do their best to protect the world from his reign. The Teomallki may look at the world and feel that they have already lost.

Responsibility doesn't have to be just a burden. It can also be a source of strength. When the cosmos is in danger, a mummy can find the will to accomplish almost anything. When your character knows how important his actions are, what obstacles exist that he can't overcome?

THE PRICE OF ETERNITY

The one thing that separates the Reborn from humanity, more than any other, is immortality. Years pass in this world and the next, yet the Amenti must find a way to serve Ma'at. Their duty does not end. The Wu T'ian must survive to help protect the world from the demon emperor to come. The Teomallki have watched their charges for millennia. How can we as players understand the impact of eternal life?

Think of the world we live in today. How many of us would be stressed if our computers were taken from us? A mere 30 years ago, the personal computer was the stuff of science fiction. Few could have dreamt of the Internet. Eighty years ago, nuclear weapons didn't exist. News took days to cross the globe. Two hundred years ago, monarchs still ruled in Europe. Six hundred years ago, Europeans had yet to discover the New World or gravity. Almost two thousand years ago, Cleopatra, the last Egyptian pharaoh, killed herself. For the Amenti, most have existed for almost twice that period of time. Could we adapt to such

changes? How would our view of time change? What value would we place on the life-span of a human?

All chronicles in **Mummy: The Resurrection** have some sense of the sweep of time, even if only in flashbacks and character backgrounds. The backdrop of immortality deserves consideration when we decide what values our characters have. Mortal lives change over the decades, but how would an ageless being change?

In many ways, immortality is a blessing. The Reborn don't age the way mortals do. They have less to fear from the passage of time. They may have patience born from watching generations come and go. How long do you grieve the passing of your tenth mortal lover? The Amenti can be patient. Want material wealth? Invest in anything for a few centuries. There is time enough to do all the things that you want to do. In short, you know that you'll get all that reading done. A defeat that sets you back for a few decades may seem trivial to one who's been around for centuries.

Immortality is a curse as well. How many failures and tragedies can anyone experience without going mad? What if instead of separating yourself from mortals, you come to cherish their lives because of the shortness of them? How then do you cope? How much worse is it to see a child die for the Reborn? Memories are a source of pain and distant longings. The guilt of forgetting the past can be as dangerous as continuously living in it. How many faces remind you of people long gone?

For most mummies, immortality is a challenge. They recognize that eternal life brings a struggle all its own. Many turn to Balance, the laws of Ma'at, for guidance. As long as they maintain their faith and know their role in the cosmos, they can handle the torments and pleasures of eternal life. They find a path of comfort between detachment and caring, and between patience and action. They carefully walk along this path as if they were following Anubis through the Lands of the Dead. Still the weight of the years has broken many mummies, and all Amenti remain aware of its dangers.

Eternal life also changes the perspective of the Amenti. They know that with the passage of enough time, enemies may become friends, and friends may become enemies. They also know that it is hard to understand the true ramifications of actions immediately after they transpire. Sometimes events may occur that lead to results hundreds of years later. Nothing should be judged too harshly. In time, anything or anyone could be important. All the more reason that they rely on the wisdom of Ma'at.

The Wu T'ian are new enough and well-balanced enough in general that the issues of immortality do not disturb them too greatly. Most approach each day as they always do, with a calm focus on the quest. For them,





CHILDREN

The Reborn may produce children. If you decide that your character had children, then you open up numerous potential storylines. Your character may care for and dote after his children, even as they age while he doesn't. If he has already outlived them, then how does he treat his descendants? Is he just a crazy ancient uncle in the family, who everyone knows has lived forever? Does he secretly watch over his descendants? Has he abandoned them over time, knowing that he can't care for the multitudes of descendants as the generations pass? These are all important decisions that help define your character. If you want your character to have children, let the Storyteller know and see what you can do to flesh out his relations and their current situations. Apophis and his minions might well seek out the children of the Amenti in the hopes of subverting them or threatening them to cajole the Reborn into service.

For the Teomallki, the question of descendants is moot. They have descendants, and the descendants play a major role in their Third Lives. All Teomallki Reborn should work out where their families have gone and determine who remembers to venerate them.

immortality does not offer much solace, for they have their own urgency that makes time precious. As the destructive reign of the demon emperor looms ever closer, they must make certain that they are as ready as possible. Each day is valuable. They know that if they fail, they must return to the Gates of Heaven for contemplation, before attempting to complete the quest. As time passes, some of the Wu T'ian find this more difficult, although they recognize the value in recovering and seeking wisdom before revisiting failure. The heavenly precepts help guide them and instruct them to keep emotional distance from mortals. Although they may love, ultimately, they save their true devotion for the Family of Heaven. At least, they should.

The Teomallki have become accustomed to immortality through the years of rites. Their ties to mortal souls make their experiences quite different in this age than in the past. Still, they are well ready to accept the deaths of mortals and the cycles of life. Where they have difficulties are with the massive changes that have taken place in the world in just the last few centuries.

THE DEATH OF AHKENEMET

My dearest Sitra,

I cannot go on. I am sorry that it must end, but the years have become unbearable. I still remember so many living and dying. So many souls seeking eternal rest. How I have longed for rest! We have done so much together as lovers, rivals, friends and even rarely, as adversaries. Strange how time moves us. The soul that I have bonded with, no, the person that I am, he, I wish to see my family. I've fought Apophis for millennia. I've nearly fallen and been transformed into one of the Bane mummies. Were it not for your efforts, I would've lost my soul long ago. I do not wish to keep fighting until I have no strength. I wish to find lost Amenti in the Darkness Beyond. I know that there must be something more than oblivion. And if not, then I am ready to embrace oblivion and be at peace. I wish to have the quiet once more, as it was before my First Life. I am tired. I am bitter. I am in despair. I know these things, but I no longer wish to fight them. Goodbye, my love. My favorite memory from all my lives is the memory of our first meeting along the Nile. I hope you cherish the memory. Do not weep, but be happy. I finally leave the service of Osiris with a pure heart and great hopes. When your time comes, may eternal peace be yours, dearest Sitra.

Finally,

Ahkenemet (called Steve)

IMMORTALS IN A MORTAL WORLD

In many cases where the mortal side of the Reborn is not strong, the character may find himself in a strange alien world, our own. The Amenti suffer through periods of these difficulties, but they must especially be careful during the hajj. The Teomallki also have problems dealing with today's environment. Human behavior is one thing — people don't change — but technology is another matter entirely. The Wu T'ian have a greater understanding of the modern world, and in a mixed group of Reborn, the Wu T'ian might well have to serve as a modern-day guide.





We take many things for granted in the modern world. Sure, everyone can think about life without cellular phones, computers and television, but what about refrigerators? Imagine trying to get around a modern city without knowing about taxis, elevators or even stoplights. What if you couldn't read? Roleplaying an illiterate character, even if its only temporary, will give you a real insight to how people with reading difficulties must have trouble today. If your Storyteller is willing to do it, suggest that during the process of Rebirth she give you the chance to see the world through the eyes of the Amenti.

Modern weapons give common citizens power unimaginable in ancient times. A Teomallki would never expect an overweight middle-aged man to be able to kill dozens of people. Yet, with a single assault rifle, he could do just that.

If you find that the game emphasizes your character's First Life a bit too much, you might just want to have the mortal from the Second Life start doing a few more things. It won't hurt everyone's favorite immortals to be saved because your other half was a computer hacker. This is also a good way to remind your Storyteller that the modern half of your character is important too. In some games, everyone gets caught up in the Egyptian motifs and forgets the modern characters.

BALANCE

Ma'at is one of the most important forces in the lives of the Amenti. It is not simply the vampiric trait of Humanity. Balance resides at the center of the Amenti's existence. It is something that she knows and feels constantly. It is her tie to the cosmos, her place in the world.

From a game-mechanics point of view, Balance is the most important trait in the game. If your Balance falls too low, Osiris will send your character off to oblivion after judgment, or your character will fall to the temptations of Apophis. Don't expect to play a corrupted character in a group of Reborn. Your former character will more likely return to plague your fellow players and their characters for many game sessions to come. Balance has many other direct effects.

Balance provides many direct powers to the Reborn. It gives her strength of conviction, which lets you use her Balance score to resist supernatural and mundane attempts to manipulate or dominate her. In some circumstances, it may even add to your Willpower.

Balance also provides an Amenti with the strength to uphold Ma'at. She can use her score to stop a mage's magics from disrupting the cosmic order. While Balance doesn't work against Hekau or vampiric abilities, possessing the power to uphold Ma'at should not be taken lightly.

This is a function of Balance that as a player, you may want to have your character experiment with. Nothing lost if it fails, but successful use of it may turn the tide of combat against supernatural foes.

The power of Forbiddance belongs to the Reborn as well. This allows the mummy to drive off supernatural opponents, those out of harmony with Ma'at. In terms of game mechanics, you roll the character's Balance against his opponent's Willpower. This ability works against any malign supernatural influences. Ultimately, the Storyteller decides what makes a malign supernatural influence, but vampires and corrupted souls certainly fall into this category.

Balance puts a limit on some traits. Your score and your Hekau ratings cannot exceed your Balance. Attributes may increase up to your Balance rating. This allows mummies to gain supernatural characteristics, which their Reborn bodies can certainly use.

All Amenti receive the same basic game mechanics from Balance, but how best to uphold Ma'at varies from dynasty to dynasty. Even individuals may have particulars about Balance, based on their background. The Amenti prefer to believe that they all have the same perspective on Ma'at, but that's not the case.

KHER-MINU

For the Kher-minu, Ma'at starts with defending the body. Unless the physical form remains whole, then an Amenti cannot fill his role in the universe. Each creature must look after its own form and then make sure that harm does not come to others.

The Kher-minu believe in the protection of the self above all other things. Destructive behavior directed at themselves affects them as if the offense against Ma'at were two levels higher than it is. For example, destructive patterns of behavior, which would be an offense at level three for most Amenti, would be an offense at level five for the Kher-minu.

As a whole, the Kher-minu do not engage in a great deal of debate about how to uphold Ma'at. They do maintain a defensive philosophy. They are less likely to seek out Apophis to crush him as they are to find better defenses against all malign supernatural forces.

KHRI-HABI

The Khri-habi are perhaps the dynasty with the most traditional view of Balance. Their spirit halves remember the reign of Osiris well, and they served him faithfully in the city of Amenti, perhaps more so than any others. The Khri-habi not only spend time practicing Balance, but they study Balance as well. The Khri-habi believe that a critical mind and personal responsibility are essential to





upholding Ma'at. One cannot truly find Balance without trying to understand it.

In game terms, the Khri-habi use Balance as it's written in the main rulebook. In game play, the Khri-habi enforce Balance as a dynasty as strongly as anyone, yet at the same time, they want other Reborn to make their own decisions about how to follow Balance. They spend time codifying Ma'at and writing instructional scrolls about awareness of Balance, which most of them will happily give to members of other dynasties. They prefer to go out of their way not to commit an act that could be a crime against Ma'at, rather than face judgment for their actions. Many of the other dynasties see them as unwilling to develop a true understanding of Ma'at through experiencing judgment, rather than simply writing or debating about it.

MESEKTET

The Mesektet know that they are the only ones who've received the blessing of Ma'at. They see a world that has fallen out of balance, and they believe that they must correct this imbalance. Most of the Mesektet believe that they have experienced the balance of Ma'at in A'aru. Some believe that they were undeserving of these blessings and they seek to prove themselves deserving of eternal paradise. Others believe that they needed to come back to inspire others to find balance before the rest of the Modeler's creation fell so out of balance as to threaten A'aru.

This dynasty feels a great responsibility for instructing others about Ma'at. They feel that the world and the Dark Kingdom of Sand both suffered from imbalance. They encourage the others to find Balance, although few of them believe that much hope exists for the monstrous Sefekhi.

SAKHMU

The enlightened artisans of the Sakhmu believe that they represent Balance and Ma'at. They have always balanced the needs of the physical with the spiritual. As they learn more about Ma'at, they reach out to the source of their creativity. Through practicing Effigy Hekau and creating works of art, they experience the grand scheme of things and understand how the universe fits together. They see Ma'at everywhere in the world around them. It exists in objects as well as all living creations. Balance and harmony are everywhere in nature. The creatures of Apophis are stains and flaws in the artwork of existence; they must be chiseled away like imperfections in a stone before a sculpture can be finished.

The Sakhmu have no interest in studying Ma'at the way that the Khri-habi do. They find that approach to Balance as scholarly tedium. They want to see, touch and hold Ma'at in the objects they work with. The Sakhmu

believe that a true sense of Balance can only come from intuition, not some prescribed sets of behaviors. The Sakhmu value objects of art more than other dynasties. They consider the destruction of objects of art to be a greater crime than other dynasties. In game terms, this belief raises the value of crimes against property by one.

For the Sakhmu, experiences in the Duat as well as the Lands of the Living are necessary to understand Ma'at. The underworld is part of Creation. For the mummies, more of their lives were spent in the Dark Kingdom of Sand than in the world of the living. Members of the other dynasties believe that the behavior of the Sakhmu borders on the dangerous. Even the Dja-akh, the great storm, holds little fear for them. Some wish to find its remnants so they may understand the fall of Amenti.

SEFEKHI

Members of other dynasties may wonder if the Sefekhi can truly ever embrace the principles of Ma'at. The Sefekhi see themselves as being the ultimate evidence of the truth of Balance. When they go through their hajj, they are uncontrollable brutes, beasts with no compassion. They must suffer through a painful Ritual of Rebirth, after which they still turn to removal of sexual organs and scarification to keep their dark side in check. For the Sefekhi, adherence to Ma'at is a matter of survival. If they cannot maintain Balance and win the struggle with their dark side, then they will fall.

They tire of other dynasties paying lip service to Ma'at. They fight for the physical side of Balance. They aggressively go after Apophis and other malign supernatural entities. If they can cleanse the darkness out of the world, then it will be easier for everyone to follow Ma'at. Until then, they know that they are at war. The Sefekhi are not as bothered by causing physical violence to others. All crimes against Ma'at that involve harming others are reduced by one for the Sefekhi.

When members of this dynasty gain control over their primal urges and direct themselves toward Ma'at, they become savage enforcers of Balance. Violations of Ma'at are dealt with harshly and swiftly by the fanatical devoted among these mummies. The other dynasties can allow corruption to grow, but the Sefekhi fight corruption from the moment of rebirth. They take no chances.

UDJA-SEN

This dynasty has little in common with the other Amenti as far as overall understanding of Balance. In many ways, the Judged Ones are like the Teomalki, searching for direction, but not forced toward it. The Udja-sen lack a sentient partner. They do not intuitively sense Balance. They cannot feel Ma'at. Each individual





eventually finds his own direction, his own place in the cosmic plan.

Balance, then, for the Udja-sen largely depends on how you as a player wish to develop your character. Certain rules still hold, but for the Udja-sen finding a sense of purpose is paramount. The Udja-sen have the greatest need for faith of any dynasty. None of them remember Osiris. An Udja-sen may choose to embrace any vision of Balance held by the other dynasties.

Udja-sen may also follow the codes that other Reborn follow. Quest and Direction are both options for a Judged One. If you are ambitious, you can even create your own code. The most important things for an Udja-sen to consider are being non-judgmental, letting others have the freedom to make their own decisions and finding a sense of purpose for themselves. Obviously, if you choose this option, you should work with your Storyteller and use Balance as a guideline.

DIRECTION

The Teomallki use Direction as their Balance trait. It performs the same as Balance does for the Amenti. Unlike the Wu T'ian, Teomallki have no inherent commands to follow. They are not bound by the same moral codes that bind the other Reborn. They even believe in gaining power from sacrifices, a concept that would repulse most Amenti and bring the Wu T'ian to violence.

The struggle for meaning grips most Teomallki. The modern world has little time for the plights of their people. The land around them is polluted, tainted and destroyed. Their people live in squalor and poverty, suffering from disease and enduring wars. All that they knew is gone. The way of life that served the people through many of their resurrections is no more. The Teomallki have changed as well. Now, they have the influence of the living within them. This has granted a great deal of perspective to the ancient spirits.

Direction is the Teomallki's way of focusing themselves to do the will of the ancient gods. The different types of Teomallki and different cultures all have their own unique ways of finding Direction. Ultimately, Direction depends on the values of the individual. In the case of the Teomallki, the modern soul has as much influence on Direction as the ancient spirit, if not more. The Teomallki relies on the experiences of his Second Life as a guide to how to act in the modern age.

A Teomallki's Direction may then have some basis in modern values. For determining Direction, a player should use Balance as a guide. Consider the most important values for the Teomallki and his modern companion. Which of these things is most important? Evaluate them and create a chart with the crimes listed and then give it

to your Storyteller. After every complete story, you should take a few moments and review the chart and your score with the Storyteller. This gives you a lot of freedom as a roleplayer to experiment. Remember, it's not a game about creating the most efficient chart you can, but about developing good solid fun stories. Don't be afraid to make your own character's life difficult.

QUEST

Wu T'ian have the Quest trait, instead of Balance. Quest serves the same purpose for the Wu T'ian, as Balance does for the Amenti. It provides for their place in the cosmos. The Wu T'ian, however, have more concrete rules than the Amenti. Following Quest in practice is much different than adhering to Ma'at, although many of the principles held by a master of Quest would be the same as for a master of Ma'at.

For the Wu T'ian, Quest requires the mastery of the Ten Heavenly Precepts. As each precept is mastered, the Wu T'ian may move on to prove his mastery of a new precept. The Eight Immortals judge the Wu T'ian to determine if he has indeed mastered one of the Ten Heavenly Precepts. Much like the Amenti must strive to maintain Balance, the Wu T'ian must continue to uphold the precepts that she has mastered. If she does not, she may find herself wanting before the judgment of the Eight Immortals when she returns to the Gates of Heaven.

The quests that the Eight Immortals assign the Wu T'ian often focus on one of the Ten Heavenly Precepts. As a player, keep track of which precepts you have mastered and make sure that the Storyteller is aware of what behaviors you must follow. The precepts can be mastered in any order, although there are some that complement others, such as Keen Observation and Passion for Learning. Just because a Wu T'ian has not mastered a precept does not give her free reign to completely ignore it. If the Storyteller feels that a character abuses a precept, then the Eight Immortals may send a warning. The biggest difference in mindset between the Amenti and the Wu T'ian in regards to Quest and Balance, is that as a Wu T'ian, will work on one specific precept at a time, while the Amenti strives to keep all provisions of Ma'at. The following discussions of the Ten Heavenly Precepts build on the material presented on page 225 of the main rulebook.

To master Compassionate Dealings, a Wu T'ian must never overlook those in need. Although she has her quest to perform for the Eight Immortals, and she must protect the Ten Thousand Things, she cannot neglect those in need. Importantly, need is not just a material thing. The poor can have many needs, but the Wu T'ian must remain aware that everyone has needs. A man may be a millionaire and live his life in constant need of compassion.





Perhaps he desperately searches for meaning in his life and struggles constantly with despair. Sometimes a simple act of compassion can mean more than using resources to build a charity. In order to master this precept, a character should do something special in regards to meeting the needs of others, beyond just helping those she knows are in need. Volunteering at a soup kitchen is certainly part of this precept, and the Wu T'ian should perform acts of charity, but she must take this precept to another level and seek out those in crisis and deliver them. A true master finds the hidden needs in the world around her and helps before help is asked for. She takes the time during her quest and struggles with the forces of the demon emperor to show compassion.

The precept of Gentle Deeds helps to protect the Wu T'ian from becoming a monster himself. The character must avoid doing unnecessary harm to anything. Collateral damage and friendly casualties are not acceptable. Violence against the enemies of heaven is inevitable, but destruction should never become the focus of the Wu T'ian. They are protectors and preservers. The servants of the demons should not be harmed lightly. They may be misguided or confused. The Wu T'ian also believe in redemption. A soul may have strayed from heaven, but that doesn't mean it can't be guided back. This precept goes even farther than avoiding unnecessary harm. The Wu T'ian must promote growth and the preservation of all things whenever possible. If a way exists to save the lives of

mortal minions of the demon emperor, even though killing them would prevent further complications, the Wu T'ian will let them live to fight another day with the hope that they will find their true place in Creation. Even a servant of darkness may have a role to play in the affairs of heaven. Players should note that this precept does not apply to demons themselves. True creatures of the demon emperor should be destroyed. In many ways, this precept works much like Balance for the Amenti.

One of the most difficult of the precepts for a Wu T'ian to master is Honest Speaking. When a character chooses to master Honest Speaking, she may have difficulties with the other characters in the chronicle. Lies are the work of demons, and the Wu T'ian do not trade in deception. They do not perpetuate falsehoods. In order to master this precept, the Wu T'ian must speak honestly no matter what. Now, this doesn't mean that the Wu T'ian must be stupid in her dealings with others. Omission is a lie when it is essential to the subject being discussed. Telling someone that he must go with you to a place without telling him that it is demon-infested borders on a lie. The Wu T'ian *could* tell him, however, that there will be great danger of which she cannot give specifics. The important thing to remember as a player is that a character should not intend to deceive. In addition, emotional content is not always needed to be honest. If a Wu T'ian must give her opinion on someone she doesn't like, she can simply say, "I don't like that person." She





does not have to start cursing that person's name or explain specifically why that person is scum.

Humble Mind is a simple precept. Each Wu T'ian has a small place in the plans of heaven. He knows that he is a servant of all, one who works to protect and preserve others, while fighting against the demon emperor. He has his place and doesn't seek power or expect undue praise. Great power brings greater temptation. With the gifts granted by the Elixir of Life, a Wu T'ian must not revel in his power or use his power for his personal gain. He has not come to the world to build his own empire or to seek vengeance on those who wronged him during his First Life. He also recognizes that much happens in the cosmos that he does not understand. He is cautious in judging others and remains aware that he can learn from even the smallest and simplest things in Creation.

A difficult precept to master is Just Decisions. The Wu T'ian must show that she can make decisions fairly. She must not show favoritism or vengefulness. In order to master this precept, the Wu T'ian must put herself in a position where she can make hard decisions. She will have to show wisdom, especially when faced with questions of moral ambiguity. Mastery of this precept takes solid communication between the player and Storyteller. As a player, you may have the character make a judgment based on fairness. If the Storyteller doesn't understand the reasoning behind the decision, neither will the Eight Immortals. The important part of adhering to this precept is to not give in to outside pressure, even that of other players' characters. The decisions that the Wu T'ian should make need to be justified and in line with the other precepts.

To master Keen Observation, the Wu T'ian must study a situation as much as possible before acting. Masters of Keen Observation spend hours watching the world for signs of the demon emperor. The important part of this precept to understand, as a player, is that you should study as much as possible. This doesn't mean that a Wu T'ian must sit for a day or two, watching before committing to an attack on a demonic minion. If you as a player start doing this, the other players will get annoyed with your character. What it does mean is that the Wu T'ian has a responsibility to gather as much information as reasonable before acting. Recklessly charging into a situation is not the way to gain Quest. The enemies of heaven are dangerous and smart, and knowledge is one of the Wu T'ian's greatest weapons. If they do not gain knowledge, then they will be vulnerable and may well end up before the Gates of Heaven waiting to return to the world.

Outer Harmony means that the Wu T'ian must make sure that some things survive the Demon Age no matter what. In order to become a master of Outer Harmony, the Wu T'ian must work tirelessly to preserve that which might not survive.

The character should choose something to protect, such as an important artifact, some type of knowledge or a special plant or animal. He should work to conserve and protect whatever he chooses as his charge. He must keep it safe and probably keep it hidden from the outside world. He must concentrate on making sure it survives the Demon Age to come.

To develop the Passion for Learning precept, the Wu T'ian delights in gathering knowledge and meditating on that knowledge, especially about her enemies. This precept complements Keen Observation. While Keen Observation is direct awareness, Passion for Learning involves taking the time to study and read about things not observed. Knowledge should be gathered and accumulated, and the Wu T'ian should enjoy doing so. The character should never turn her back on the opportunity to learn about anything.

Respect for All Life means that all creatures must be nourished and cared for, including oneself. A Wu T'ian does not harm needlessly, but even more so, he actively tries to care for other living beings. He must not turn away from a suffering creature. If he can, he would take a stray animal in to live with him, or at the least, leave food for it. He will not condone the destruction of wilderness without first making certain no other solutions exist. He also will remain aware of himself and his needs. He must not neglect himself, for that is his first duty.


Finally, the Wu T'ian must master the Solitary Heart. She should cherish and care for others, but ultimately she must realize that she belongs to the Family of Heaven first. When she needs guidance and direction, she should look to heaven. Other people and creatures that she loves may become jealous and selfish in that love. She must keep herself emotionally removed enough that she does not become swayed from her quests. Just as importantly, she must retain the ability to care for others. She must keep ties to loved ones, so that her heart does not become cold. She must remember the concerns of mortal life, even as she fills her role in the cosmos, serving the Eight Immortals.

Quest as a trait truly helps define and separate a Wu T'ian from the rest of the Reborn. Both player and character can clearly see what they need to do to increase the Quest rating. It is crucial to make sure that the Storyteller knows which precepts you have mastered and which you are working toward. One of the great secrets of Quest is that the Ten Heavenly Precepts practically beg for a story about mastering each one. This aspect helps the chronicle along, as the precepts are broad enough to be incorporated into almost any situation.

BALANCE AND FAITH

A few mortals (and indeed, some vampires) are so connected to the spiritual world that they possess a quality truly rare among their kind, a divine quality represented by a trait called True Faith (*Vampire*, p. 272). This





blessing is not limited to any one world religion, though. In fact, the Web of Life itself encompasses the birthplaces of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. The Reborn understand that mortals with True Faith have already gained an understanding of Ma'at, that such mortals truly understand their place in the world and how best to fill their role in the cosmos.

By the same token, the Reborn are not adversely affected by True Faith or its ambient effects. Being faced with the power of the divine does not repel them as it does other supernatural creatures. They are a part of the natural order, not an abomination against it. Some of the Amenti even find comfort in the presence of those with True Faith. They feel a strong sense of Balance, as though they were in the presence of Ma'at herself, and they bask in the mortals' belief as a powerful bulwark against the buffeting rage of Apophis.

By this same token, however, Reborn may not possess True Faith themselves. Balance already serves in this capacity. The Reborn's understanding of the cosmos may come through Osiris, or it may even stem from a belief in one of the modern religions (though not to any great extent, with the possible exception of Islam). No matter what path they choose to seek enlightenment, the same holds true for all Amenti. As long as they follow the principles of Ma'at, they maintain their Balance. This is not to say that the Amenti are without faith. In fact, almost every Amenti *does* have a form of faith, represented by his belief in Ma'at. The Amenti have seen too much of the living and the dead, and they know too many secrets of the world not to have such a deep and abiding sense of belief.

Mortals with True Faith do not become reborn. The souls of those individuals possessed of True Faith are spiritually "invisible" to the drifting tem-akhs. Most believe that these souls move swiftly to their ultimate reward. Regardless of the cause, no tem-akh has even had the chance to offer a soul with True Faith the choice of participating in the joining.

Souls selected for the Joining are genuinely lacking in some way; possessed of flaws and weaknesses that the presence of the tem-akh serves to fill. Mortals with a deep and abiding sense of faith have far more "complete" souls in a cosmic sense. This also means that those with very strong faith, even if not quite possessed of True Faith itself, are far less attractive prospects for the joining. The more orthodox and devout a mortal's beliefs are, the less likely it is that he will be chosen for rebirth. Even devotion to religions that mention rebirth as part of their litanies of faith makes the soul less of a candidate for the joining. Any rebirth as a result of True Faith is a matter for powers

higher than the tem-akh. As a result, few mummies have strong religious backgrounds during their Second Lives.

DEATH

During the course of most **Mummy: The Resurrection** chronicles, characters die. For a game that's about immortal beings, a lot of characters spend a good bit of time being dead. Players who get upset when their characters die must remember that the chances are good that they will return. Death isn't the end of the game. In a game with a large group, however, it is still wise to consider purchasing a high Ba rating during character creation, or at least, to make sure that everyone has a comparable Ba rating. If multiple sessions go by with part of your troupe being dead and the rest staying among the living, someone's going to get less playing time.

So, say a character is dead. Now what? Well, she experiences the trauma of death and then her spirit arrives in Neter-khertet, where it awaits resurrection. Veterans of **Wraith: The Oblivion** will find the game play similar. When a Reborn's spirit returns to the Shadowlands, it is far from powerless. Most Reborn have far more power than the average wraith.

Unlike wraiths, the Reborn do not have Shadows to struggle with, nor do they need to fear a Harrowing. All Amenti have seven health levels in the Lands of the Dead. They are able to interact within the shadows normally, and they can still see the forms of the living. They may still converse with Reborn on the other side. They may also use their Hekau magic normally.

While dead, a character can still help others. She can still talk to other characters and advise them. She can spy on enemies in the living world. Her magical powers may still affect others in the world of the living. She can attack agents of Apophis in the realms of the dead. She may recover lost knowledge and powerful artifacts of the Dark Kingdom of Sand. She may also seek Balance from the Judges of Ma'at near the Pillars of the West. In short, the character may die, but she doesn't have to suffer from the dread force of "downtime."

Entire stories can take place in Neter-khertet, the Shadowlands, and Duat, the underworld. Indeed, whole chronicles can take place there. Many players feel that the first thing they should do is purchase Ba up to level 5 for their characters. While a high Ba rating is good for members of a group, you shouldn't feel like you can't play just because your character is dead. You may find more enjoyment out of experiencing the sensation of being a ghost. If you take all of the challenge out of dying, it may



diminish the excitement of combat. Plenty of danger, experience and stories can be found beyond the Shroud. Remember that you have a character who has lost two lives, and within the realms of the dead, there may be messages for both souls.

COMPANIONS

While among the living, companions are immaterial spirits who provide special gifts and protection. On the other side of the Shroud, these spirits accompany the Reborn, providing aid. If you purchase companions, make sure to give them some life. Instead of having a mysterious crocodile follow your character, give the companion a name. Sebek's Jaws, one of the sacred Nile crocodiles from Thebes, sounds a bit better. Perhaps the mighty reptile saved the mummy from worshippers of Set during her First Life.

Companions need care and attention. These spirits are not slavish minions of the mummy. They act instead like loving pets. As long as they receive respect and affection, they will return those emotions. They have their own feelings and moods, though. If the Reborn neglect a companion or worse, treat it badly, the spirit may withdraw its help. Mummies who abuse their companions could even turn a companion into an enemy. If this happens, a character will have to go to great lengths to make amends, possibly going on a quest to restore her bond with the companion.

During an attack in the Lands of the Dead, a companion will normally fight to protect the Reborn. In most respects, companions fight as if they were a physical version of the animal. If a companion dies, he will go into a slumber, just like a mummy slain beyond the Shroud. As long as the mummy exists, the companion maintains a spiritual bond with her. After a time, the companion wakes and rejoins the mummy.

TOO MUCH CAN BE ENOUGH

As a player, your character is part of the stories that your troupe creates. **Mummy: The Resurrection** is a powerful story-driven game that deals with universal themes and allows for very in-depth character development. You might feel inspired to write journals for your character. You may want to research the time period and locale where she lived her First Life. You may even have a cartouche made for your character's name.

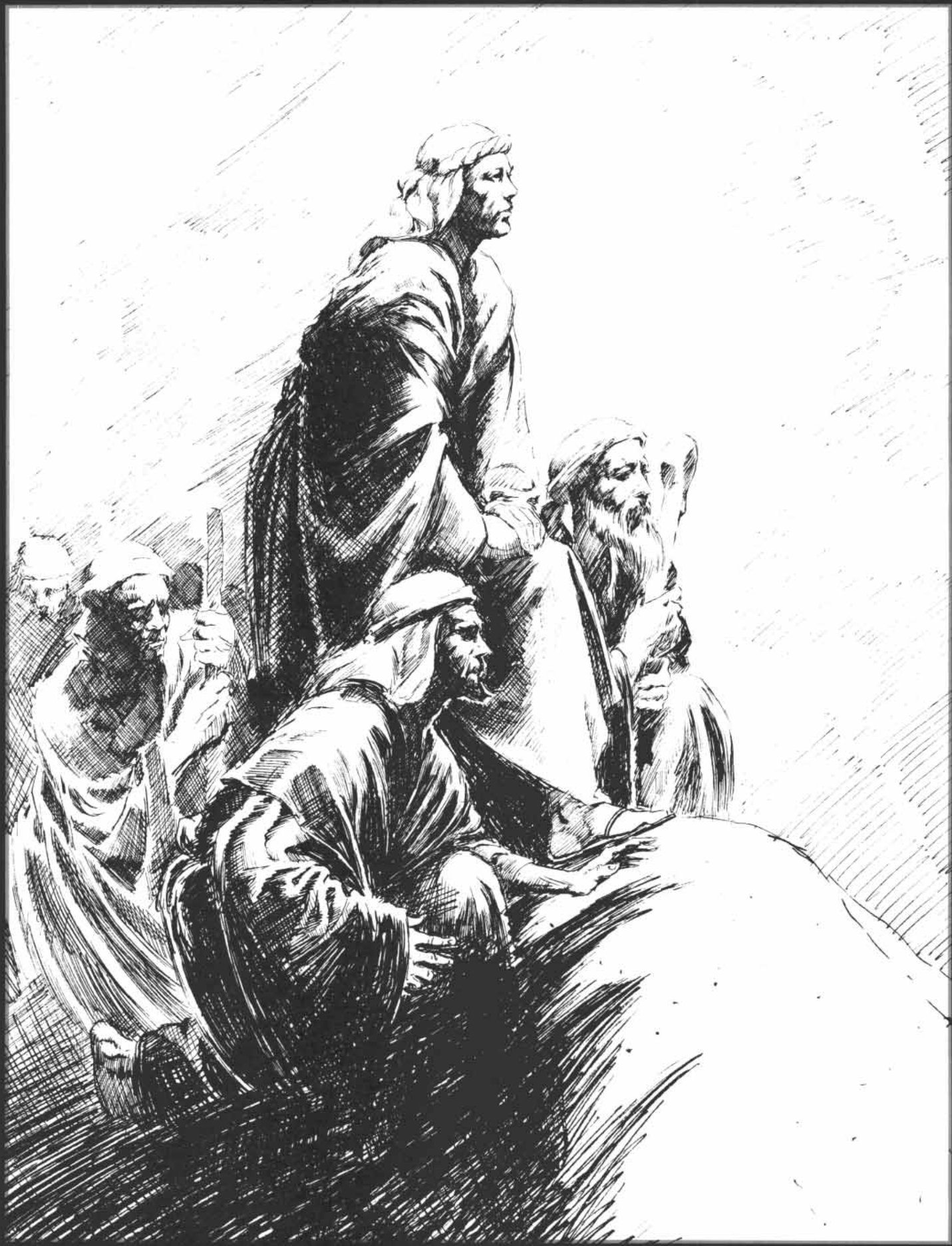
Some players name the other characters in their background from both First and Second Lives. They may keep a bevy of other characters and mundane resources around, all rife with subplot threads of their own, which could keep the character busy for years of game play. These things are very good and to be encouraged. The more you get into enjoying your character and developing her, the more material your Storyteller and other players will have to work with.

The problem comes when you as a player begin to dominate a chronicle to the point where other players start resenting your character. Try to be aware of other players and their characters. Different stories focus on different characters during the course of a chronicle. Good Storytellers give everyone things to do, and if they don't, then you should express a desire to do more, privately after the session is over. Make sure you work with other players. If they don't write detailed backgrounds for their characters, be helpful and offer to give them ties to some of your subplots. If you create a more enjoyable environment for everyone, your group will have better games.

CROSSING OVER WITH MUMMY

Mummy: The Resurrection assumes that its players have some experience with another White Wolf game. **Vampire** and **Wraith** lend themselves easily to **Mummy**. The original **Mummy** supplement that featured the Undying was a **Vampire** supplement. Mummies don't have to be the enemies of other supernatural beings. A Reborn may wish to help a vampire achieve Golconda, or try to find them freedom from the Curse of Caine. Werewolves, especially Silent Striders, fight for many of the same values as the Reborn. The Wyrms and Apophis represent each other well. Mages have their own values and agendas, but they could easily ally themselves with a mummy. Magic remains an issue of dispute between them, but the tem-akh should be accustomed to the sorcerers of ancient Egypt. Don't be afraid to accept characters from other games in a **Mummy: The Resurrection** chronicle. Just make sure that they are aware that **Mummy** is a different game. Compared to the other games set in the World of Darkness, **Mummy** is a game of hope and belief, where good can prevail over evil.







Chapter Seven: Allies and Compatriots

MISERY ACQUAINTS A MAN WITH STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. *THE TEMPEST*

While **Mummy: The Resurrection** is ostensibly meant as a companion game to any of the World of Darkness games, this by no means limits the Reborn to acting as flavor or sidekicks to the various other kinds of supernatural creatures. A mummy can make an interesting addition to an ongoing group of characters, or appear in a new character's back-story in any number of ways — in short, the Amenti make superb “cross-over” characters. This means that the Reborn have a place in any of the other World of Darkness games, but that place will change drastically depending on which “core” game is being run. (All-mummy games are likewise a different matter.)

Likewise, mummies have their own unique interactions with mortals. Far from using them as food, as vampires do, mummies rely on human allies in a variety of ways. When playing a mummy character, it's important to recognize what sorts of resources exist for the character to fall back on.

This section presents the possibilities for playing mummies in each of the World of Darkness games — that is, what a mummy would be doing hanging around with a coterie of vampires or a pack of werewolves. It also showcases the mortal organizations that know of and deal with the Amenti — the Cult of Isis, the Children of Osiris and so forth. Finally, we present four notable Reborn characters for use as plot hooks, mentors or simply for inspiration.

THE REBORN IN THE WORLD OF DARKNESS

Integrating the Reborn with the other supernatural denizens of the World of Darkness from a thematic standpoint is work for the Storyteller. This being a Players Guide, we aren't going to discuss the thematic standpoint (much). Instead, this section focuses on how to play a mummy in a group composed of other beings. It provides ideas on the group dynamic and how it changes when a mummy is introduced, what role the mummy might play and what problems are likely to arise.

Note, by the way, that this section assumes that the group is a standard (pack/ coterie/ cabal/ whatever) with the addition of a single mummy character. If you want to play a mummy in a group with a Void Engineer, a Rokea, a ghoul and a pooka, best of luck, but it's beyond our ken as to how to make such... variety into a coherent chronicle. More seriously, the best stories are the ones that pay attention to theme. Each one of the World of Darkness games has several given themes, but when the games are mixed, the themes get diluted and the stories begin to feel schizophrenic. The Reborn can conceivably play a role in any of the World of Darkness games, adding their themes to the “parent” game. Even then, though, the players and the Story-



LOGISTICS

In a **Vampire** game, the characters can turn stolen blood into supernatural strength. In a **Werewolf** game, they can change shape and slink through the forests as wolves. That's all fine, but where does it leave the mummy who's been hanging around with the group?

Along with roleplaying advice, you'll find a little sidebar in each of the sections including information on what sort of Hekau and other rules-oriented things a player running a mummy character in such a group might consider purchasing for her character. These are by no means requirements. They're merely suggestions, and they certainly aren't meant to give anyone an unfair edge over anyone else. The idea is to have fun, but some players have more fun if they feel their characters to be on equal footing with the others. Who are we to argue?

teller must take care not to turn the chronicle into something from a comic book (unless, of course, that's what you're shooting for).

THE ELUSIVE TRUTH

It's stated and restated across any book that deals with crossover, but we'll mention it again here because it seems appropriate:

The mummies haven't read the sourcebooks.

They haven't even read their own book. They know that supernatural creatures exist, but they don't know the dirty details. They might know that there's a sect of vampires called the Camarilla, but they can't name the clans. They don't know that the Gangrel just seceded, they don't know who Vykos is and so forth. A mummy has access to information that vampires don't, yes, but they don't know the full story behind Kindred (or Cainite) society. This holds true no matter what the parent game is. The mummy does not know the details of a given supernatural society, and this is a good thing.

Why? Because the mummy is unfettered by the notions that the denizens of said society take for granted. By way of example, consider a Tradition mage and a mummy. The mage knows that she is capable of altering the weather in minor ways, but she sees doing so as simply altering air currents and temperature. The mummy, however, sees mucking with the heavens as an application of the Celestial Hekau, and that colors her frame of reference. The mage (who hasn't read the **Mummy** book either, remember) listens to the mummy's thoughts on changing the

celestial patterns and incorporates them into her own magical theory — maybe not with the Egyptian trappings, but either way, both characters have learned something about the way they see the world. The mage might end up learning how to converse with spirits as a result of taking the heavens into consideration, or she might just act more responsibly with regards to her surroundings. This kind of breakthrough won't happen if the mummy's player thinks, "Ah, altering the weather. A Forces 3 effect. Neat."

When reading the following sections, and when playing a mummy in a group of non-mummies, remember that your character has only as much information as her experience dictates, and much of that is likely to be misleading, half-true and potentially great for stories.

CULTURE SHOCK

Along the same lines as remembering that your mummy character doesn't know the ins and outs of a given supernatural society, remember that she has probably never seen these creatures in action before. Consider the narrator from this book's opening fiction, a poor black woman from Detroit merged with an angry, violent khaibit. Nothing in her experience allows her to recognize the "Sports-Car Man" for what he actually is (a vampire, specifically a Follower of Set). She sees him as a threat and as a servant of Apophis, but it never occurs to her to track him during the day. Likewise, should she ever encounter a werewolf, she might well be horrified by the shapeshifter's bestial savagery — although vicious tem-akh might well be impressed and awed. The other players in the group should describe the outward effects of any supernatural powers in play without using the game-mechanic terms, both to keep the mummy's player guessing and to remind everyone involved just how impressive those powers are.

VAMPIRES

A mummy might well scoff at a vampire's claims to "immortality." Vampires do indeed die, they just don't do it naturally. They can't rise from their own deaths, good as new, and they know nothing of Duat and even less of Ma'at. In fact, most vampires are walking violations of every law the Reborn (the Amenti, especially) exist to preserve. At first blush, it seems that vampires make superb opponents for mummies (and this is true), but why would a mummy associate with any of the Children of Caine?

One possible reason is hope, which also happens to one of the chief themes of **Mummy**. (Perhaps thematics aren't just the Storyteller's concern.) If a mummy has any reason at all to believe that vampires have a chance at redemption, she might attempt to bring them into har-



mony with Ma'at. After all, it's not completely out of the question for vampires to feed as they must and still follow the laws of Balance. The mummy might enter the coterie under the guise of another vampire (tricky to pull off) or a mortal spellcaster of some kind. (How, after all, will the vampires know the difference?) She could even be completely honest about her origins, especially if the coterie includes Egyptian Kindred who might have some kind of frame of reference. The danger there, however, is that the vampires most likely to have such are the Followers of Set, and they aren't likely to look favorably on the mummy, regardless of her intentions.

Whatever her cover story is, the mummy's role in the coterie is one of collective conscience — reminding the vampires that the people upon whom they feed are *people*, not mobile meals, and keeping them in touch with whatever Humanity remains within them. Mummies are also in a unique position to offer viewpoints on what happens after Final Death, having been through it themselves, and their tales of the Duat might well scare any vampire into reconsidering her unlifestyle. A word of warning to the player who would play such a character: Just as in real life, people often don't want to be saved, and they don't wish to be told that they aren't leading good lives (or unlive), particularly from a spiritual standpoint. The way to get around this attitude is to lead by example and by speaking in parable rather than by saying, "You shouldn't feed on that child because you'll go to hell."

A less moralistic reason for a mummy to travel with vampires would be knowledge. Many Kindred have (or have access to, through other vampires) stores of historical and occult information that the Amenti could find very useful. Of course, no vampire worth the title gives away such information for free, and the ensuing game of favor-trading and *quid pro quo* can easily power a chronicle by itself. The mummy in this situation must be very careful to stay true to Ma'at even while bargaining with the undead in service to a nobler goal. Questions should nag at her constantly, such as, "Is the information or power I'll obtain worth what I'll have to do to get it?" and, "Even if I walk away, will the fact that this vampire knows I *wanted* the information come back to haunt me?" If knowledge or the pursuit thereof is what holds the group together, the coterie will likely have a very professional dynamic — they aren't together for personal reasons, they're together to accomplish a goal. That dynamic should likely change, though, as the mummy learns more about her companions and their plans. Which, in turn, brings us to a third reason for a mummy to associate with vampires.

The undead and the Reborn share a lot of very unpleasant history, and the tem-akh might well remember the bloodsuckers and want revenge. Likewise, vampires of all ages kill a fair number of people, and it's entirely possible that a mummy might have undergone the Second Death under the fangs of the vampire or as part of a vampire's scheme. Said mummy may well desire revenge or even hold the nobler goal of protecting other mortals from the same fate. Bringing ruin to vampires involves getting in among them, though. (Destroying them randomly means picking off the stupid, visible ones, and that doesn't do much long-term good.) A mummy in a group of vampires might be there only to get information on the coterie's sires and superiors with the ultimate objective of seeing them reduced to ash. This means that the character is effectively living a lie (which might bring the mummy into conflict with Ma'at, depending on her Balance) and requires deceiving and eventually murdering the other characters. This sort of duplicity is hardly out of place in a **Vampire** chronicle, of course, but the mummy character will need an appropriate cover story for why she's with the coterie to start with. The character also needs to be very careful about who she lets in on her ultimate goals. And suppose one of the characters exhibits an honest (or seemingly honest) interest in redemption? Will that change the mummy's focus, or does she believe that the only viable course of action with the undead is to destroy them?

KUEI-JIN AND THE WU T'IAN

The relationship between the Cathayans and the Eastern Reborn is touched on to a degree in Chapter Three, but it bears a somewhat closer look here. The Kuei-jin are largely defined by their dharmas and their approaches to and pursuits of enlightenment. While the original purpose of the Kuei-jin might have been to do the will of gods, the modern-night Asian vampires are a far cry from the Ten Thousand Immortals. The Wu T'ian are well aware of this, and they have some room to feel superior to the Kuei-jin. After all, the Wu T'ian are doing the job that the blood-drinkers couldn't. This kind of attitude isn't very conducive to Wu-Reborn interaction, however.

A follower of virtually any of the dharmas might benefit from studying with one of the Wu T'ian, and the Reborn might actually wish to help certain dharmas progress (the Shining Ice Guardians, for example). A wu dedicated to safeguarding a particular family of mortals might likewise receive interest or patronage from a Wu T'ian assigned to guard a member of the family. As always, however, the mummy must beware



SURVIVING THE NIGHT

Associating with vampires is risky business. Disciplines aside, the undead demonstrate blood-borne strength, speed and ferocity that can send a mummy into a death cycle before she knows what hit her. Even worse, mummies aren't entirely immune to the emotion- and mind-manipulation that many vampires exhibit. To even some of the odds when a mummy joins with a coterie of vampires, consider the following:

Many of the Hekau allow the Reborn to increase their Attribute scores, at least temporarily. Increasing Physical Attributes might make up for the fact that Kindred can do so easily, but raising Manipulation might also be advisable when dealing with the devious undead.

The Alchemy potion Drink of Seven Days' Rest is invaluable, given that a Reborn associating with vampires might well need to be active for 24-hour periods quite often (as if needed to be said, the Mesektet probably aren't the best choice of Amenti for mixing with vampires).

The Necromancy spell Judge the Soul is a good choice for any Amenti who wishes to aid the Kindred in retaining their Humanity.

Finally, the Celestial spell Sahu-Ra makes a superb ace-in-the-hole, though it might be advisable for the mummy to keep it secret until she needs to use it...

interacting with the undead. The blood of the Wu Feng is addictive to the Kuei-jin.

WEREWOLVES

A mummy who runs with a pack of werewolves is very likely to be the odd man out much of the time. The Reborn can't enter the same spirit worlds as the Garou, can't be bonded by a totem and don't recognize the Triat in the same way as the werewolves do. Likewise, werewolves are warriors, designed by Gaia (not Ptah) to defend her against any who would harm her. While they can be quite formidable, the Reborn aren't combatants of the same caliber, and they may wind up slowing the pack down in a number of ways. Does this mean, then, that the Reborn can't mix with the Fera? Of course not. It just requires a bit more work from both players and Storytellers in order to have such a group make sense.

As with vampires, a mummy needs a strong motivation to associate with a group of werewolves. While vampiric society is tight-knit, however, it's based more around secrecy and common need than around family and ideology. Therefore, for a mummy to reasonably coexist with werewolves, she needs to be part of their world somehow.

Probably the most obvious possibility is for the mummy to be Kinfolk. Kinfolk can become mummies. It isn't common (because neither mummies nor Kinfolk are particularly common), but it could happen. Since mummies are not undead, a Reborn Kinfolk won't elicit the same hatred and rage that Kinfolk-made-vampire would from a werewolf (although it would still take some explaining). Such a mummy might find herself in great demand to use her skills to aid her relatives against the Wyrms, and she might find herself torn between her duty to Ma'at and her obligation to her family (which, in turn, makes for excellent character development).

The Amenti are interested in shapeshifters for their own purposes, however. The Silent Striders, Silver Fangs and even the Bone Gnawers all have roots in the Middle East, and the tem-akh might well remember the werewolves and subtly encourage making contact. The Amenti and the Garou have many common enemies, but their approaches to fighting them are a bit different by necessity. A common foe would make for a perfectly acceptable starting point for an alliance between a pack and a Reborn.

Finally, the other Fera deserve a mention as well. The Amenti have heard stories of shapeshifters who take the forms of crocodiles, snakes and strange black cats, and they might well regard such beings as enemies of Osiris until proven otherwise. Since relations between the werewolves and the other shapeshifters are tense to begin with, a story of discovery involving a pack of Garou and a mummy on one side and a clutch of Mokolé on the other might prove entertaining. (For reference, **Rage Across Egypt** provides more information on the Fera of the Middle East.) Likewise, the Beast Courts of the hengeyokai have a very different purpose under heaven than their Wu T'ian counterparts, but nothing says that their fates couldn't cross, at least temporarily.

The caution when playing a mummy in a group of Fera is to remember that mummies aren't capable of the same things that shapeshifters are. This means that the mummy's place in the group, and reason for being there, needs to be specifically defined so that the mummy isn't included "just because so-and-so felt like playing one."



IN THE COMPANY OF WOLVES

A careless mummy running with werewolves can find herself in Duat fairly frequently, so a high Ba rating might well prove helpful. Better to make sure it doesn't come down to death very often.

The Nomenclature spell Mend Flesh (or any tonic that heals damage) will likely prove a great boon to any mummy who insists on associating with the savage Fera.

A mummy who has progressed to an impressive level of Nomenclature might learn to become a wolf, which of course would do wonders for the Garou's opinion of her. (They might take offense to her mimicking their abilities, though — one never knows.)

Werewolves have a habit of flying into dangerous fits of anger, and though they might not *mean* to attack their allies, mistakes happen. A quick method of escape — such as the Amulet of Cloud Walking — is advised.

MAGES

Wizards and sorcerers are capable of reworking reality at their whims, and that means that they can fall victim to some pretty flagrant displays of hubris and ego. Mummies, by contrast, have a measure of power, but they know that they are directly accountable for everything they do. The Reborn don't have any more inside knowledge about mages than they do any other races, but the Resonance that makes mages stand out from "Sleepers" can also attract the notice of the Amenti. This can be the start of a fruitful alliance or a hateful grudge, and mages are so individualistic that it's impossible for a mummy to know which way things will go at the outset.

Mages and mummies have humanity in common, too. Of all of the supernatural denizens of the World of Darkness (with the exception of the imbued) mages are the closest to "normal," which can be comforting to mummies. The drama (or trauma) of the Awakening might provide some common ground as well, when compared with the Second Death, especially if the mummy meets a member of the Euthanatos. And from a simply practical perspective, mummy Hekau bears some resemblance to Sphere magic in that neither form is much good on the fly, but given time to prepare they can both be devastating. Mummies and the Awakened, therefore, know the value of patience.

One point of contention between the two groups, however, is that mummies have an intrinsic morality to

UNDYING AMONG THE AWAKENED

Mages wield diverse and unpredictable powers, and not even a reasonably well-informed mummy can possibly prepare for what her Awakened companions could accomplish. Since they can be prepared in advance and are usable for long periods of time, however, having a good selection of wards and other amulets is a wise choice when fraternizing with mages. The same is likewise true of many of the Celestial rituals. Also, since mages (on the whole) appreciate knowledge and investigative prowess, the Nomenclature Hekau would very likely command the respect of the Awakened, as it grants knowledge of and power over a subject.

their existence. Mages do not. (While most Traditions teach some sort of moral code, the state of being a mage does not assume such. Orphans, for example, have nothing but Paradox to teach them about responsibility, and they are under no instructions to use their talents to aid others in any way.) This can lead to all sorts of interesting roleplaying as the mummy attempts to act within Ma'at, while a mage might well ask, "What's in it for me?" This sort of decision — to use one's abilities for self-gratification or to better the world in which one lives — is central to **Mage**, but isn't so much of a decision to mummies. The Reborn, after all, have been given a second chance at life on the condition that they take up the battle against Apophis.

Whereas in most cases, the group of supernatural beings needs a reason to accept the mummy, where mages are concerned, the mummy might need justification to stay with the cabal. The spellcasters might be very keen on discussing magic and philosophy with the Reborn, but the mummy has an agenda to pursue. In this case, the mummy can act as a prod for the mages, reminding them that unless they use their power, it is worthless. The Reborn can act as inspiration and even a leader in a fractious group, since neither Traditional loyalties nor relative levels of "enlightenment" will be a factor. The mummy can also provide fresh perspective on magic. In a world where much of the structure that once supported the Awakened is gone, the Reborn can provide a purpose and a direction.

HUNTERS

The imbued are tricky to use in conjunction with any supernatural being, since their "second sight" is fairly colorblind — everything is either "monster" or



"human." Since the Amenti are not normal mortals, they seem monstrous to hunters and may well draw their ire as a result. In the Web of Faith, a mummy who appeals to a hunter's religious sensibilities might make some headway, but in other countries, it's a bit of a crap shoot as to whether a group of hunters will seek combat or conversation upon being approached.

If the group of characters is composed of a number of hunters and one mummy, the players should tailor their characters to facilitate cooperation. Perhaps the mummy was present at the characters' imbuing or was in a position to bring the hunters together. Perhaps the hunters witnessed the mummy in combat with (or on the run from) an agent of Apophis and take it as evidence that they're all on the same side. Of course, this doesn't preclude a healthy dose of distrust among the group. The hunters don't have to believe the Reborn's rhetoric about maintaining balance and returning from the dead to aid people, and the mummy might wish to keep the details of resurrection from her cohorts.

As with werewolves, for a mummy to coexist with hunters, she has to be useful to them. Unlike some other supernatural beings, hunters don't especially like being what they are. Some of them would rather be dead, in fact. This contrasts sharply with the lot of the mummy who died and was given the chance

to mend whatever spiritual or psychological wound kept her from succeeding in life. The hunters might regard the mummy as an "ace in the hole" in their battle against the supernatural. Ignorance is the defining characteristic of hunters, and that means that mummies can also provide answers to their questions about the Messengers (the Judges of Ma'at), monsters (servants of Apophis) and their strange powers (Lifeforce being channeled through untrained hands).

(Note: Of course, the answers that a mummy is equipped to give the imbued may not be the *right* answers, but that doesn't mean that the mummy knows the truth of the matter. Hunters might be ignorant, but at least they know they're ignorant. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.)

A long-term alliance between mummies and the imbued is probably bound for tragedy. As they progress, mummies are bound to higher moral standards, whereas hunters become so focused that they grow unhinged. As mummies grow unable to even lie (much less harm others) lest they fall from Ma'at, their imbued allies may become willing to sacrifice innocents to serve the "greater good." Of course, with the guidance of the Reborn, perhaps such a fate could be avoided...



SHARING A FOXHOLE WITH HUNTERS

Hunters don't romanticize their condition, as a rule, and they are practical and focused. Therefore, a Reborn compatriot had better be of some immediate use, meaning that healing skills (such as Mend Flesh or the various Alchemy concoctions that facilitate healing) are useful, as are any Hekau with combat applications. Ironically, if the group decides that the mummy really is no better than a walking corpse, these same spells become handy in another sense....

Also, a mummy associating with hunters should likely have evidence of the Allies, Contacts or Neteru Backgrounds (see page 113) that show she can coexist with normal folks. Since the Amenti, by and large, retain the personalities of their Second Lives, relating to modern-day folk shouldn't be too much of a challenge, but the mummy still might need to prove it.

Other Hekau recommendations include:

The Necromancy spell Banish the Dead will endear the mummy to the imbued in short order, as will Summon the Dead (for different reasons).

The Eye of the Horizon would be useful for help the imbued keep tabs on a particular monster — or for keeping tabs on one's imbued "allies."

WRAITHS

The Amenti and the Restless Dead interact most often when a mummy wanders Duat after dying. As extensive damage to the mummy's khat can take a year or more to repair, a disembodied mummy could very easily take part in a **Wraith** chronicle before returning to life.

A mummy in a group of wraiths should be prepared for some hard feelings. The mummy, after all, has somewhere to go. Even if she must spend a year or more being "dead," that condition is temporary. The wraiths are stuck, trapped in the hostile, storm-blown underworld, with nothing but oblivion to look forward to — or so they think. The Reborn's greatest gift to the wraiths might be to give them hope, perhaps even to guide them towards Transcendence. Of course, the Reborn's idea of Transcendence might differ from the wraiths', depending on their cultures of origin, but even so, the mummy provides proof that there is something

VISITING THE SHADOWLANDS

Obviously, a mummy character in a **Wraith** chronicle needs to know the Necromancy Hekau, no matter what side of the Shroud she's on. Many of the spells and rituals found therein are useful in Duat, although the player and the Storyteller may wish to create a few more if the entire chronicle is to take place there.

At the Storyteller's discretion, the Effigy Hekau might also work in Duat, creating pseudo-relic items.

The Amulets spell Prayer of the Aken is also designed for use in Duat.

beyond the swirling hell of the Tempest and the bleak mirror-distortions of the Shadowlands.

The fact that the Amenti will once again walk among the living may actually provide all the inspiration the wraiths need to cooperate with her. Since she will return to life, she can accomplish things in the living worlds that the ghosts cannot. A mummy might well take advantage of this need, playing on the ghost's passions, but this sort of unscrupulous behavior doesn't reflect well on one of the Chosen of Osiris.

CHANGELINGS

While the changelings and the Reborn won't normally cross paths, adding a mummy to a **Changeling** chronicle is possible, and it does raise some interesting prospects. For many of the races in the World of Darkness, the Amenti can provide hope and light in a world that seems to have none to offer. For the fae, however, the best thing that the Amenti can provide is direction.

The Amenti, especially the Spirit Scepters, understand beauty and dreams, having lost and then regained these things. Mummies are also highly sensual creatures, and the fae can provide distractions galore. Mummies have a task before them, however, one that the fae know nothing of. Indeed, the fae seem preoccupied with their own battles — commoner versus noble, court versus court. Were this explained to her, a mummy might note that if Apophis eats the world, it won't make a bit of difference who takes control of the fae courts at Samhain.

A mummy might appear in a **Changeling** game by sheer chance, perhaps mistaking a redcap or a troll for a minion of Apophis. For any sort of evolution to take place, however, the fae and the Amenti would need to find some kind of common agenda. The battle against the Devourer would make for an epic (and possibly



DREAMING OF MUMMIES

Mummies must be enchanted in order to be harmed by chimerical weapons and so forth, just as a mortal must. A changeling must use either Fae 4, or (at Storyteller's discretion) an appropriate level of the Actor Realm to affect the Reborn.

The Judge the Souls spell might be used to gauge a changeling's Court and relative Banality.

A truly cruel Amenti might use the Becoming the Stone spell to change herself into iron, but this is hardly a way to get along with the fae.

tragic) quest, but one that would fuel a thousand ballads, and that might be all that the changelings would require to join it.

ALLIES OF THE UNDYING

Although the Amenti are a new phenomenon in the World of Darkness, a surprising number of comrades stand ready to assist them in their struggles. Some of these comrades serve Osiris and the Amenti as a whole, while some are allies of one particular Reborn. This section examines these stalwart companions and presents ideas for using them in play.

THE CULT OF ISIS

As indicated in *Mummy: The Resurrection*, the Cult of Isis has a very special responsibility: It safeguards the Spell of Life that allows the Amenti to become what they are. This awesome task, coupled with the fact that the Cult of Isis has survived century upon century of near-destruction at the hands of vampires, mortal religions, and simple loss of identity, gives its members strength to carry on the fight against Apophis. While not all spellcasters themselves, the members often have access to abilities or mystic artifacts that grant them the power to stand on their own in the World of Darkness.

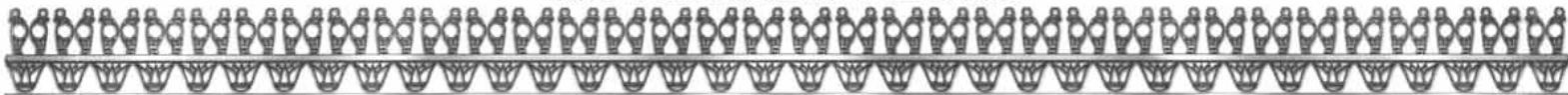
RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

As the Amenti have taken up their fight the world over, the Cult of Isis has followed them. While they still feel that the other groups that deal with the Amenti are in many ways inferior, the older cultists are learning that such an attitude doesn't benefit anyone. Therefore, they have begun working in closer concert with both the Children of Osiris and the Ashukhi Corpora-

tion in order to keep worldwide tabs on their Reborn charges. While its power base (such as it is) remains in Egypt, the cult has found itself spreading steadily outward in recent years. What began as a gradual expansion into the immediate neighboring areas — North African countries such as Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia — soon grew into full-fledged global mission. These days, the cult oversees chapters in areas as far afield as France, England and even several regions of North America.

While the Children of Osiris might feel that the Cult of Isis should stick to portents and elixirs, the cult has become much more active since the Dja-akh. In times past, most members of the cult were normal if learned mortals. Now, however, most of the initiates know a smattering of Egyptian magic (often, rituals involving enchantment of amulets or figurines, although accomplishing anything like what the Reborn can do takes much more time and energy). The cult is still flush with its success at the Sphinx (see page 27 of *Mummy*) and is eager to ride the wave to greater victories. Since they have spent so many years simply ensuring survival, though, their first priority must be consolidating their resources so as not to spread them too thin.

As the Cult of Isis deplores violence, cultists typically refuse to aid the Reborn in martial endeavors, but instead provide safe havens and hideaways as well as research materials and mentoring for the Amenti. When not actively aiding the mummies, cultists spend time researching the Wu T'ian and the Capacocha. Cultural differences impede this research (as does the fact that the other "races" of mummies are even rarer than the Amenti), but certain members of the cult are convinced that passages within ancient texts point toward Isis's foreknowledge of these creatures. Whether she felt they could be trusted is another matter, but the cult continues to investigate the matter carefully. Pushing too far into Asia, or even into American Chinatowns, may incur the ire of the Kuei-jin, and the cult is ill prepared to defend itself against such monsters. An Amenti who makes contact with an overly curious Cultist of Isis may find herself marked by some extremely unpleasant beings simply by association. Likewise, the cities of South and Central America, Rio de Janeiro and Mexico City in particular, host large numbers of undead stalking the streets. The cult has already made forays into these cities as jumping-off points to try to find evidence of the elusive South American mummies in the rural parts of the countries, and has almost assuredly been noticed. The Cult might be a potent resource for the Reborn, but it may also wind up bringing them new and powerful enemies in their quest for allies.





THE CULT IN THE CHRONICLE

Mummy characters come into contact with the cult when they undergo the Spell of Life, but the interaction doesn't end there. The cult also teaches the newly Reborn how to use their Hekau and recall the occult knowledge that the Egyptian soul may have lost in the ensuing years in Duat. The cultists guide the Amenti through the strange new world they inherit after the Third Life begins, sending them off into the world like hopeful parents when they are ready. But their involvement with a mummy character can continue well into the chronicle. If the player wishes (and the Storyteller approves), members or a sect of the Cult of Isis might function as allies, contacts or a mentor to an Amenti character. The cultists will not obey the character's every whim, naturally, nor will they fight for the character in most cases, but the cult possesses wisdom beyond what the most cognizant tem-akh can access, and is therefore a powerful benefactor to have.

Most members of the Cult of Isis are normal if learned mortals, although, at the Storyteller's discretion, some might be considered mages or sorcerers. A player might even wish to create a character from this sect and accompany a mummy on her crusade against Apophis. Such a character's magic would most likely focus on healing, emotion, prophecy and spirits (of the dead or otherwise). Any mage, however, might have a connection to the Cult of Isis through a past life or her Avatar, or a more peripheral association with the cult through a mentor or colleague. (The cult's teachings have survived in some form in several of the modern-day Traditions, including the Verbena, the Celestial Chorus and the Order of Hermes, and any of these sects might still have access to information useful to the Amenti, even if they don't know it.) More on the Cult of Isis can be found in *Sorcerer* (for *Mage: The Ascension*).

THE CHILDREN OF OSIRIS

The Cult of Isis has the easy job. By the time they have to work with the Amenti, the Amenti are sedate and ready to undergo their journey. It's the Children of Osiris, however, who have to track down rampaging Sefekhi, subtly dispel stories of walking corpses and drive away hunters, vampires and any other supernatural influences that may notice a mummy on its hajj. Fortunately, many of the remaining Children were vampires for years, and are no strangers to hardship or subtlety.

The Children are not, on the whole, as scholarly as the Cult of Isis, but they have their own brand of wisdom bred from actually surviving death (and undeath). This gives them a practical knowledge of the supernatural, which they consider much more useful

than the theories and rituals of the Cult of Isis. On the other hand, they are often ignorant of what might be creating or controlling a direct threat, which means that while they might win a battle, the war eludes them.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

While the cult has spread over much of the world, the Children of Osiris have few members outside the Web of Faith. They consider their principle duty to be finding and assisting Reborn on the hajj. In particular, they are often the ones who hunt down and capture the Unbonded Ones once they reach the Holy Lands. What they lack in mystical knowledge or ability, they make up in determination, martial skill and tactics. Many Children have monetary resources hidden away that can be used in service to Osiris, and the Children are surprisingly well equipped (as a band of American soldiers discovered recently when they mistook a Children hunting cadre for the enemy).

Most of the Osirians make their homes in Abydos, near Osiris's former Grand Temple. Any Reborn whose hajj takes him through this city is likely to be discovered quickly and taken to the Cult of Isis for resurrection. Although the Children's activities require them to be skilled in combat, most of them retain their pre-resurrection dogmas of humanity and pacifism and will not fight unless utterly necessary.

Recently, however, the sect has undergone something of a schism. Some of the Children of Osiris, still feeling the sting of centuries of unlife and wishing to join the Reborn in taking up the sword against Apophis, have begun hunting down vampires and other unclean creatures in the Web of Faith. Their knowledge of the vampiric condition as well as of the surrounding areas gives them some distinct advantages in this crusade, and indeed, these more martial Children have begun referring to themselves as Ra's Hands or the Light-Bringers. The founder of Ra's Hands is Abu al-Intiqam — himself referred to as the Light-Bringer — one of the former vampires. He leads the Children on forays into Cairo, searching out whatever vampires are careless enough to let their Masquerade slip and bringing Ra's light to them.

This split in priorities hasn't damaged the sect yet, but it threatens to do so. The Children are not immortal, and even a young vampire is extremely dangerous. If one Child of Osiris falls, especially one who survived vampirism himself, the sect as a whole suffers as a result, as do the Reborn. The Cult of Isis has tried to bring al-Intiqam under control, but he remains undeterred in his course, even going so far as to ally with the Ikhwan al-Safa in an attempt to "cleanse" the Web of Faith of



the undead. If the cult and other Reborn-oriented organizations distrust the Children for their vampiric past, those feelings grow nightly as more of the Children fight and die beside these Muslim hunters instead of performing the task set forth by Osiris.

THE CHILDREN OF OSIRIS IN PLAY

If the chronicle takes place in the Web of Faith, and especially in Abydos, the Children of Osiris can make for powerful support for a mummy character. Like the Cult of Isis, Osirians may act as allies or contacts, but they won't usually act in a mentor role.

(They don't really have the skills to teach Hekau, although this, like all things, is left to the discretion of the Storyteller.) A mummy with a very high Neteru rating might count a Child of Osiris as part of his personal cult — perhaps that Osirian was once a vampire and remembers the character's *temakh*, or perhaps the Reborn simply strikes a particularly powerful chord. The Children might even act as security for a tomb. Association with the Children becomes dangerous, though, as more and more of them embrace al-Intiqam's path and go hunting for *ghuls*.

Your character might well choose to join them, either out of devotion to the cause or desire to protect the Children of Osiris, but this can be an extremely dangerous proposal (especially in Cairo).

Although they aren't keepers of ancient lore in the same way as the Cult of Isis, the Children of Osiris do have vast amounts of knowledge about vampires, history and other useful topics. They don't necessarily know what information might be useful, however, so they often wait until someone asks before providing it. A particular Child of Osiris might unwittingly hold the key to a powerful ritual, prompting the character to go in search of him — which, in turn, might require following his trail on a hunt.

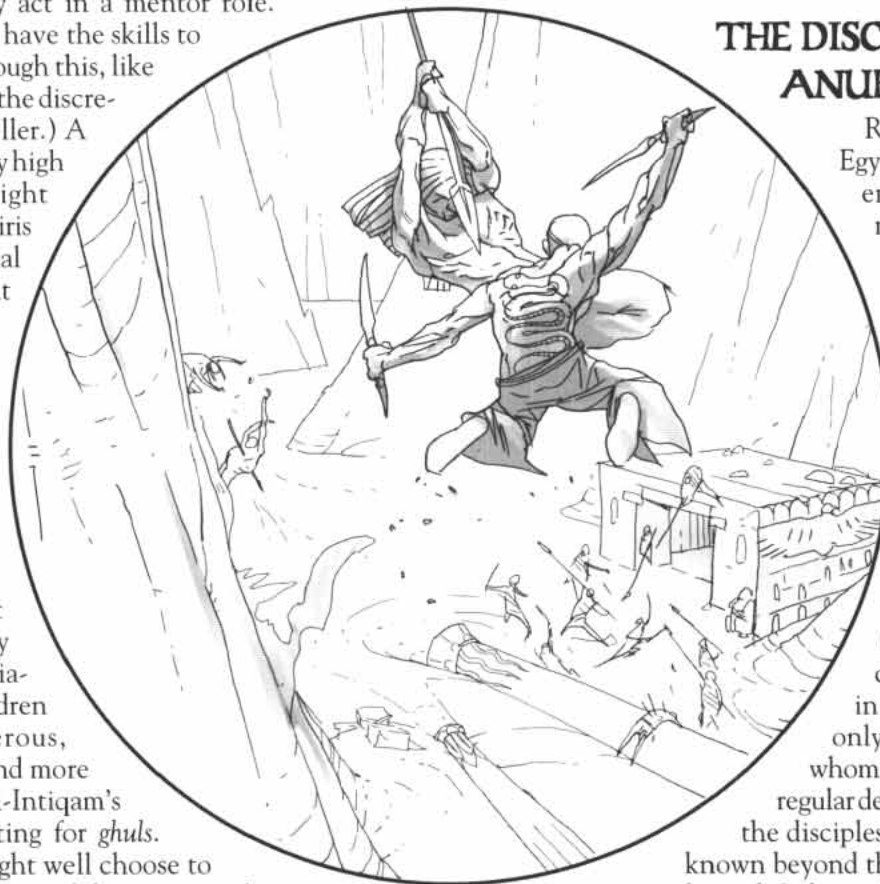
Children of Osiris sometimes exhibit magical aptitudes, usually as sorcerers. Their magic tends toward self-protection and immediate, practical applications. (A spell duplicating the Celestial Hekau spell *Sahu-Ra* is greatly sought after, but not even al-Intiqam has managed to find it.) Most often, however, they rely on training and teamwork to accomplish their ends. It is possible, if rather unlikely, for an Imbued hunter to join the Children of Osiris, but a former vampire will not become Imbued under any circumstances, nor will he retain any Disciplines or blood-borne powers.

THE DISCIPLES OF ANUBIS

Rounding out the Egyptian trinity that enfolds and surrounds the Amenti are the Disciples of Anubis. Although they make up a relatively small group (they number fewer than even the remaining Children of Osiris), the disciples are notable in that they are the only vampires with whom the Amenti have regular dealings. Although the disciples aren't very well known beyond the Web of Faith, no informed Cultist of Isis or Child of

Osiris is entirely ignorant of the vital role they have played for millennia in the war against Apophis. (Even the recalcitrant Abu al-Intiqam has made his peace with these Bedouin Kindred, having worked alongside them for centuries during his tenure as one of the undead.)

The disciples' involvement in Reborn affairs began, as one might expect, in Ancient Egypt, with their progenitor and Kindred ancestor — a powerful Gangrel named Anpu. According to tradition, this Kindred was a devout and trusted friend of the Lord of Life, who was himself a vampire at the time. Osiris bade his old friend to watch after the Cult of Isis as if they were his own





children and to safeguard the sacred Spell of Life thereafter. After Set's terrible treachery, however, the priestesses of Isis feared the proximity of so powerful a vampire, and in their grief and frustration, they asked that Anpu respect Isis's wishes and leave the spell's security to her own devoted (but sadly mortal) cultists. This he did for them, and in so doing, allowed Set to steal the sacred rite for his own dark purposes, resulting in the twisted birth of the vile entities known as the Bane mummies.

Anpu was guilt-stricken, vowing revenge and rededicating himself to the cause of his fallen friend. Soon after, Queen Hatshepsut was chosen to play living host to a powerful spell known as the Rite of the Sun King. In exchange for remaining eternally in Duat, Hatshepsut's spirit (funneled through the power of the rite) would doom the machinations of Apophis in the land of Khem to failure. Anpu pledged himself and those of his line to safeguarding the queen's body in the living lands, while acting as the conduits for her continuing efforts in the spirit world. And for nearly four millennia, the disciples assisted the Children of Osiris and the Cult of Isis, watching over the bodies of the Shemsu-heru while they rested between lives and battling the minions of Apophis at every turn.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

Were it not for the Dja-akh, things would have continued in much the same ways. Due to the great spirit storm, however (the one ironically responsible for the creation of the Amenti, at least indirectly), the queen has re-awakened in the living lands, shattering the Rite of the Sun King and opening Egypt to the full power of Apophis's corruption once again. The disciples still watch over Hatshepsut as they have always done, tending to her needs and helping her acclimate to the modern world, but recent events have forced them into a state of greater activity and involvement in the war against Apophis.

The disciples were always the soldiers on the front lines, but in older times, this meant far less than it means tonight. The Rite of the Sun King ensured that few direct skirmishes would erupt between the Osirian League and its opponents in Egypt. Yet, even though the Children of Osiris were dedicated to peace and to mastery over their own Beasts, they were still vampires then — capable of helping the disciples take the fight to the foe when necessary. Now that the remaining Children (themselves, few in number) are mortal once again, there's a sense of urgency in the mindset of the disciples. They understand what the destruction of the Rite of the Sun King will mean for the Osirian League, and they are gearing up for some truly vicious battles in

the near future. They have spent millennia working against the Followers of Set in particular, and they are more than up to the task of facing them head on come the Final Nights.

THE DISCIPLES OF ANUBIS IN PLAY

The arrival of the Amenti fills the Disciples of Anubis with a sense of hope and activity, as though they may actually do more now than they have ever done before. Their primary function, where the Reborn are concerned, is to watch over the bodies of mummies while they rest between lives and to face the vampiric followers of Apophis (Setites in particular) on their own terms — to fight fire with fire, as it were. While they leave most of the new breed of Undying to their own devices where this former duty is concerned (their numbers are swelling day by day), they are still pledged to the service of the remaining Shemsu-heru. Many among the Imkhu keep entire cadres of disciples as retainers, especially whenever they return to the land of Khem. In this regard, many disciples act as sentient tombs (or even kas), and woe be to any interloper who assails the body of a mummy guarded by these vigilant Kindred. The wisest among the Shemsu-heru recognize that the disciples are the last "missing link" between Osiris and the world of the dead (as there are no more vampiric Children of Osiris), and that the disciples' elders communicate directly with both Osiris and with Anubis in the underworld.

Aside from the Necropoli of Saqqara (which are the domain of an elder Cappadocian), nearly all of the Western Desert — stretching from north of Cairo as far down as Aswan — is the disciples' traditional domain. Disciples regularly patrol the sands of "their" desert, picking up strays along the more indirect routes of the hajj and watching for signs of Apophis's inevitable re-incursion into those lands denied him for so long. Disciples bear a particular hatred for the Apepnu, the very existence of whom the Disciples blame on themselves (through the shame of their ancient progenitor). The night they rid the world of these seven abominations is the night they purge their souls of a 4000-year-old shame, and they await this night with all the hope their damned souls can muster.

(For more on the Disciples of Anubis, see *Cairo by Night*.)

THE ASHUKHI CORPORATION

Mummies all over the world own shares in Ashukhi and use its accounting department's resources to hide their money or to store it between lives. Since Ashukhi is an imports company doing business in over a dozen countries (and the list keeps growing), a fair number of the Reborn actually work for the corporation — on





paper, at least. While the Cult of Isis and the Children of Osiris might not agree with Ashukhi's goals, they do occasionally make use of its resources.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

Ashukhi's CEO, a Sakhmu named Hoshi Ashukhi, died while in Egypt on business and underwent the Resurrection. In his Second Life, Hoshi had been a lackluster businessman, who kept the imports company going but was too shortsighted and uncreative to do anything with it. After the Spell of Life, however, the tem-akh made sure that things changed. When Ashukhi regained control of his company (buying from himself by posing as his own nephew — Ashukhi actually had no family) he began to take chances and enter into risky — if profitable — ventures.

The company's headquarters has officially moved to Alexandria, and despite Hoshi's Asian ancestry, he has taken on an Egyptian look. Most of the upper-level employees know the truth about the company. Hoshi is a poor liar, and he prefers that everyone be on the same page (better for business). As the Amenti disperse across the world, fighting the agents of Apophis, Ashukhi does its part by discovering how badly infested some of the other large corporations of the world are. Ashukhi members, Reborn and mortal, attend seminars and product launches, subtly cast spells to discern the true nature of the personnel, and keep close watch for minions of the darkness. Too often, they are appalled by what they find. They pass along information to the Amenti and expose any illegal activity they find (anonymously, of course). Amenti who work for Ashukhi are superlative agents of industrial espionage, and employees at all levels keep careful watch for infiltrators.

Ashukhi now handles imports in the Middle East, Japan, various countries in Europe, the United States and Canada. As such, Ashukhi himself spends most of his time on airplanes and overseeing his company remotely. He makes sure that any heads of operations are Reborn (or at least trusted acolytes) and has established a rigid system of contacts. If an employee fails to check in at a given time, the entire corporation will know about it and someone will investigate.

One of Ashukhi's chief priorities is to build funds and technological power before Osiris returns, so that he has a strong power base from which to work in the modern world. Ashukhi often jokes that he wonders if Osiris knows how difficult it is to succeed in business while staying true to Ma'at. The corporation refuses to take part in environment despoliation or any of the other greed-borne atrocities so common on the international market in the World of Darkness. In fact, Ashukhi is trying to pioneer a set of business codes applicable for any international business, much like the American Better Business

Bureau, but he is having trouble finding support. Endron Oil has expressed interest in joining, but all available evidence suggests that any dealings with that company would be dangerous.

The other factions, notably the Cult of Isis, often accuse the Ashukhi Corporation of straying from Ma'at simply by focusing on the bottom line at all. Hoshi Ashukhi points out that nothing in the code of Ma'at prevents a man from making a buck (or some yen, for that matter) and that everything in the world costs money, Ma'at or not. Idealism is a fine thing, the corporation asserts, and in fact it does not hire those without good moral foundations (the company's hiring process includes some very sophisticated psychological exams, often backed up with Hekau spells, designed to gain a sense of the prospective hire's mores). However, in the end, if the company cannot pay its bills it will fold, and that won't do anyone any good. The Cult of Isis and the Children of Osiris both grumble about priorities and greed, but they agree that Ashukhi has its uses.

An interesting new development has appeared in Egypt. The head of international affairs for a medical supplies company called OmniMed recently approached Ashukhi about importing its products overseas. Although Ashukhi is excited about the profitability of this arrangement, something strikes him as odd about the intense executive, Leila el-Sabeei by name. Specifically, she makes him very uncomfortable, as though she is close to boiling over with pent-up rage. Ashukhi is hard-pressed to turn the offer down, but he wants to know more about this woman before he accepts.

THE ASHUKHI CORPORATION IN PLAY

Probably the most important thing the corporation can give to a mummy character is a job. Ashukhi hires much of its workforce (especially at the managerial level) from the Reborn and their allies, and any mummy character, particular one who was involved in the corporate world in her Second Life, could work for them. Ashukhi will not simply disperse funds for nothing, though. They expect their employees to work for their pay, and to do the same amount of work a "normal" employee would. They are often more tolerant about time off than another company might be. If a player wishes her character to be employed by Ashukhi, she should detail what she does for the company and how much of her day the job typically requires.

Aside from providing resources (and Resources) to the Amenti, Ashukhi is happy to "launder" money for mummies, allowing them to keep their money even if an inconvenient death destroys their identities. Ashukhi will even retrieve a mummy's khat and keep it safe until the mummy can resurrect, given a bit of notice.



Mortal employees of Ashukhi sometimes have access to corporate information that is not normally available. As anyone who has ever worked for a large corporation knows, secretaries are typically both well informed and under-appreciated, and an executive's secretary can be a good friend to have. Ashukhi can therefore be a source of contacts and even influence to a mummy character.

THE IKHWAN AL-SAFA

Descended from a brotherhood of demon-slayers active at least as far back as the 12th century, the Ikhwan al-Safa are a staunchly Muslim and highly zealous sect. They believe that they are chosen by Allah to fight the demons of the night, which is well, but they also feel that this task applies to them almost exclusively. Other organizations of hunters, including the Catholic Society of Leopold, draw their ire nearly as heavily as vampires do. Not that the Ikhwan al-Safa minds that society killing vampires, but they finding that Catholic hunters operating in the Middle East tend to call so much attention to themselves that the vampires either go to ground or go on the offensive, neither of which make the Sayyadin's job any easier.

HISTORY

As stated, the Ikhwan al-Safa have truly ancient roots (though not nearly so much so as the Amenti). From the early days of Islam on, a faithful man who had lost his family to the undead might take up the sword and hunt such demons. Such a man (and very rarely, woman) was called a *sayyad al-ghulan* ("faithful hunter of monsters") and usually worked alone. Unlike the Christian Inquisition, these hunters were careful not to injure or even endanger innocents in their crusade against night-creatures, and the Sayyadin continued to operate in the Middle East for many centuries. Since they had no organization, killing one such hunter meant very little. The Shemsu-heru who were active at the time approved of these hunters, for even if they did not understand Ma'at, they served it well enough. They realized, however, that their fervency for their new faith (Islam) made them dangerous to the Shemsu-heru, who were decidedly not "people of the book," and so the mummies never revealed themselves to the Sayyadin, except to occasionally give them information or subtle aid.

Over the years, the Sayyadin learned of one another, and a kind of oral tradition began among them. They learned from each other, would sometimes even hunt in tandem, and as the years progressed, they eventually became a community bound by sorrow and hatred for these monsters. Eventually, they even earned a name for themselves — the Ikhwan al-Safa ("Brothers of Purity").

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

The Middle East has been a haven of bloodshed for centuries, and the vampires and other demons have been in the middle of it all since the beginning, feeding on the blood of the faithful. The Reckoning has spawned a new kind of hunter, and many of the Ikhwan al-Safa's newest recruits are imbued. They recognize, however, that the rest of the world holds devils just as deserving of Allah's justice as the ones in their homeland, so the sect has begun to spread outside of the countries of the Middle East. They remain strongest and most numerous there, however. More specifically, the brotherhood's largest and most powerful lodge is located in Cairo. Called the Dar el-Adil ("House of Justice"), it houses some of the most potent and experienced vampire-hunters in the world. An aura of faith protects the compound from vampires. Most undead can't even approach the area, but rather than causing them pain, they seem to simply ignore it. The Ikhwan al-Safa go through a rigorous and ritualized series of prayers daily in order to reinforce this aura. This ritual has been repeated throughout wars, fire and other disasters for decades.

Nor is the Dar el-Adil particularly vulnerable to mundane attack. Over the years, the Ikhwan al-Safa has forged some limited inroads into some of the more reasonable militant groups, sometimes lending aid in getting weapons around customs or procuring visas in order for equipment, training and certain governmental organizations looking the other way. The lodge in Cairo is equipped with impressive security and is easily overlooked. It also contains a veritable arsenal, and its full-time personnel are quite capable of digging themselves in and repelling nearly any attack short of leveling the building. To their knowledge, the brotherhood has never suffered infiltration, and they aim to keep it that way, even in a city so infested with the undead as Cairo.

The Reborn put an interesting spin on the whole predicament, though. In the wake of the Reckoning and the Dja-akh, the Ikhwan al-Safa has had concerns other than vampires (as the dead have been rising from their graves without the help of the bloodsuckers). In the process, the Hands of Ra and the Ikhwan al-Safa have made contact. In Egypt, Cairo in particular, the brotherhood has grudgingly joined forces with the Light-Bringers (who have not, of course, revealed that some of them used to be vampires), and this means that the Muslim hunters have made casual contact with the Reborn as well. This causes some friction, as the Amenti's spiritual beliefs predate Islam by a number of centuries, and a vocal minority of the more militant Sayyadin frown on these "infidels" taking part in their crusade. The more practical members of the group, however, recognize that the Amenti and the Children of Osiris are more experienced and



knowledgeable about the night-stalkers than even the Ikhwan al-Safa are, and so extend to them their aid.

This is the case in Cairo, anyway. In the desert west of Cairo, however, disaster struck recently. A small sect of Children of Osiris and a cell of Sayyadin came across a wild Sefekhi nearly simultaneously. The Children, of course, tried to capture the vicious would-be mummy and subdue it, while the hunters assumed it was a dangerous walking corpse and opened fire. The two groups traded shots, and the firefight ended with casualties on both sides. In the chaos, the Sefekhi slipped away into the city. What became of it is unknown, but seers in the Cult of Isis feel that some other force — perhaps even the vampires — found and captured the unfortunate mummy. Since the Children did not know the mummy's identity, they don't know how much time remains before the tem-akh in the Amenti loses its power and the body ceases to function, but they do know that the Sefekhi might inadvertently provide information to a hated enemy. Likewise, both the Children of Osiris and the Ikhwan al-Safa are keeping careful watch for each, and both groups bear something of a grudge. Reconciliation is possible (particularly if either of the groups made contact with their respective counterparts in Cairo), but this hasn't happened yet.

The Ikhwan al-Safa have also spread beyond the Arabian Gulf, but are not nearly as established or influential in other countries. At a time when people of Arab descent acting strangely can bring immediate and violent reprisals (which is not at all lost on the vampires), the Sayyadin in other lands need to tread extremely carefully. To that end, they avoid violent confrontation, preferring to gather intelligence on their undead targets and then orchestrate a single surgical strike, much like their ancient predecessors did. They are, however, very much aware that it is the vampires and not the Sayyadin who have the home-turf advantage outside the Middle East. In such situations, an Amenti ally can be invaluable. There are, of course, only so many such allies to go around.

THE IKHWAN AL-SAFA IN PLAY

Unlike the other organizations described here, the Reborn don't factor into the Sayyadin's beliefs or origins in the slightest. The only common ideological interest they have is destroying minions of Apophis, and even then the reasons behind such motivations differ. Their common foe might be enough for a working relationship, however.

The Ikhwan al-Safa can factor into a player's mummy character as represented by the Allies, Contacts or possibly even Neteru Backgrounds. A character with a cell of Sayyadin as her neteru should almost certainly pay extra points for such, as the hunters are much more capable on the whole than a "normal" cult. Such a mummy character

was probably Muslim in her Second Life, and perhaps even peripherally connected to the Ikhwan al-Safa somehow.

The Ikhwan al-Safa are generally normal human beings without benefit of supernatural abilities. If the Storyteller wishes, however, it isn't out of the realm of possibility for such a character to wield some sort of magic, or even to have connections to the Ahl-i-Batin or another supernatural society. Beware, however, of having the mummy connected to a cell of an ostensibly mortal group of hunters in which there are no normal mortals to be found. (The Ikhwan al-Safa as imbued is perfectly acceptable, though.)

A mummy who associates with the Ikhwan al-Safa takes the same sorts of risks as one who associates with other hunters. The mummy is a supernatural creature among mortals who kill supernatural creatures. Even though the mummy and the Sayyadin ostensibly have the same goals, the Reborn had best tread carefully. One false step, one slip from Ma'at, and the hunters might decide she is falling under the sway of demons and attempt to slay her.

CHARACTER-BASED CULTS: NETERU AND AYLLU

Amenti and Teomallki characters have access to special Backgrounds that represent groups of mortals who know the truth about them (or at least part of the truth) and are willing help to varying degrees in their struggles against the enemy. The applications of these two Backgrounds are very different, though, so they deserve some special attention here.

AYLLU

As mentioned on page 220 of **Mummy: The Resurrection**, one's ayllu is less a cult and more a local tribe or family that knows something of the Teomallki and can summon her to life. The main precept of Ayllu, and what separates it from the Allies Background, is "shared heritage kept alive among a specific localized group." In other words, the members of an ayllu look on the mummy as a sacred charge, a direct link to their cultural heritage, and it should be obvious to the reader how motivating such a link can be. An ayllu that only encompasses one family but has been passed down for generations isn't as impressive as an entire village revering the Teomallki as its patron messenger from the gods, but that family probably tells stories about the character and knows bits of lore that the character will find useful. Perhaps the family has even kept some spells or rituals and incorporated them as annual or holiday practices, not having any real idea of their significance.

An ayllu can fight for the mummy, and if convinced of the need (and that the gods require it), able-bodied members of the clan will indeed take up arms for the Teomallki. Don't make the mistake of imagining such people clad in



tribal garb and carrying pointed sticks, either. Allyu members do not have to be rural primitives, but can very easily be at home in the modern world and familiar with the weaponry of that world. If the Teomallki has a truly impressive Ayllu rating (five dots), the clan even includes an amawta who will perform sacrifices for the character. While this kind of practice won't exactly endear the Teomallki or the ayllu to the Amenti, or really anyone else in the modern age, it does allow the mummy to regain her power quickly and is considered a viable means of prayer.

One thing the player should decide upon when detailing his character's ayllu is how knowledgeable they are about the mummy. If the clan is simply a village or neighborhood with a few quirky customs that few can explain (beyond "tradition"), the character has the benefit of anonymity. He can't exert any real control on his ayllu, though, and he can't necessarily depend on being summoned back to Earth after death as soon as would be convenient. If the ayllu represents a small family that knows for a fact that the mummy exists, the members will be likely to offer up a place to sleep and probably guard the mummy's body, but they won't have any real mystical knowledge or any willingness to perform sacrifices for the Teomallki.

NETERU

Egyptian mummies can also have a "cult following" of sorts. This following, represented by the Neteru Background (see page 113 of this book), details how large the following is and the competency of the members. Unlike Ayllu, this Background doesn't *necessarily* indicate a group with any kind of familial connection to the Reborn, though it certainly could. The neteru might comprise members or acolytes of the Cult of Isis who know that this particular Reborn is destined for great things and wish to protect her. Perhaps some of the members of the cult are themselves reincarnates of associates the mummy had during her First Life (maybe the mummy was a high priest and the neteru members were pupils or even bodyguards). For an interesting twist, perhaps the neteru witnessed the mummy's Second Death and then watched as she rose again. (What if the neteru even helped the mummy on her hajj?) The cult has the advantage of seeing the Amenti rise up from what is probably her lowest point (trying desperately to get help after the Second Death) to her new life as one of the Reborn.

Nothing stops a mummy from starting a cult around herself, too. Perhaps she inducts initiates into the mysteries of the Cult of Isis (those mysteries to which the Amenti herself has been exposed, anyway). Maybe she doesn't use an Egyptian framework for the cult at all. Perhaps the neteru comprises devout Christians who see their immortal leader as a modern Lazarus or Christ-figure.

The mummy's dynasty certainly makes a difference in the framework of the neteru. A Tomb Watcher might surround himself with straight-edges and anti-drug proponents, or even a pro-life organization (depending on the character's Second Life). A Khri-habi might steer a self-help group toward service to Ma'at, whereas the neteru of a Mesektet would be much more ritualized and esoteric. The Sakhmu form cults around faith or the arts, and the violent Sefekhi's cults run the gamut from *Fight Club*-esque anarchy to S&M clubs — if the Unbandaged One can't participate, at least he can watch.

The player and the Storyteller should work together and ask the following questions:

- **Where does the cult come from?** Is it an ancient order similar to (if smaller than) the Cult of Isis? Did the Amenti build the cult herself after the Second Death? Before the Second Death? Are the members kin to the mummy in any way? Does the cult have members in more than one area, or are they very localized?
- **Who are the members?** Middle-class Americans? Poor Muslims? Are they the mummies' peers or are they "beneath" her in some way?
- **What are the members willing to do?** What kinds of resources can the members call on? Can they fight — or will they? Will they act as spies? Will they break the law and bear the consequences quietly if caught? Likewise, how much risk is the mummy willing to lay on her neteru?
- **What do the members think of the mummy?** Do they know that the Amenti is an immortal amalgam of an ancient Egyptian soul and a flawed modern life? If not, what do they believe? People don't join cults centered around boring leaders, so what about the Amenti draws her followers? Are the followers motivated by duty? Lust? Money? Faith?
- **How much does the neteru know about the mummy?** They might know that their duties include guarding a tomb in a cemetery, but what if one of them gets curious and wanders inside? What are the members willing to take on faith rather than with proof? What won't they believe? What truths would offend them?

HERALDS OF MA'AT

The following are four mummies who have, by dint of position, luck or action, made an immediate impression on the World of Darkness. Statistics are not provided, and this omission is deliberate. For one thing, it consumes too much space, and besides, a Storyteller wishing to use one of these characters should put the needs of the chronicle first. This means she is free to give these characters whatever capabilities she might require them to have.



DEACON JACK

ARTIST OF THE BODY CANYAS

For some folks, life is an endless exploration of joy and wonder. Each day is interesting and challenging, and every morning is bright with new possibilities.

Jack had to work very hard to keep from slugging those kinds of people.

In his Second Life, Jack Deacon (or "Deacon Jack," as he usually called himself) was a member of the Aryan Nation, an unrepentant skinhead, an even more unrepentant heroin user, and an all-around nihilistic, suicidal bastard. His body was a roadmap of scars, cheap tattoos, piercings and needle tracks. He and his gang cruised New York, fighting with gangs of various ethnicities. Deacon was just waiting for the bullet or knife that would take him away.

Wouldn't you know it? When that night finally came, Deacon found something worth living for.

The Big Circle Boys, a Chinese gang, had evidently marked Deacon Jack for death. Might have been that batch of tainted smack he'd unloaded on their turf the month prior, who knows? One warm summer night, while Jack was stumbling toward a tattoo parlor with a crude sketch of a raven in his hand, the BCBs pulled up and emptied several semiautomatic weapons in his general direction. They couldn't shoot worth a shit, usually, but with that number of bullets, the odds weren't on Jack's side. They sped off, sure he was dead.

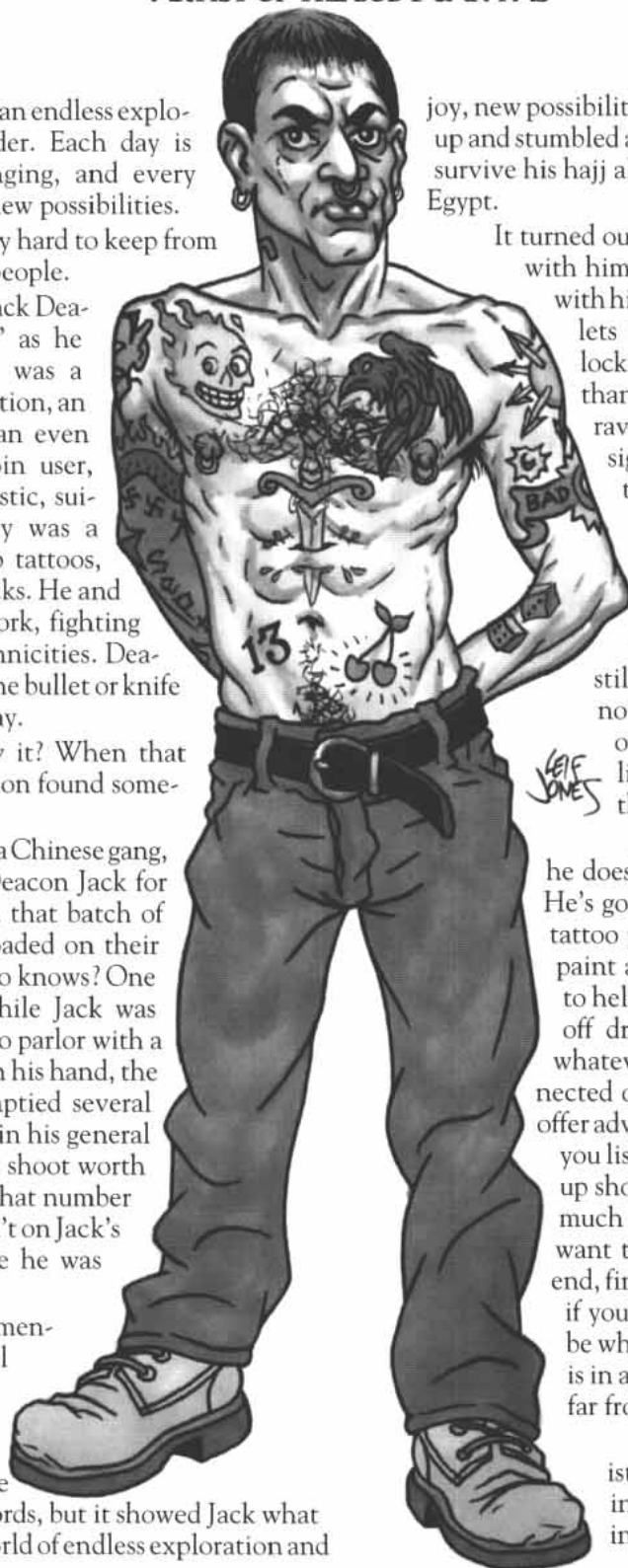
He was dead — momentarily. And then an angel came toward him and asked him, in a nutshell, if he'd like to join a different kind of war. The angel really didn't use words, but it showed Jack what he'd been missing — a world of endless exploration and

joy, new possibilities and all the rest of it. Jack got up and stumbled away, and somehow managed to survive his hajj all the way from ol' New York to Egypt.

It turned out that the ka spirit that merged with him had been an artist in life, and with his newfound knowledge of Amulets and Effigy, he turned toward locking such spells into tattoos rather than just jewelry. He did get that raven tattoo (although he redesigned it at least a dozen times in the interim), but now he can call the raven to life. Most of his piercings are gone — they just don't feel right anymore — and the very thought of a needle makes him queasy. He still carries a piece, yeah, but it's not like he'll ever use it on someone. He understands now about life and about how wasting it is the real crime.

Although Jack's not a Sakhmu, he does want to beautify people a bit. He's gone back to NYC and opened a tattoo parlor. He doesn't just want to paint art on people, though. He tries to help them to help themselves: Get off drugs, out of gangs, find work, whatever helps. He's not well connected or anything, but he can usually offer advice, and he was always someone you listened to. He was tempted to set up shop in a nicer section of town — much safer, after all, and he doesn't want to get shot again — but in the end, finances (and the knowledge that if you're to help people, you have to be where they are) won out. His store is in a dangerous section of town, not far from his old gang's turf.

Hey, some of those crazy, nihilistic urges die hard. But life is indeed interesting and challenging.



SAKURA AB-NEFERU

THE WIND-TOSSED SOUL

Born in Egypt in 380 BC, Merit-Neferu had no idea she would serve the son of Osiris for millennia to come. Refusing to remarry after her husband's unexpected death, Merit-Neferu instead devoted herself to continuing his business and giving generously to the Pharaoh. Her piety and devotion caught the eye of the Cult of Isis, who offered her immortality in exchange for service to their cause, a burden and honor Merit-Neferu accepted to become one of the Shemsu-heru.

Merit-Neferu has endured the ages since through innumerable lifetimes, plying her trade as a merchant clandestinely or openly — but always successfully — until receiving appointment as the vizier of Asia by Horus himself in 1901. From her modest home in Hong Kong, the Vizier dutifully monitored the region's changing political climate and the petty squabbles of its mortals and monsters, but remained aloof until her discovery of cryptic writings hinting at the existence of native Asian mummies. Michaela Neff (as Merit-Neferu called herself in the modern world) was on the verge of discovering such a being when the Dja-akh struck the underworld like a wrathful dragon. Unfortunately, Merit-Neferu had entered a death cycle just before and her soul shattered in the force of the ghost-storm. Only Merit-Neferu's ba remained, torn and confused as she circled like a bird seeking refuge. When a victim of a frenzied vampire materialized across the Shroud, Michaela appeared to the frightened young woman and offered to help her escape the terrible storm threatening them both. Grabbing onto her savior fiercely, the woman agreed and the two souls leaped across the Shroud together in a flash of light.

Yoshimuro Sakura, daughter of the wealthy Japanese financier Yoshimuro Hideo, never really chose anything for herself in her life. An obedient child eager to please her doting parents, Sakura's adolescent rebelliousness was not a result of a growing sense of independence so much as her succumbing to peer pressure. After her mother died of cancer, the 15-year-old honor student allowed herself to be swept up in the club scene as an escape from her grief. She moved to Hong Kong at 18 because her father wanted her company. He hoped that seeing his promotion and success at the investment firm would inspire his daughter to take interest in school again and pursue college. Still listless and without a sense of direction,

Sakura's altogether unexpected death at the hands of a berserk man she later discovered to be a vampire left her understandably traumatized and confused. Desperate for an escape — any escape — Sakura grabbed the angel that swept down to her on wings of light and promised help. She saw a flash of light and then nothing.

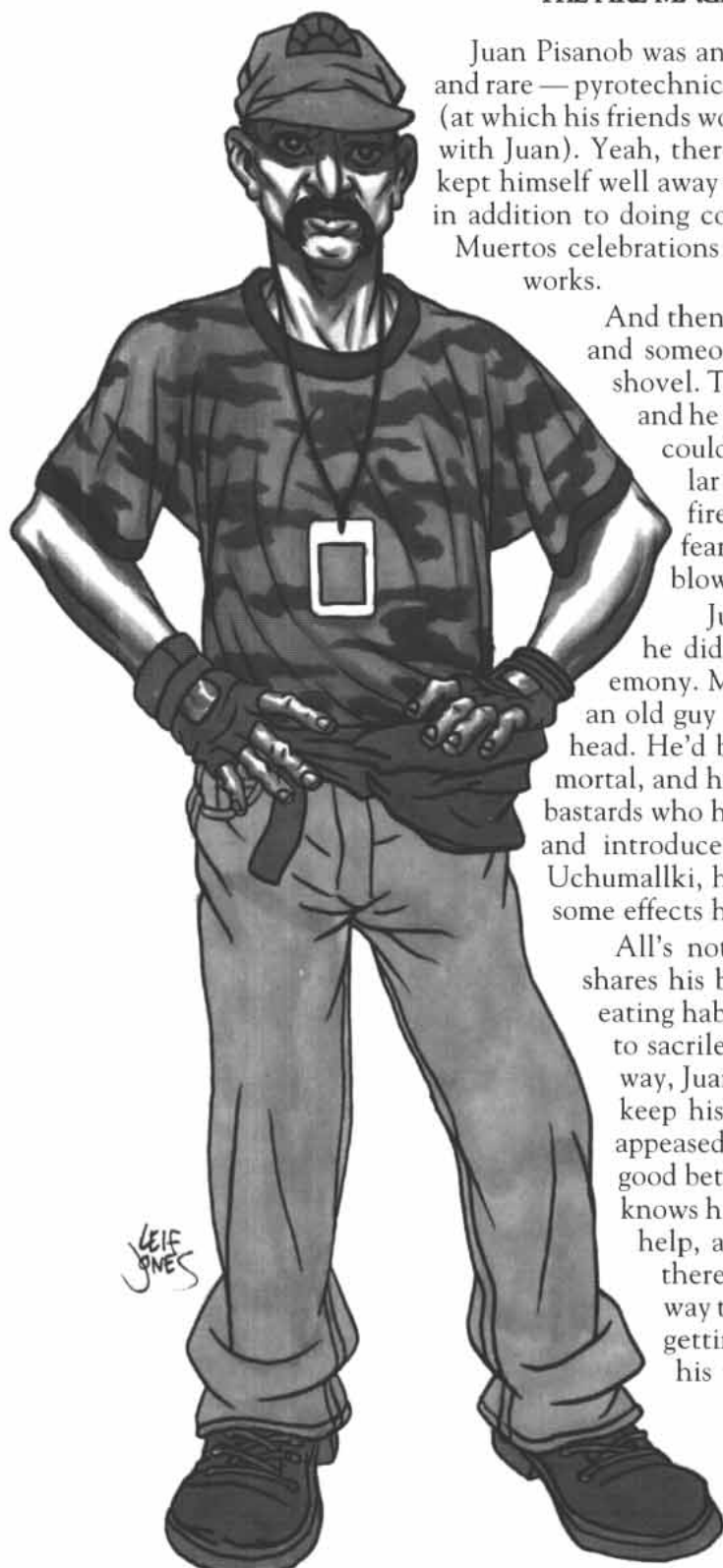
Sakura awoke again in a strange temple surrounded by robed figures chanting in a language she didn't understand. She felt different, more alive somehow, certainly more confident. Scared and oddly unafraid at the same time, the new Amenti adjusted to her new state amazingly quickly. She returned to Hong Kong within weeks as Sakura ab-Neferu, though she alone knew that. Her father thought she had run away or been kidnapped, and he was overjoyed to receive her home again. Yet for all that she now appreciated his ambition and abiding love with new understanding, Sakura had other memories, fragmented though they were, of places and lives stretching back through nearly 24 centuries of life. She remembered searching for other immortals at the very end and then death. Unsure of how or where to look, Sakura watched and waited. She didn't have to wait long.

Three months after beginning her Third Life, she found a young man sitting in lotus position in her locked apartment. He addressed her by her new name, introduced himself as the immortal Kun Li, and proceeded to give her a message he claimed was from the Eight Immortals of Taoist legend. Awed, Sakura returned to Egypt to seek counsel with a friend among the Imkhu, telling her of the self-proclaimed Wu T'ian who had sought her as a messenger and his gentle insistence that the Children of Heaven were the rightful shepherds of the Middle Kingdom. His advice that the Children of the Nile should tend the concerns of their own lands and not involve themselves in the affairs of others was met with skepticism and alarm. Sakura returned to Hong Kong with orders to make contact with these so-called Wu T'ian and learn all she could about them. Although Kun Li has appeared several times in the months since (usually where and when she least expects him), his answers to her queries have been cryptic and deliberately vague. She still has yet to meet any others of his kind, and she knows little more about the Wu T'ian than when she started her assignment.



JUAN PISANOB

THE FIRE-MAGICIAN



Juan Pisanob was an artist. Yes, his art form was unconventional and rare — pyrotechnics — but he often joked that it was this or arson (at which his friends would chuckle nervously... you just never knew with Juan). Yeah, there were bad elements in Juan's family, but he kept himself well away from all that. He was a devout Catholic, and in addition to doing concerts and stage shows, he'd do *Dios de los Muertos* celebrations and whatever else might require a few fireworks.

And then he was in Mexico City one night, setting up, and someone hit him on the back of the head with a shovel. The blow knocked him to the ground, stunned, and he saw four people with *fangs* laughing at him. He could barely move, but he retained enough muscular control to flick his lighter and set off the fireworks next to him. The fanged people ran in fear, and he managed a smile before dying. The blow to the head had injured his brain.

Juan wasn't exactly expecting to wake up, but he did. He woke in the midst of an elaborate ceremony. Mercifully, he remembers little of it — mostly an old guy with a serrated knife and then a voice in his head. He'd become one of the *Teomallki*, the newly immortal, and he was being given a chance to hunt down the bastards who had killed him — and any others like them — and introduce them to the joys of pyrotechnics. As an *Uchumallki*, he's now capable of putting fire and smoke to some effects his competitors would kill for.

All's not sunshine and roses, though. The *illi* that shares his body looks at his profession, his religion, his eating habits and his lifestyle as anything from frivolous to sacrilege. Never exactly a weak-willed person anyway, Juan continues to live as he sees fit, but he has to keep his *illi* (a particularly bloodthirsty high priest) appeased somehow. Hunting vampires in Mexico is a good bet, but Juan's had some close calls so far, and he knows his luck won't hold out forever. He needs some help, and he reckons there has to be someone out there who can give him a little guidance on the best way to hunt down and torch those *pendejos* without getting bitten. He doesn't know where to start, but his methods are anything but subtle. Sooner or later, someone will find him.



CHIANG MEI

SHANGHAI'S BUSIEST CABBY

Chiang Mei wasn't what her father expected. She was meant to be married, perhaps to work, perhaps not. Mei's father never expected any trouble from her, at least. When Mei decided she wanted to learn to drive and it became her all-encompassing passion, her father knew there would be problems.

When Mei took to memorizing maps, her father's fears were cemented. When Mei got a job at the age of 20 with a Shanghai cab company, her father didn't know whether to be shocked, amused or ashamed. Mei treated driving a cab as a calling, though, and she spoke often of "knowing the city" as though dirty Shanghai was her lover.

Sadly, she didn't get the chance to know her lover well. An American tourist, trying desperately to juggle a map and a phrase book, hit her broadside. At last her father knew what to feel — grief.

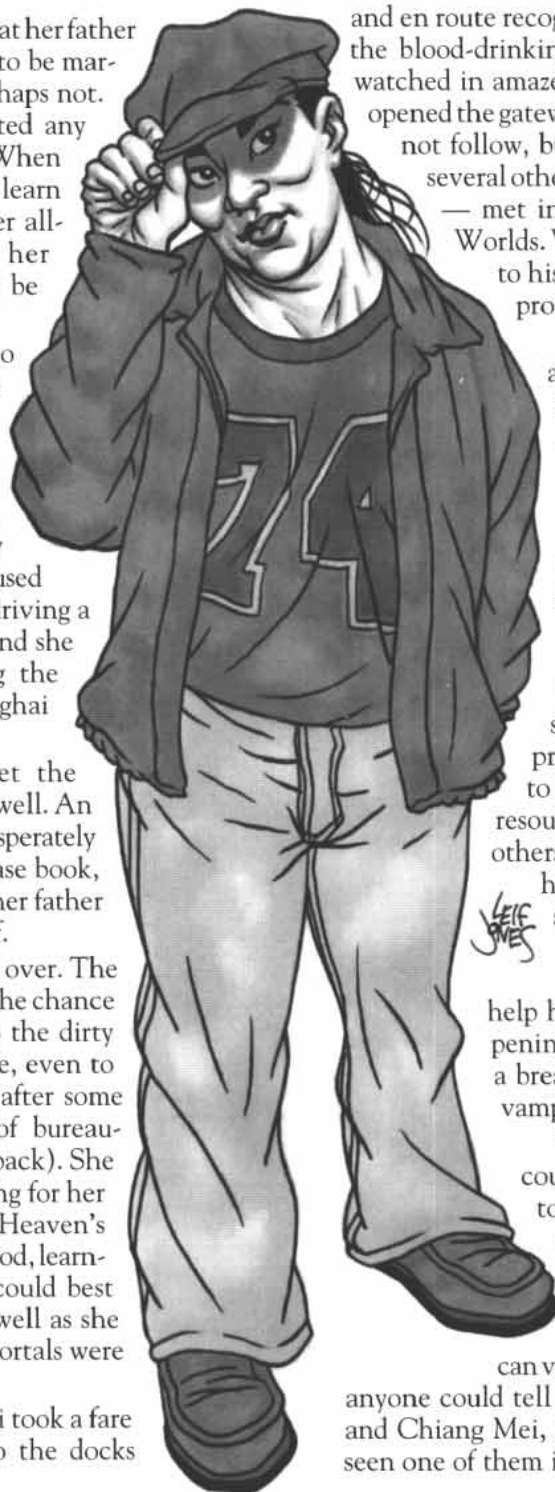
But Mei's story wasn't over. The Eight Immortals gave her the chance to return to Shanghai, to the dirty streets and the vibrant life, even to take over her job again (after some judicious manipulation of bureaucratic records got her job back). She had, in a way, been training for her new position as one of Heaven's Children since her childhood, learning the city so that she could best protect it. She served as well as she could, and the Eight Immortals were pleased.

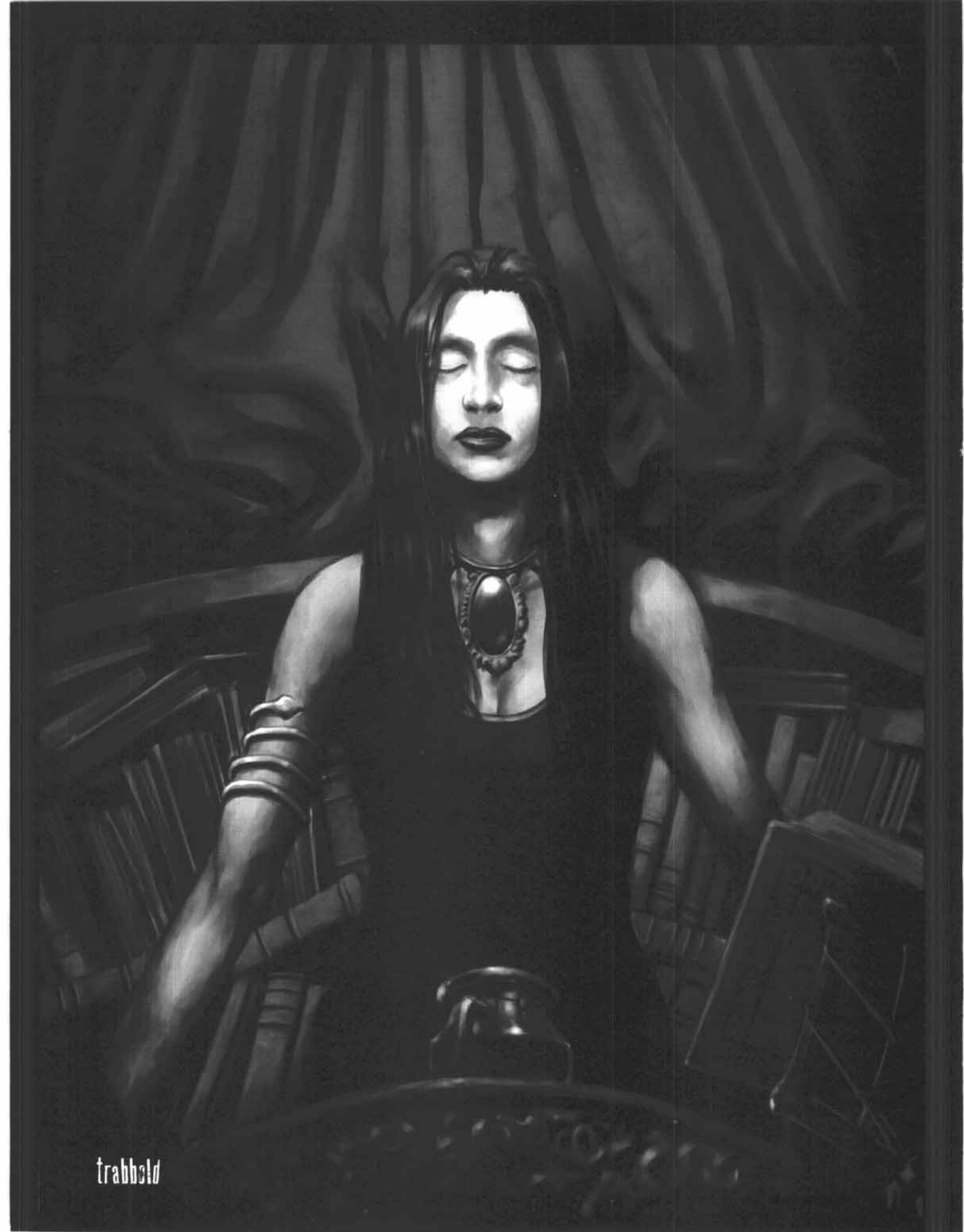
Recently, Chiang Mei took a fare from Shanghai airport to the docks

and en route recognized him as one of the Wan Kuei, the blood-drinking demons. She followed him and watched in amazement as he performed a ritual and opened the gateway into the Mirror Lands. She could not follow, but she watched carefully as he and several other undead — she is unsure how many — met in secret behind the Wall Between Worlds. When he emerged, she followed him to his home. Exactly one week later, the problems began.

Mei faces assassination attempts almost nightly. Her attackers run the gamut from Tong assassins to Western vampires to the Wan Kuei themselves, and she has yet to figure out what's going on. She realizes that this must all be connected to what she saw, and she could probably find where the man went, but she isn't entirely sure what significance he has or why the simple fact that she saw his face is causing her so much trouble. As it is, she has prepared herself to be sent to heaven to report to the immortals soon. Mei is resourceful and knows the city like few others, but her luck isn't infinite. Without help, someone will find and slay her sooner or later. She is aware that one of the Wan Kuei — perhaps a younger one — might be able to help her, or at least explain what is happening. At this point, however, she's only a breath away from seeking out a *gweilo* vampire and explaining her problem.

What Chiang Mei is unaware of, of course, is that Shanghai's undead look to a secret *wu* of Kuei-jin for leadership. The names, faces and even the number of these "Silent Mandarins" are unknown, but both Japanese interlopers and American vampires would love to know anything anyone could tell them about these secret masters... and Chiang Mei, to all accounts a simple cabby, has seen one of them in person.





trabold



Chapter Eight:

Grave Goods

AND THOU SHALT BIND THEM FOR A SIGN
UPON THINE HAND. AND THEY SHALL BE AS
FRONTLETS BETWEEN THINE EYES.

—DEUTERONOMY 6:8

EQUIPPING THE REBORN

This chapter provides examples for the many trinkets and items used by the Reborn along their long and often arduous road. While mundane equipment is certainly vital for anyone desiring long-lived success in the difficult arena that is the World of Darkness, items of a more mystical nature are a more emblematic hallmark (and some would say, birthright) of the undying followers of Horus. Two of these gifts in particular — relics and phylacteries — embody the underlying marriage between magic and spirit, and their implementation and usage allow the Reborn to carry the teachings of both Thoth and Lord Osiris with them wherever they may go.

RELICS

As its name indicates, a relic was originally simply something “left behind.” Relics are objects of emotional significance that, upon being destroyed (or, in some cases, forgotten), are spiritually “reincarnated” in the underworld. Many ancient societies “killed” the belongings of the dead so as to make them relics, such as breaking a bowl or rending a garment when someone died. Relics are essentially the ghosts of objects. And just as not all humans become wraiths when they die, but only those whose souls are restless, not all objects

that are destroyed or abandoned with a person become relics. The relic must be something so attached to the living person, in a spiritual sense, that it partakes of the person’s soul and passes into the underworld with him. Relics are the only objects that spirits are capable of using, aside from items forged of their own (or another’s) ectoplasm, usually in one of the Dark Kingdoms. The game **Wraith: The Oblivion**, describes relics in much more detail than is reasonable (or possible) here.

The Reborn find relics extremely useful, as they are creatures of Duat and duality. Many mummies create relics before they die and have them at their side in the underworld. Others have relics already waiting for them as they die repeated deaths, often maintained by wraith allies in the Shadowlands. The Effigy path of Hekau is the most common means of creating relics. The rituals and spells necessary for creating major relics, greater relics and princely relics are covered in Chapter Four of the **Mummy** rulebook.

The immortal followers of both Horus and Set accumulated great hoards of such treasures over the millennia. The Amenti, beings whose immortal Egyptian souls are fragments of an original whole, must acquire relics and phylacteries as best they can. Here the chaos of the Dja-akh has wrought havoc in what was meant to be a perfectly ordered world. In some cases, the khu or khaibit of a long-gone Egyptian may not even



know what relics are left from its previous lives. In other cases, the Amenti have found or taken relics left by ancient immortals who have died, vanished or worse. The hunt for the relics and phylacteries of long-gone dead is a thrilling and dangerous part of Osiris's service.

Note that the different kinds of Reborn favor relics of various types, and that these preferences vary as do their other tendencies. The Kher-minu like to find or make jewelry and art, usually ornamental work with added or hidden "practical" magical functions. A Tomb Watcher might like a Patek Philippe watch that indicates with its several dials the presence and power of any spirits, or a stylish jacket that also repels bullets and battle magic. The Scroll-bearers love to elevate matter to its highest point, creating relic texts for the instruction of their living and dead selves, communications devices and alchemical tools. Some even have attempted to take the practice of alchemy itself to the Shadowlands, creating decades-long and centuries-long experiments that they can monitor alternately in the material world and the spirit world. A Khri-habi might make an e-book reader loaded with magical texts to make her Hekau more powerful, or a set of medical tools capable of repairing both living and plasmic bodies. The Bearers of the Book have debated whether erasing software ("killing" it) will successfully enable it to emerge on Shadowlands relic computers as ghostware. Some claim success in this. More remarkable are those who claim to have sent knowledge or ideas to the dead by burning books....

The all-seeing Mesektet are foreseers and seekers of justice among the new immortals. They look to the items that they make to extend their powers and protect them while they lie torpid at night. One Mesektet constructed a pair of phylactery binoculars that saw clearly from the material world to the Shadowlands and back. Another made a pantograph (a writing machine) that copied his words as he lay asleep or dead. The Sakhamu, craftmasters of Effigy Hekau, love to make images graven so perfectly that they seem alive (and often are). Spirit Scepters have made animated pets who could guard their corpses, messenger and guard animals who can follow them to the dark lands below, and pictures one can step through into another world altogether (if one knows the proper passwords).

The bestial Sefekhi challenge their foes with relics that increase their power to fight (mentally and physically) and to strive for Osiris's reunification. Magic weapons that have the strength of Stygian soulsteel or the unbreakable sharpness of "impossible" alloys are as important as compasses or barometers that show Godshatter or Geiger counters attuned to the Web of

Faith. Strikingly, Sefekhi shun any relics that could hide or heal their ghastly appearance, even though they know enough Hekau to make these items. Most take a dark pride in the way they look.

The Udja-sen make and find objects that befit their broken and remade nature, almost always choosing objects that are somehow damaged or incomplete. They invest energies and forces in them to assuage their loneliness and pain. One of the Judged Ones made a mirror in which, living or dead, he could look and see the best deed that he was capable of doing that day. Another made a bucket of paint that enabled him stop the bashing damage that loss of Sekhem caused for a scene once per story. Yet another created a writing box that, in his hands, could write out what any person who confessed wrongdoing to the Udja-sen could do to make amends.

The Wu T'ian choose objects of Oriental art, science and scholarship to fill with spirit power. The strange inventions of Taoist mystics often become real in the hands of these immortals. One Taoist mummy created stone tablets that, when rubbed with paper and ink, would print a message from the Dark Kingdom of Jade (not always a truthful one, however). Another made a double-acting piston bellows that could inflate spirits to double their previous size and power!

The mummies of Tawantinsuyu, with their frightening legacy of sacrifice and war, have made relics and phylacteries that draw on their cultural background. The intelligent multiple heads of South American mummies are an example. Another is the condor made by a Teomallki, capable of carrying him to Hanak Pacha above the sky.

PHYLACTERIES

Phylacteries are those objects most treasured by the Reborn during their time in the Skinlands. In ancient Khem, the favorite things of a dead person were buried with him, along with ritual objects. The purpose of this practice was to provide the dead person with possessions in the underworld. These are relics, well known to wraiths. When a mummy "reincarnates" a relic by attuning it to an object in the living world, a phylactery is the result.

Phylacteries originate in the ancient center of the Web of Faith. Tefillim, called *phylacteroi* in Greek, are leather cases in which ancient Jews, including the followers of Jesus, carried verses of scripture written on parchment (itself a form of leather). The spirit of God resided in His words, and so these pouches would protect the faithful and enable their prayers to ascend



to God. Tefillim were worn during prayer, bound onto the forehead and forearm. (Wearing them all the time wasn't necessary.) They are still worn by the Hasidim and other Orthodox Jews.

Phylacteries, therefore, are things that hold power within them. A phylactery is something in the world of the living into which a mummy can bind the power of the underworld, an earthly manifestation of a relic. Relics are those objects most treasured by the Reborn during their time in the Skinlands. The relics buried with the dead would enter the underworld, and mummies can use these items not only when in the Shadowlands, but they can link objects in the mortal world to the relics in the underworld. This object, a case in the Skinlands in which the name of the relics is carried, enables the mummy to use the powers of the "dead" relic in the mortal world. The object's power, if not the object itself, can be taken back and forth. The Reborn, as faithful to Osiris as the ancients were to the One God, have referred to the objects which can be taken to the spirit world and back as "phylacteries," and this chapter covers more ordinary magical items as well.

SKINNING THE SACRED: ACQUIRING PHYLACTERIES

In game terms, a phylactery is almost a relic in reverse. Whereas relics are objects of emotional attachment that reappear in the underworld as ghostly versions of themselves, phylacteries are created when a spirit brings back with him a treasured relic from the underworld. The relic may have been enchanted using Effigy Hekau, having been an object dear to the mummy when he was alive, or it may even have been with him at death (such as a khopesh used in his last battle). He then attunes its spirit to an object in the Skinlands through the rites Major Shadow, Greater Shadow or Princely Shadow. The union of physical presence (a real object) with a spirit from the Shadowlands, much like the joining that creates the Reborn, is called the Nefesh — the word for the union of body and soul in the whole person. In game terms, it is a sixth-level ritual. The Nefesh can only occur if the relic in question was one of the original objects buried with the spirit at the end of his First Life, and even then the relic object must still retain some intrinsic value to the Reborn. This is best handled through either a prelude scene in which the First Life of the tem-akh includes the presence of the relic, or through a flashback or dream scene in which the relic is present.

Note that no character can ever have (or have had) more phylacteries than he has points of Balance, and

that any attempt to attune more than this number will result in the item being destroyed. If a character with Balance 5 loses all five of her phylacteries, she cannot attune any more. The potential is lost until she raises her Balance.

In game terms, a phylactery can be obtained at character creation by buying a relic for the character, using the Relic Background. The Storyteller must approve any phylactery the player wants the character to have, and the Storyteller's decision is final. There may be phylacteries extant that the Shemsu-heru made centuries or millennia ago, which a lucky Reborn might find, but they are very rare. Of course, a player may also create a phylactery during play using the Nefesh through the sixth-level ritual Sanctify Chattel. Phylacteries may also come as gifts or rewards for exceptional deeds, from Osiris or the Imkhu. Only the greatest of the Amenti merit such things or can even learn to use them. As powerful as phylacteries are, the Storyteller ought to watch carefully how a player gets and uses one. They can unbalance a game very easily in the hands of characters as powerful as mummies. Most importantly, a given Reborn almost never has more than one phylactery at a time. Each is attuned to its owner's very spirit, and such a communion taxes all but the hardest of souls. Only the strongest or most insane would be able to stand bearing the spiritual weight of two or more phylacteries simultaneously.

PHYLACTERIES AND LIFEFORCE

Phylacteries are famous for their ability to store Lifeforce (by whatever name the Reborn knows it). The mummy can create them as a kind of storage tank for Lifeforce, and then place as many points of Lifeforce in them as desired. Both the mummy's own Lifeforce, and Lifeforce that is given to or stolen by him can be stored here. A mummy can draw on this Lifeforce freely to cast spells and rituals and so on, while his own Lifeforce remains unused. There are, however, two major drawbacks to investing phylacteries with vast amounts of Lifeforce. First, stealing the item can place the mummy in great danger. Not only can enemies use the Lifeforce against him, but by using the cruel spell Agony of the Immortals, they can sicken and even torture him as long as even one point of his Lifeforce remains in the item. Only draining the item's Lifeforce or the destruction of the item could ever end this pain.

Second, the storage of Lifeforce is unstable. The Storyteller whose characters are using Lifeforce cached in phylacteries is encouraged to put a cap on the amount of Lifeforce a given Reborn's phylactery may store. (The character's Balance x 10 is suggested.) This



is the maximum number of points of Lifeforce that the item can ever have at one time. Therefore, if a mummy with a Balance of 5 were to invest Lifeforce into his phylactery, he could invest no more than 50 points, total. If more Lifeforce is put into a phylactery than it may store, it will explode and cause as many health levels of lethal damage as there were points of Lifeforce stored in it at the time of its destruction. Fortunately, a mummy will usually get a strong sense of how much Lifeforce is within his own phylactery simply by touching it. Unfortunately, the mummy is not the only one who can infuse his phylactery with Lifeforce. (Although the methods for doing so are obscure, they exist nonetheless.)

The physicality of relics needs examination also. A phylactery simultaneously exists in the living world and in the Land of the Dead. The physical object, however, is not where the power is located. The phylactery's energy comes from the relic in the underworld. This is helpful to the mummy, as the destruction of the physical object does not destroy the relic. As with the Reborn themselves, phylacteries can be remade repeatedly by renewing the Nefesh, and Reborn can use them in lifetime after lifetime. Enemies of the mummy who have access to the Land of the Dead, however, can do them great harm by stealing or destroying the relic. The threat of destroying a relic has compelled immortals to do some strange things.

Oddly, traits can also be stored in phylacteries. Some immortals, fearful of damaged khats, have cached points of their Abilities, Backgrounds and even Attributes, "leaving them behind" when they are reborn. Most interestingly, Memory and Arcane can be stored in a phylactery, which the character must have on their person in order to use these Backgrounds. The process is the same as for storing Lifeforce and the same risks apply.

TRUTH AND TEFILLIM

A phylactery is neither a Vessel nor a legacy. These differences show up in the origin of the item, in the mechanisms that govern it and especially in play.

Vessels are containers for Lifeforce, and they are created in the mortal world. While phylacteries are indeed often used to store Lifeforce, they are capable of much, much more. Another difference is that a Vessel's power usually comes from its age (for the Amenti), its provenance within the realm of Tawantinsuyu (for Teomallki) or its affiliation with one of the five elements (for the Wu T'ian). A phylactery needn't necessarily be old, magical or made of some special substance to start with, as its power doesn't come from

the item itself but from the underworld where an ancient relic is located.

A legacy, which, like a phylactery, need not be physical, must have been created by the mummy in his First or Second Life, and is a famous or notorious thing. A phylactery doesn't need to be created by the mummy, although some mummies, especially the Kher-minu, prefer to do so. Also, phylacteries are not generally known to mortals, and they can do many other things besides provide Lifeforce to the mummy.

The most important difference between phylacteries and other "magical items" is that phylacteries are containers for the power of the dead. Their soul-powered nature and the rebirth of the Lord of Life have given mummies a unique advantage. When the faithful enter into communion with the sacred (which must be roleplayed; see *Ancient Near Eastern Texts Relating to the Old Testament* for some pertinent prayers and rites), the phylactery is immediately recharged with as many points of Lifeforce as the mummy's successes on a Meditation roll. One may do so only by parleying with the truly faithful (those mortals with True Faith, or those with a deep connection to the beliefs of the mummy herself — Storyteller discretion).

The faithful may also attempt to understand the spiritual nature of the phylactery, and in doing so may add their levels of True Faith to the dice pool used in any such attempt. True Faith may aid the mummy in communicating with the spirit, in evaluating its powers, origin and temperament, or even in releasing the spirit of its own "baggage."

Note that True Faith is never a "free" advantage, especially in the case of a living god such as Osiris. The Risen One will demand worship, offerings and true praise from all who expect to reap the benefits of True Faith. Mummies whose repeated interchanges with mortals of differing belief structures may well find themselves questioned by the Judges of Ma'at, many of whom find the predominance of latter-day monotheism slightly unnerving.

RESURRECTION

The greatest power that phylacteries have is that of "housing" the soul. The clever mummy can prepare a phylactery to be a skin, not only for magic, but for her own true name and spirit. He would do so by performing the rite of Sanctify Chattel with the mummy himself as the relic in question. In this way, the Nefesh unifies the phylactery and the mummy, not the phylactery and a relic. The mummy living in a phylactery can await the regeneration of his khat without entering the Shadowlands. Some mummies choose this road for





safety, since the underworld is highly dangerous. Some (especially the Cabiri) use it to avoid the Judges of Ma'at. Still others use it for convenience's sake. Death does not keep these immortals from tending to their own pressing business.

Perhaps the most famous (or, rather, infamous) of these "phylactery abusers" is the Mesopotamian necromancer Nyarashahim, the Shemsu-heru renegade who has eluded the Judges of Ma'at for centuries upon centuries of existence. His near-mythic status among the Undying has resulted in the evolution of his name as an urban legend amidst the younger Amenti. Many would-be renegades, resentful of the seemingly overbearing hegemony of the judges, revere the ancient sorcerer as an example of how to "have it both ways."

To be housed in a phylactery, the Amenti must be without Lifeforce. He can either transfer all of his Lifeforce into the phylactery or transfer a token one or two points into the case and then spend all his Lifeforce before he dies (that is, before the face of their mortal body is cold in death).

Both of these procedures are troublesome. If the mummy transfers all of his Lifeforce into the phylactery, he will have none left for Hekau, even to defend himself. Death may indeed follow quickly. On the other hand, if the mummy transfers a token few points of Lifeforce into the phylactery, he will have only these few points to work with when he enters the phylactery. A comrade could give him some Lifeforce, or he could manage to "steal" some, but what he enters the phylactery with is what he will continue to have. His full Lifeforce pool will not rebuild while his soul is trapped in a magical container. The union of the parts of the self is not present. Second, the mummy who chooses this strategy must spend the remaining points before death. Of course, some may prepare a phylactery and then go into battle or dangerous deeds, knowing that the phylactery is there to "catch them when they fall." They may die before spending all their Lifeforce, however, leaving them weakened and in the underworld, easy prey for the fell things that wait there. Even worse, a wise foe can kill the mummy and then capture the phylactery once the mummy has gone inside. Depending upon the enemy, not only will the mummy be able to do very little to oppose him, but he cannot even escape to the underworld.

The Reborn who is housed in a phylactery is a strange creature indeed, almost a fetish spirit bound into the object. Note that she can use various Hekau to speak, to move her spirit-jar about and so on. The Reborn can continue to participate in play in the

Skinlands thus, rather than waiting for rebirth in a new body.

If the phylactery is destroyed while the mummy is inside it, the mummy is in serious trouble. Her ba will be thrown into the Tempest for a Harrowing, and the prevailing emotion in the struggle will be one of despair and fear of total dissolution. If she survives this torture, her khat will likely still not be ready for her to occupy. She can try to possess another body, but doing so is very difficult (see **Wraith** for rules). She can simply go on in the underworld, but she will have almost no Lifeforce (only what was in the phylactery before its destruction). The last and most desperate expedient is for the mummy to try to possess her own dead body. She can either lie there helpless (hoping that no one will find her before she regenerates) or attempt to animate the half-dead khat with a Resurrection roll. Most who try to do so suffer permanent damage to Willpower, Lifeforce or Attributes, but they have little choice. If there is enough damage, the resulting monster may be well mistaken for a Risen.

The use of certain (believed to be forbidden) Hekau may allow the spirit to possess a body. Note that unless the body is already empty, or unless the Rite of the Marriage of Souls (known to the Teomallki) is part of the process, the mummy's soul will have to fight the current inhabitant of the body. The struggle will not usually end until the mortal soul is dead or the mummy is dispatched to the underworld. Bodies alien to the mummy (inhuman) are not usually suitable. The Rite of Transmigration allows such transfers, but the difficulty is even greater in such rare cases.

The Judges of Ma'at are well aware that the Cabiri avoid them by using phylacteries. Any immortal who performs the rite will be the subject of their wrath upon his next trip before them. Even if the mummy was not doing it specifically to avoid the judges, the judges will be upset and may insist on punishing him. Also, the judges can and do visit mummies in the mortal world, through various mortal and supernatural agents. The nature of these contacts is up to the Storyteller, but the judges are not pleased with any who evade their lawful work.

SEALING THE SEAM: THE NEFESH

The Nefesh (the attunement of a spirit of a relic to a material object) is different for each group of mummies. The Kher-minu usually make the Nefesh part of the process of creating, maintaining and assessing beauty. A Tomb Watcher might invest a painting of the building of Hatshepsut's funerary temple with the power of an ancient god-calling rattle or cast a statuette in silver





while filling it with the energy of a mystic cloak of protection that the Amenti used in her First Life.

The Khri-habi normally make the spirits of relics physical through weaving webs of language. The true name of the relic is always present in the text that the mummy creates and presents. He must perform or enact the text for the relic to be made real. Some mummies have brought their beloved elixirs and alchemical tools back by describing them in technical and historical papers, while calligraphy richly embellished with gold leaf forms a suitable medium for other Scroll-bearers. One ambitious Khri-habi even embodied a deadly distillation as an email attachment and sent the poison to enemies over the Internet!

The Mesektet like to see their relics. The god-struck Vessels of Ra like to make the sun their ally by incarnating the relic in an object (or a process) of light. Some Night Suns make their phylacteries using prisms, lenses or mirrors, while the most philosophical employ the shadows of monuments, buildings, clouds, their own shadows or even such abstract concepts as guilt or love. One Mesektet, owner of a fiery spear in ancient Nubia, embodied the relic in his own honesty so that he could "throw" it by telling a truth. Another performed the Nefesh on a pair of sunglasses, linking them to a calendar sundial in the Shadowlands that showed the waxing and waning of magical energy. As no one can steal justice or fear, the Mesektet's curious phylacteries have won some admiration.

The Sakhmu, practitioners of the Effigy Hekau, are also masters of phylactery-making, and more Sakhmu have managed to make phylacteries work than any other mummy group. Their advantage is that the normal practice of Effigy is usually the best way to create a magical item using the spirit of a relic. They like such items as CD-players that cast spells from lost tomes or a can-opener that turns beer or juice into potions using the power of an alchemist's relic alembic. The major problem is that the wrest spells and the existence of Effigy Hekau are far from secret. More and more, rival mummies such as the Cabiri and Wu T'ian, not to mention the servants of Set, are using this Hekau to steal phylacteries from their owners and even to create frightening new phylacteries of their own.

The rage and force of their khaibits has led other Amenti to believe that the warlike Sefekhi cannot make phylacteries or that the ones they own were made by Sakhmu allies. In fact, some Sefekhi have made very powerful phylacteries, favoring either items capable of wounding, or the process of wounding itself. Many Sefekhi embody the energy of relics in medical tools, implements of torture, drug paraphernalia such as

needles and cookers, daggers or pistols, or even ritual scarifications and brandings. The power of these relics is counterbalanced by the difficulty in carrying a whip or crossbow in everyday life. Likewise, the mutilations used for phylacteries, including such self-torment as implanting jewels or animal teeth under the skin, make any interaction with mortals problematic.

The wretched Udja-sen may choose almost any means of making a phylactery. Often the Judged One seeks aid from an ally who has the same tem-akh as she. The Judged Ones favor everyday items for the ritual of the Nefesh, but a peculiarity of their phylacteries is that they are always incomplete in some strange way. Perhaps a magical messenger-bat will prove to have a speech impediment, or a coat that grants invisibility won't hide the mummy from anyone with red hair.

The Asian immortals usually invest items as phylacteries when the modern item has "derived" or "evolved" from the relic. The phylactery may be designed to look like the relic, it may contain pieces of the relic or of the material from which the relic was made, or it may serve the same or a similar function. One Wu Feng who had a relic firelance invested its power in a handgun; a dream-mirror left in the Dark Kingdom of Jade was attuned by a Xian Lung to a makeup mirror. Another Phoenix Child searched laboriously for fragments of Shang Dynasty bronzes to cast into a helm that he wore to embody the relic of a Shang-era potion pot. The potions prevented all edged weapons from harming him.

The Teomallki are more bloody in the manufacture of relics and in powering them. Any object that is to become a relic must be killed, and any phylactery's initial empowering must be done with blood. A phylactery for these immortals is almost always an item manufactured by a South American native through traditional means, although it need not be ancient. Some of the workshops that make fake artifacts for tourists are capable of making realistic replicas of the ancient artifacts, even using the same methods. Typical phylacteries include effigy lances for the "Sun Spears," hats and ponchos for the Uchumallki that yield them the power of shapeshifters or war-mages and pots for the Stone Pillars that enable potions and medicines to brew without fire (the fire being left safely in the underworld).

Perhaps the most frightening phylacteries of the Teomallki include masks and stuffed or shrunk heads of skin which are united with the illi of a sacrificed chasqui (messenger). These items, able to speak and even to act on their own if so ordered, are direct contacts with the underworld for the maker. Whether



any messengers sent to the gods have made contact with them, the Capacocha do not know. No such phylactery has been successfully attuned since the return of the Teomallki from the spirit realm.

AMENTI PHYLACTERIES

KOHL OF THE HAWK LORD (KHRI-HABI)

This never-fading jar of kohl, a sensuous eye makeup, draws on the power of a long-dead relic headcloth. The wearer cannot be dazzled or overheated by the sun or fire, and he gains an extra die on Social rolls. (Both men and women wore eye makeup in ancient Egypt.)

CLOCK OF WAKEFULNESS (KHER-MINU)

Using the energy of a powerful necropolis trap, a Tomb Watcher made this alarm clock. It will ring when danger is near (imminent in the present scene). Its hands indicate how serious the trouble is. A reading of 2:25 doesn't worry the owner much, while 11:59 means a major problem is coming.

SCREENS OF THE HAREM (MESEKTET)

These printed wall hangings draw on relic curtains that covered the beautiful souls in A'aru who composed the harems of dead pharaohs. They are hung where they will be visible: near a campsite, on a laundry line or over a window. Anyone seeing them will immediately look at something else and forget that they came to the place or what they are there for. Mummies use these powerful phylacteries to hide.

WALLET OF SUN'S POWER (SAKHMU)

This wallet is a typical billfold with pictures, ID and so on. The relic which is linked to it is a huge brazen soul-jar capped with a hawk's head. It can store Lifeforce, in the form of a glittering "police" badge. The more Lifeforce is stored in the wallet, the larger, flashier and more elaborate the ID will seem to be.

The wallet can also store a mummy's soul for resurrection. He will "dive into" the wallet and appear to be a picture (an unusually detailed one that can speak and move) in a plastic sleeve. When he is able to return to a body, he will "dive out" of the picture and into a fresh khat.

KHOPESH OF BALANCE (SEFEKHI)

This phylactery is a powerful weapon of healing. A Sefekhi made it when she performed the Nefesh on a sword and an ancient box of healing ointment that lay in the underworld. When swung at someone while the mummy spends one point of Lifeforce, the sword heals any wounds that they suffer. To someone unwounded, it will restore one point of Balance.

CAPACOCHA PHYLACTERIES

TRUMPET OF THE RUNNERS

The runners of the Incan Empire were so swift that they were said to be able to provide the Incas with fish before it spoiled.

Their conch-shell trumpets carried messages and



warnings across the mountain vales. As a phylactery, such a conch shell can carry a message from the spirit world. The player spends five Lifeforce, and the character speaks. Whether he is living or dead, the shell will repeat his words. Ayllu often place these shells in shrines where the worshippers can hear the character's whispers. He can also spend one Lifeforce to have the horn blow, making a loud noise in the physical or spirit world.

SARAMANCA

The saramanca, made by Saramama (Maize Mother), is a powerful magical item. A covered ceramic pot for grain storage, it will never empty as long as it remains in contact with the earth. No matter how much maize is scooped from the pot, there will be more. Naturally, ayllu who own such pots guard them carefully. The pot cannot make more maize instantly, but by the next full moon, it will be full. Its power comes from Saramama's inexhaustible store of maize.

RUNA TINYA

The Incas dealt harshly with all rebels and criminals for obvious reasons. The truly wicked, such as the lord Cullic Chava, were skinned and their skins made into drums. A Runa Tinya ("man-skin drum") phylactery may be made from any musical instrument. The amawta or Teomallki playing on such a drum has as many extra dice in his dice pool for the magic that he attempts as the dead person had Willpower. The relic that this item is linked to may well be the skin of the dead person himself.

OTHER CAPACUCHA ITEMS

Headband of the Seal

This headband is braided out of wanaku-wool yarn. It stores Lifeforce for the wearer. By sacrifice, bargaining with spirits or theft, the Teomallki may obtain power and store it as necessary. Once the points are used in spellcasting, they must be replaced. This item can also be an Incan-style turban dyed with native herbs.

Tunic of the Sun or Moon

This tunic is handmade from hand-woven fabric, made from handspun native cotton thread and embroidered with geometric designs. Mallki are usually buried with such garments, and a few rest in the "museums" of the conquerors. The tunic is dedicated to sun, fire, Earth Mother or the eternal ice. Hekau performed while wearing a tunic receives a -1 difficulty bonus. A tunic must be for one of these, and it will not work for any other form of magic. Needless to say, the labor and materials involved make them ruinously expensive to purchase.

Illa (Spirit Puppet)

An illa is a perfect model of any desired item, made of gold or silver. When it is fed with blood (use the rules for Vessels), the production will be increased by a factor of as many health levels of blood are constantly in the Vessel. That is, keeping three health levels of blood on the item will triple production of maize, sheep, computer software, hats or anything else. Note that illas of food are common, while illas of bombs or ammunition are fairly rare.

Spirit Net

Used by the People of the Seal (Chinchorro) for magical fishing, this item is a net of grass fiber strands, which costs 100 Lifeforce to make. It can "catch" spirits as if they were materialized. If the owner is buried with it, it can be used to catch material prey while she is in the spirit world. This is very handy for procuring sacrifices. The net costs five Lifeforce per scene to use.

Blowpipe of the Nightbird

This blowpipe serves to administer hallucinogens in powder form. When used to blow hallucinogenic snuff into the mouth, nose or anus of another, the potency of the drug increases by one, and there will be no harmful effects. Hallucinogenic snuff is essentially a form of potion that can be created by Alchemy Hekau.

Konopo (Wellness Doll)

A konopo, containing the mummified bones of a miscarried child, helps the sick or hurt to recover. The user places it on the afflicted person and spends as many Lifeforce as the number of health levels he wishes to treat. The illness or injury then passes into the doll, which recovers at a normal (mortal) rate. The doll has normal human health levels. If "killed" it will shred into pieces and a new one must be made.

Candle of the Nako

The nako, cannibal spirits of the high mountains, make candles from the fat of their victims. These candles will never go out, and they lower the difficulty of any ritual or spell performed in their light by one. Most who know their provenance will not use them.

Schakapa (Rattle of the Rainforest)

This is a rattle made of dried jungle leaves, which *ayahuasqueros* use to accompany the magic songs of their craft. These strange atonal melodies speak to the spirits that the ayahuasca allows adepts to see. While using the schakapa, the Teomallki decreases the difficulty of any hallucinogenic plant ritual by one.

Powder of the Pachamallki

The Chinchorro, or People of the Seal, painted their mallki with a paste of manganese dioxide to beautify them. To obtain the precious mineral, the very





sands of the Atacama must be sifted and picked over. When the glittering black mineral is painted onto a mallki, the body will have three extra dice of protection until the following resurrection. This protection may take many forms. Archaeologists may find the mummy so lovely that they will not dissect it, or looters may be buried by a freak sandstorm.

Necklace of the Fallen

This gruesome jewelry was once worn by Andean warriors and amawtas, and it is strung with the teeth of slain foes. One tooth is taken from each corpse, and when pulling it from the jaw, the Teomallki's player rolls Willpower, difficulty 6 for a human foe, 7 for another mummy, 8 for another supernatural creature and 9 for an alien foe (such as Amenti or Kindred). For each success, one dot of a Skill that the victor names becomes his own. The victor must know that this Skill resided in the foe's mind, and he must claim it before the corpse is cold. Note that the display of this item will arouse extreme revulsion from almost anyone. It's best kept secret.

Poison of Immortality

This potion comes from the bodies of snow-dwelling insects and is a foul-tasting golden liquid. It is almost always made together with an antidote. When ingested, the drinker dies quickly (losing one health level per minute), but if he is frozen immediately, he will be perfectly preserved. If he is thawed and given heart and lung stimulation (artificial resuscitation), he will return to life without having aged. When the antidote is administered, the poison will metabolize, returning the person to health. The Chaskimallki use this potion to enable their followers to sleep in the ice alongside them and return to life.

Shroud of the Ancestors

The shroud that wraps a mallki is a powerful magical item in its own right. When weaving the shroud, the knots and links used can "tie" spells into the cloth, enabling the character to release them if his corpse is disturbed. The spells must be woven in by someone who knows them, and sufficient Lifeforce must be stored (such as in a headband, gem or other magic item) to work the magic. Some commonly used spells include activating an effigy, invoking curses or calling the mummy to her body.

Kero (Goblet of the Gods)

From the peasant's simple wooden cup to the goblets of gold and silver used by the Incan lords, kero, or cups, are essential to the performance of traditional Andean magic. When performing any rite involving blood, alcohol or hallucinogenic plants, the dice pool of

the practitioner increases by three. When used as a Vessel, they cannot be used for anything else, but store one more point of Lifeforce than is added to them.

Firepot of Endless Champa

Champa, native peat, is a valuable resource, as it is a fossil fuel that renews itself if the puna moors are protected from erosion, poison and overgrazing. This clay pot on legs is filled with consecrated champa and lit, and its fire will glow for an entire year. It can be extinguished normally, but it must be blessed once more to light again.

Llaca (Lance of the Sky)

The lances decorated with plumes, or llacas, are not only useful as weapons but are religious items as well, linking the Teomallki to the world above. If a character chooses to be buried with a lance, either a wooden bronze-tipped shaft or an effigy lance made of salt, the lance will re-form with his body. The lance is draped with purple and black ribbons and otherwise decorated. It inflicts aggravated damage in battle as well. When brandished during any ritual involving Hanak Pacha, the spear increases the user's dice pool by three.

Tauna (Mother-Staff)

This mystic staff is passed down through the family on either the male or female side. It is thus inherited from one's same-sex parent. A male staff will not work for a woman and vice versa. Each ancestor who owns the staff stores one die of magic power in it. This power can be accessed as points of Lifeforce, which renew at sunrise each day, or as an extra spellcasting die. Note that tauna with more than five levels of power are almost unknown due to centuries of Spanish persecution. Tauna are also symbols of office and many non-magical people use them.

Cewayllo (Alphorn)

The cewayllo, a long native horn, echoes for miles across the Andes valleys and peaks. In addition to signaling for war or clan gatherings, the cewayllo calls the spirits. When anyone plays the horn while spirits are being summoned, add their number of successes to the dice pool for summoning spirits. The Storyteller may obtain recordings of native horns and play them while the game is taking place.

WU T'IAN PHYLACTERIES

SOUL-POINTER

The south-pointer, or compass, was a powerful geomancer's tool in ancient China. Often buried with the mummy, it allowed the user to orient himself, ritual objects and even houses and furniture according to the earth forces or Chi. The soul-pointer is another tool of





this type. Instead of indicating south, it shows the user where someone or something is. The pointer is made to indicate someone or something, such as "Reborn" or "powerful sources of yin," and it will indicate the chosen thing at a cost of one point of Lifeforce.

BOOK OF SHEN KUA

The famous Chinese sage Shen Kua told his readers that humans and other creatures had changed through time, evolving as generations passed. The *Book of Shen Kua*, written in ancient Chinese, tells exactly how this process works. Using the book, the mummy can read to someone what their ancestor or descendent creature looks like and spend 10 Lifeforce. If the user achieves more successes on a contested Willpower roll, the target changes into the thing described. Therefore, a human can be changed into a monkey, while an elephant could be changed into a woolly mammoth and so on.

Descendent-shapes are largely up to the Storyteller, and they could conceivably be quite bizarre. (See Hamilton's "The Man Who Evolved.") The change is not permanent, however. It typically lasts just long enough for the creature to be "sufficiently humbled" by the experience before reverting to its true form.



PHOENIX PHYLACTERIES

The Mirror of Dreams

This is a "magic mirror" cast of ancient bronze, replicating the relic mirror in the Shadowlands to which it is connected. Anyone looking into it will see his own reflection, but when the mirror is held to the light, it shows the 'dream' of the one who holds it. This can be a simple image of something desired, a view of future events or an abstract symbol that gives insight into the holder's soul.

To use the mirror, the owner spends a point of Lifeforce and then either holds the mirror to light himself or gets another to do so. If the person is aware of what the mirror can do and is unwilling, he can resist with Willpower.

Paper of the Whole Shape

This is silk-paper, lustrous and smooth. Taoist papermakers use fine silk fiber in its making, and it is quite expensive. It is tied to a relic inkstone in the Shadowlands of wrecked Nanjing. When spread over any surface (the wall of a house, the outside of a tomb, the lid of a chest, etc.) it allows the mummy to make a rubbing with ink, crayon or graphite to reveal the "whole shape" of what is inside.

The player must spend one point of Lifeforce and make an Expression + Arts roll to make the rubbing. The number of successes determines the clarity of the picture: One success yields a vague outline, while seven mean that every detail is visible.



DRAGON PHYLACTERIES

Pot of Perfect Art

This earthenware teapot in the shape of a dragon is unglazed. It is unified with a relic jug of alchemical elixir in the Dark Kingdom of Jade. When boiling water is poured into it, it will be found to be full of fine tea, but its true powers are greater than that. The owner can make tea in the gongfu tea ceremony (the phrase literally means "requiring skill") and offer it to her companions. Each person drinking the tea moves one point toward his ideal, personal balance of yin and yang.

The mummy must make the tea (this takes a few minutes at least) and hold the tea ceremony. She then spends a point of Lifeforce for each person who will partake. There is no roll.

Moon-Mortar and Pestle

This mortar, cut of Chinese marble, is for pounding and mixing spices, chemicals and elixirs. It was said to be copied from the mortar used by the Rabbit in the Moon to pound the Elixir of Immortality. It is tied to a relic mortar and has the same potency. The mummy, in preparing any recipe or potion, gets one more die in her dice pool. No roll is necessary.



MUMMY

The Resurrection

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

NATURE:
DEMEANOR:
CONCEPT:

AMENTI:
HAMARTIA:
INHERITANCE:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL

Strength ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Dexterity ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stamina ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

SOCIAL

Charisma ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Manipulation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Appearance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

MENTAL

Perception ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Intelligence ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Wits ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

ABILITIES

TALENTS

Alertness ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Athletics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Awareness ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Brawl ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Dodge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Empathy ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Expression ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Intimidation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Intuition ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Leadership ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Streetwise ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Subterfuge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

SKILLS

Animal Ken ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Crafts ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Drive ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Etiquette ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Firearms ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Melee ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Meditation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Performance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Security ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stealth ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Survival ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Technology ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

KNOWLEDGES

Academics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Bureaucracy ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Computer ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Cosmology ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Enigmas ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Investigation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Law ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Linguistics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Medicine ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Occult ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Research ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Science ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

ADVANTAGES

BACKGROUNDS

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HEKAU

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MERITS/FLAWS

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OTHER TRAITS

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EXPERIENCE

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

BALANCE / DIRECTION / QUEST

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

WILLPOWER

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
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LIFEFORCE

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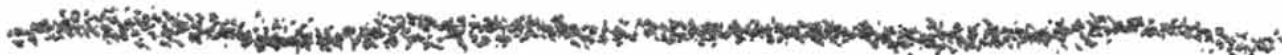
HEALTH

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐
Broken/Scorched ☐
Crushed/Burned ☐
Dismembered/Incinerated ☐
Pulverized/Cremated ☐
Dust/Ash ☐



MUMMY

The Resurrection



PURPOSE

LIABILITY



SPELLS & RITUALS

SPELL LIFEFORCE

LEVEL

RITUAL LIFEFORCE

LEVEL



EXPANDED BACKGROUND

FIRST LIFE

SECOND LIFE

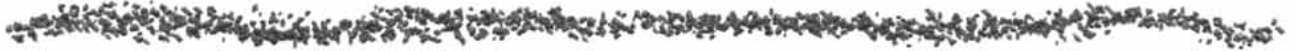
THIRD LIFE





MUMMY

The Resurrection



COMPANION

NETERU

LEGACY

TOMB



EQUIPMENT

MUNDANE

VESSEL

PHYLACTERY



COMBAT

Maneuver w/ Weapon	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip

BRAWLING CHART

Maneuver	Roll	Diff	Damage
Claw	Dex+Brawl	6	Strength+1/A
Grapple	Dex+Brawl	6	Strength/B
Kick	Dex+Brawl	7	Strength+1/B
Punch	Dex+Brawl	6	Strength/B
A = Aggravated Damage			
B = Bashing Damage			



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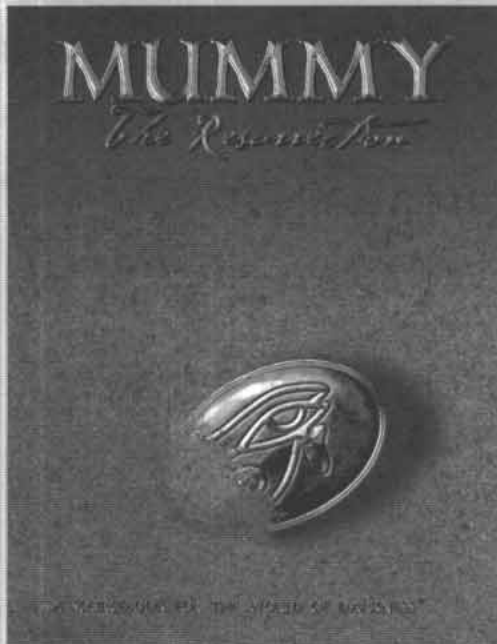


VAMPIRE
THE MASQUERADE



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under the heel of religious extremism.
Faith is perverted by the schemes
of politicians, priests and criminals.
Now a storm rages in the spirit world
and the gates of hell swing wide.
The angels of the abyss are free
once more and the fate of mankind
hangs in the balance.

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